

# CHATELAIN

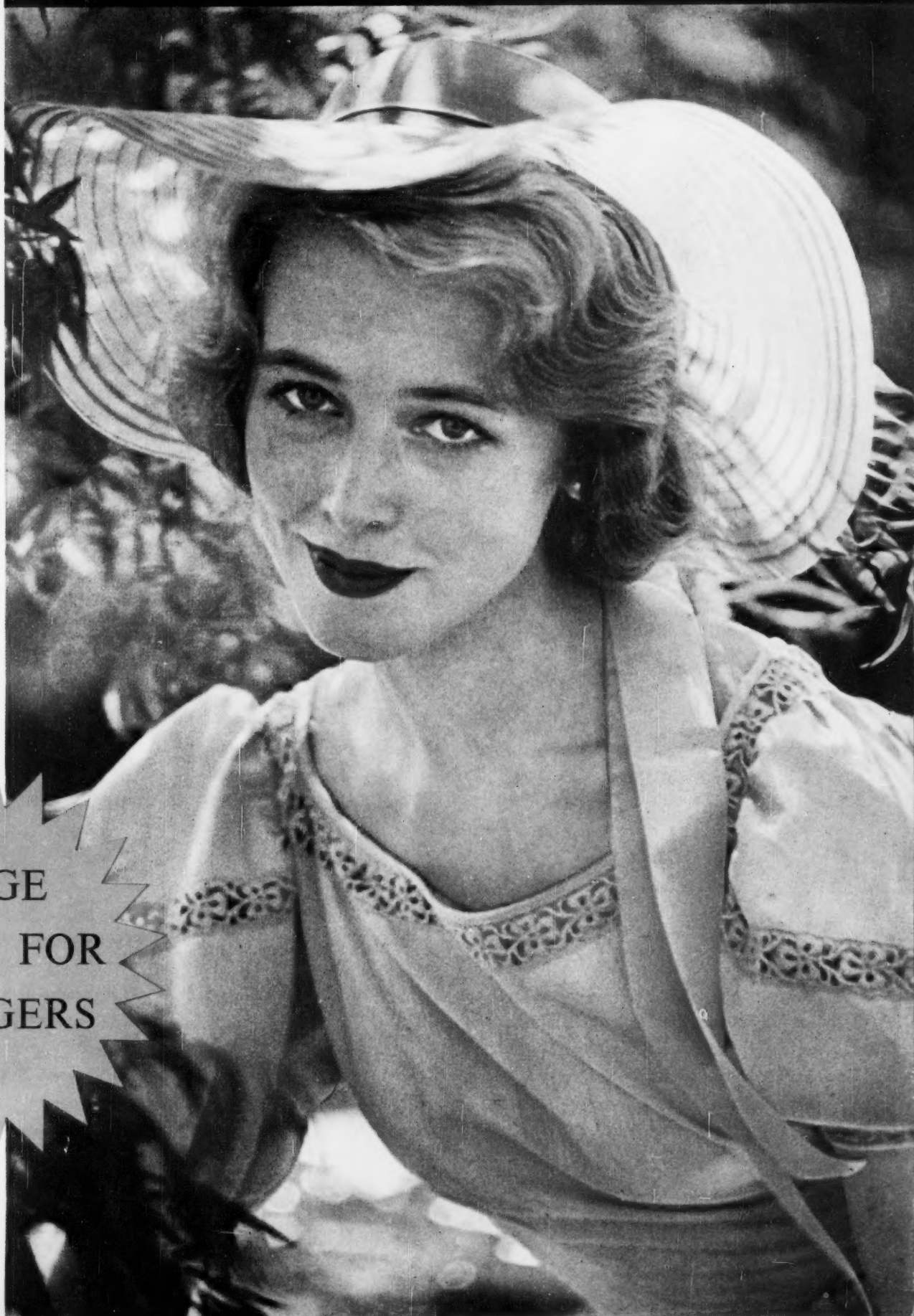
AUGUST 1960

15¢

*The Canadian Home Journal*

"Must I leave Canada?"—Joyce Davidson  
Canadians are losing their heritage  
"What I found out about chiropractors"

32-PAGE  
SECTION FOR  
TEEN-AGERS



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## EDITORIAL

### Solace for a summer day

SOMETIMES when reading political columns one might get the impression that we democracies are like a flock of Strasbourg geese blissfully eating our way toward the right degree of plumpness, at which point we will be devoured by the clever, keen Russians. We're told that we have lost our "rugged" individuality. We're a nation of "yes" men — and women. Our brains have been burned out by too much exposure to the banalities of the TV screen, and our backbones have all but disappeared under layers of good living. In short, according to these purveyors of doom, we're bankrupt — morally, physically and mentally.

Certainly summer is no time for an earnest assessment of our way of life. But two small incidents came to my attention recently that intrigued me. One was described to me by an angry young man. It was a common enough tale. An elderly couple were waiting in line for a table at an expensive restaurant. By their appearance, my informant guessed that the occasion was something of a special event — possibly a wedding anniversary. The couple had just worked their way up to the front of the line when an important-looking man came in with his wife. He spoke to the head waiter and was immediately moved ahead of the waiting couple and shown to the next vacant table.

"That's what's the matter with this country," fumed my angry friend. "It's influence and payola all the way down the line."

It can happen here—thank heaven!

As he spoke I remembered another incident that had occurred that very afternoon — this time in a department store. A well-dressed woman approached a notions counter. Her clothes were expensively detailed and a cluster of diamonds flashed discreetly on her hand. She obviously expected people to jump to serve her. "Miss," she called imperatively. The salesgirl turned with a practised look of blank rebuff. "There is another customer before you, madam," she said. Then she leisurely turned to serve an older woman who wanted a packet of pins. The girl went on to attend to two other customers who had arrived after the well-dressed woman.

Finally she turned to the woman and said, "May I help you?" The customer jerked open her purse for the money, snapped it shut as though the salesgirl's head were being severed in the metal frame, and stamped off with her parcel, outrage evident in every step. The salesgirl demurely rearranged the thread and dome fasteners, a little smile of triumph playing around her lips.

I thought of my visit to Russia last fall. I could well imagine the incident in the restaurant happening there. The privileged classes — the army, party members and government officials — expect, and receive, special service everywhere. But I couldn't imagine the other incident happening. No ordinary Russian citizen has the effrontery to snub an important person in Russia, and this thought gives me comfort on a languid summer's day.

*Alton Goldbloom*  
EDITOR



# CHATELAINE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, AUGUST 1960 Vol. 33, No. 8

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## What's New at Chatelaine

Actor Michael Craig (left)  
chats with Chatelaine's Knowlton.



### Are Canadian actors lazy?

"Many Canadians are doing well in British show business," said British actor **Michael Craig** to Chatelaine's managing editor, **Keith Knowlton**, "but more could do better if they weren't so lazy and would learn to talk like Englishmen." Craig himself spent his high-school years in Toronto during the early war years. (His two sisters live in the Toronto area today.) Craig, his wife and their four-year-old son Stephen live in Wimbledon, England. Those who saw the movie **Upstairs and Downstairs** will remember the boy who played Craig's son—that was Stephen. Craig tried to get a part for his cocker spaniel too, but the dog was sick on the way to the studio, caused havoc in the make-up room, then disappeared. What does Craig prefer, straight drama or comedy? "Comedy, I think. There's more of a lift in playing it, and it's harder to do well."

### A Penny for our thoughts



Penny Morriss: What's going on?

To help us capture the spirit of Youth 1960 for our thirty-two page **Teen Tempo** section (see page 61), we called in several experts—the zestful group of models for our teen fashions and beauty pictures, a teen-ager, **Betty Severs**, to tell our decorating department about teen tastes and a writer and artist. The writer, **Penny Morriss**, who wrote What's New, on page 63, is only eighteen but she has three years of newspaper work behind her. While still in high school in **Winnipeg** she wrote her own teen-

age column for the Winnipeg Free Press. Since her movie-columnist father moved to Toronto, Penny has worked summers, first with the Toronto Globe and Mail, then with the Star. Naturally she is headed for a newspaper job when she graduates from university.

### Like mother, like son

**Doug Johnson** who illustrated our Teen Tempo fiction story (page 78) is a crew-cut grey-eyed type who wants to be an illustration, artist.



Teen Tempo artist Doug Johnson

Doug is in second year at art college, and his mother used to do illustrations for CHATELAINE. Doug plays football, the drums in a dance band, and says he likes all kinds of music except organ, hillbilly and rock and roll.

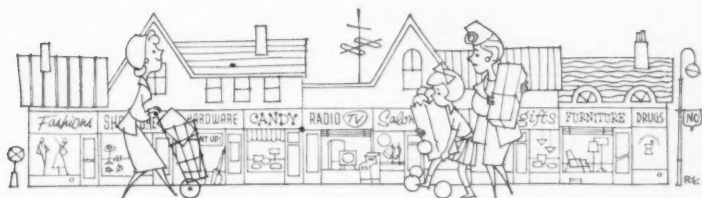
### Our real cool editors

Just for fun, the other day we did a quick survey of how our imaginative editors are managing to **keep cool** these hot days. Amid an avalanche of advice about taking cool showers, wearing cool colors and eating less—here is a miscellaneous collection of cool ideas: wear sleeveless dresses (fashion editor **Vivian Wilcox**). Wear stockings one size larger (**Joan Jackson** of Chatelaine Institute). Wear nothing at all (editor modestly prefers not to be named). Think of January in Saskatchewan (editorial assistant **Donna Lu Wigmore**, who comes from there). Water the lawn in your bare feet just before you go to bed (assistant editor **Jessie London**).

For change of address write Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. Chatelaine Magazine is authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa



## What's New in the shops



### A night-light phone

The "Princess" is a new desk or table phone (one third smaller than the ordinary model) with a permanent light that brightens when the receiver is lifted. In a choice of colors, available now from the Bell Telephone Company in Quebec and southern Ontario, with wider distribution in the fall.

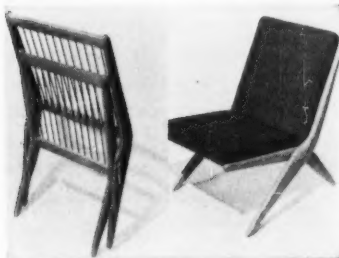


### Throwaway dishcloth

At last, disposable dishcloths! It's Washettes, and one sheet suffices for a family lot of dishes. It is impregnated with detergent, so if you're going camping it will lighten your packing, and save carrying around a damp dishcloth. Washettes lighten kitchen chores at home, too. You'll find them in supermarkets and housewares departments. Twenty-five for 49 cents.

The Tex-Knit asbestos-centre ironing-board cover has asbestos yarn woven right into the fabric, reducing the hazard of scorching. It is also stainproof and needs only wiping with damp cloth to keep it clean. Guaranteed for one year and available in housewares departments. Price \$2.98.

From Norway comes an unusual folding chair (below) with scarcely a screw in it, the shape being achieved by clever carving. The re-



movable upholstered back and seat are available in a variety of fabrics and colors, and there is a choice of woods. Prices: oak, \$84; teak, \$90; mahogany or beech, \$78. From Karelia Studio, 729 Bayview Avenue, Toronto 17.

### Made in Montreal

New for fall are sweaters designed by a young Paris designer, **Frederic Robert**, reports fashion editor **Vivian Wilcox**. Called L'Anice Couture Collection, the group includes fur blends, Tycora, Orlon Cantre, botany wool and mohair.



There are skirts to match and some knit dresses in the collection showing Robert's belief in the easy look. His forward-looking styles are sometimes sashed. An elegant addition to Canadian fashion, we think.

### Cool as mint

Cooling beauty thought for August, reports our beauty editor **Eveleen Dollery**, is the new mint-green cleansing cosmetic, **Cool Glow**. The cream feels fluffy-light, films your skin with a refreshing pick-up after it's faced the perils of exposure to summer's irresistible temptations: sun, surf and drying breezes. By Richard Hudnut: 3½ oz., \$1.39; 1¼ oz., 89 cents.

### Happy landings

New way to gift voyageurs: have them met at European sea- or airport by a chauffeur-driven car. Fees vary. Auto-Europe Canada Ltd., 88 Eglinton Ave. E., Toronto.

What's New Continued on page 4



## Does your husband carry this much extra weight every day?

After age 30, it becomes increasingly important for men—and women, too—to control their weight. To do so, you must eat less and stick to your new eating habits. Remember, it's often the high-calorie foods that are the main pound producers—fried foods, rich desserts, creamed dishes, gravies and dressings.

**Count your calories carefully.** Follow a chart—there's one in the Metropolitan Life booklet offered below—and learn how to plan low-calorie meals and snacks.

Start your weight control program with your doctor's advice. He will see to it that your meals provide all the essential food elements needed to keep well while reducing—and thereafter. Don't be misled by "wonder" diets.

**Get your doctor's advice** also about regular and reasonable exercise. It helps burn up surplus calories—and is good for muscle tone, circulation and general health.

There's no easy way to lose weight. But the struggle is worth the effort. By keeping your weight down permanently, you can avoid the burden which excess pounds put on your heart, kidneys, liver and other organs.

And you can increase your chances for a longer life—and more vitality and better looks, too.

Suppose, for the next hour or so, your husband carried this 25-pound weight with every step he took. The burden of this extra weight on his entire body would be very plain to see.

Many men constantly carry a similar or even greater burden—in the form of extra and unneeded pounds. And those surplus pounds are definitely a health hazard.

For example, a 20-year study of nearly 4 million persons reveals these facts: **Men weighing 25 pounds above the average have an excess mortality of 20 percent, while a weight of 50 pounds above the average is associated with a death rate as much as 50 percent higher.**

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## What's New with you

By JESSIE LONDON

Some Canadian trust companies have begun to woo the country's married women over afternoon tea. Officials of ten of Canada's largest trust companies, who set up the first Women's Forum in **Toronto's Granite Club** in May, say they're attracted by the fact that most wives outlive their husbands—and thereby inherit estates. So keen was the response to one thousand gilt-edged invitations sent to Toronto women (four hundred came to see a film, hear a panel discuss wills, insurance, inheritance laws and investments), that trust companies in other cities are planning similar women's forums. Likely nexts are **Montreal** and **Calgary**.

### They're doing something about: Provincial pride

Only the clang of claymores is missing from this summer's battle of the tartans in the **Maritime Provinces**. Residents and visitors now have a choice of four official and unofficial tartans (*not* plaids, please!) created by Maritime women to portray regional character.

First on the scene was **Nova Scotia's** blue-green-gold-white-red tartan improvised by **Mrs. Douglas Murray**, of **Jollimore**, in 1953 to clothe a symbolic shepherd shown on an exhibition mural. **Halifax** tartan expert **Mrs. Isobel MacAulay** shepherded the N.S. tartan into commercial success as the province won it recognition by **Scotland's Lord Lyon King of Arms**.

**Cape Breton**, island stronghold of Nova Scotia's Scots, made do with the provincial tartan for four years. In 1957 a poem by **Lillian Crewe Marsh** (Black for the wealth of our coal mines, Grey for our Cape Breton steel...) inspired **Glace Bay** weaver **Mrs. Wilson Grant** to weave the poem's colors into a tar-

tan. This sombre tartan ("More suitable for fashion than Nova Scotia's bright blue," say Cape Breton tartan enthusiasts) is now selling like hot scones—but was turned down for registration in Scotland (with the hackle-raising comment that Cape Breton is only a region of Nova Scotia).

In the same year Prince Edward Island came out with a green-yellow-brown-white provincial tartan designed by **Jean MacLean Reed**, of **Covehead Road**. It now needs a sponsoring group, since the **P.E.I. Caledonian Club**, miffed at a rebuff by Lord Lyon in 1956, won't risk another refusal.

There was no such holdup in Lord Lyon's approval of the latest Maritime tartan, **New Brunswick's**. In this tartan, designed by **Miss Patricia Jenkins**, of **Gagetown**, beaver brown honors the province's noted benefactor, **Lord Beaverbrook**. The new tartan was commissioned by the **Royal New Brunswick Regiment** for a motor rug presented to



New Brunswick's Patricia Jenkins (at left) and Maritimes' newest tartan.

Lord Beaverbrook, the regiment's honorary colonel. The province adopted the tartan, had it registered in Scotland, and now it is in the competition for tourist dollars.

Miss Jenkins has an earlier tartan to her credit: the muted blue design of the **RCAF**.

What's New Continued on page 6





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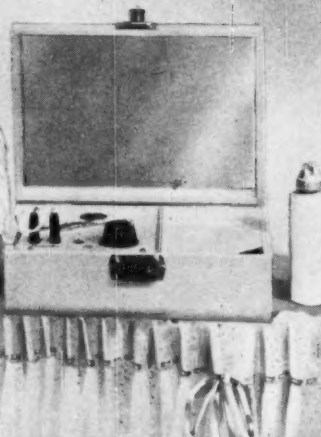
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## What's New with you Continued

### Quote of the month

Travel expert **Mrs. Goldie Lauer**, of **Vancouver**, on the men Canadian women meet on summer travels: "The French, romantic; the Italians, suave; the Americans, opportunists; the Mexicans, active; and Canadian men, the world's most honest and unadventurous."



### for persistence

If you've ever watched a left-handed tot struggle with a pair of scissors, you've probably writhed in sympathy. That's what **Vancouver's Mrs.**



Mrs. Potts, her son and "lefty" scissors.

**James T. Potts** did every time her kindergarten-age son Michael wrestled with cutting-out projects. At first Mrs. Potts' appeals to school staff drew only sympathy. Apparently no one had thought of trying to solve this problem for the one in seven youngsters who is left-handed.

Mrs. Potts quizzed cutlery firms at home and abroad, finally located a U.S. firm which has just mastered the making of lefty scissors for children. She wrote away for a pair, demonstrated the new and old to school officials. They were impressed. When school opens in Vancouver this fall there will be a pair of lefty scissors for each of the city's three thousand left-handed primary-school children.

A reporter - photographer - poet, **Ellen H. Eff**, of **Tillsonburg, Ont.**, hopes for a bit of both fame and fortune with the debut of ten of her verses on a new LP record,



Poet Ellen Eff

Words and Music to Dream By, released on the Rodeo label in both Canada and the United States. **Sprague, Manitoba-born Ellen** has been writing verses for seventeen years—some have been published in the Tillsonburg paper. Ellen's verses are read for the record by ex-Canadian disc jockey **Skip Letcher**, now in **Erie, Pa.** Romantic background music for Ellen's sentimental words is played by air-wave organist **Richard Fry**, of **Halifax** (where Rodeo presses its Canadian recordings).

This could be one answer to new arrivals' complaints that they've not been given a clear picture of what to expect in Canada. On the suggestion of **Mrs. Owen Branscombe**, of **Moncton, New Brunswick's IODE** chapters have contributed to a scrapbook which has been sent to **London, England**. Included are facts on job opportunities, educational facilities and living costs in N.B. cities and towns. The scrapbook is on view in **Atlantic House**, a London office set up for the promotion of British investment and trade with the east coast provinces.

In the jet age, **RCAF wives at Trenton, Ont.**, stick to old-fashioned recipes. They've printed their favorites in **Trenton Treasures**, a one-hun-



dred-and-sixteen-page recipe book marking the twentieth anniversary of the air force station's **Women's Auxiliary**. Among old Canadian recipes (date squares, beans baked in the oven for seven hours), are Kifli cookies from Hungary and Quiche Lorraine, a French recipe for a pie-style bacon-and-cheese main dish. Proceeds from the sale of the book, at one dollar and twenty-five cents a copy, go for charity work which now replaces the war work for which the auxiliary was founded in 1940. **Estelle Liggins** heads the group.



## What's New to see and hear

By EDNA MAY

Gina Lollobrigida (right) reveals  
her future plans to Edna May.



### A very sculptured sculptor

Oo-la Lollo! That's a good old Torontonians expression now that **Gina Lollobrigida** (five-feet-five, 36-22-35, with huge brown eyes) has curved her way from film studios in Rome and Hollywood to her adopted Canadian home. I dropped in on her the other day and was struck by her flawless complexion, surprisingly light for a brunette, pure peaches and cream, which is something you can't appreciate on the screen.

I was also impressed with Gina's good-natured personality and, unlike many celebrities, her conversation does not seem phony and rehearsed; she speaks quite fluent English and excellent French, as well as her native Italian. All this and she sculpts, too. At a morning coffee session, Miss Lollobrigida, dressed in a white lace suit with a cream-colored silk blouse, told me she has done a sculpture of her two-and-a-half-year-old son **Milko**. She was an art student before she broke into movies, she explained. "When the publicity dies down and people in Canada get used to me coming and going," she said, "I'll have a more normal life—no? Then I hope to paint and do more sculptures."

She also likes to relax by playing with her baby son, reading, and going to movies and theatres. With a hearty laugh, she confessed, "I eat — and how I do eat! Spaghetti, Italian-type food—my cook makes all kinds of dishes. Why I'm not fat, I don't know!"

### Big show for big art

The **Sculptors Society of Canada** is holding a **Sculpture 60** exhibition, the first

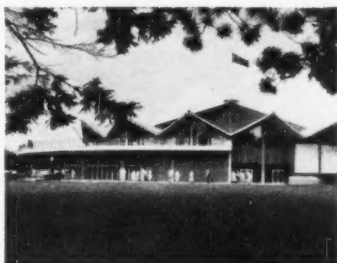


Plamondon

exhibition of its kind ever organized, from August 1 to 31 on the grounds of the annex to the Fine Art School in Quebec City. **Marius Plamondon**, president of the society, tells me the cost of shipping has prevented sculptors from organizing such a show in the past but, thanks to a Canada Council Grant and help from the Province of Quebec, about a hundred sculptures have been shipped to this show. Sculptors are temperamental and Plamondon diplomatically will not show his own work. "As organizer, it wouldn't be fair," he says. "I must not let myself be tempted to choose a choice location for one of my own pieces."

### Is "reality" box office?

This has been the biggest year yet at the **Stratford Shakespearean Festival**, with ticket sales far over last year and the final attendance ex-



Stratford Festival: a boom year

pected to pass two hundred and ten thousand. It seems that a pilgrimage to Stratford has become "the thing to do" but meantime, back in the cities, producers worry about how to sell tickets. (Toronto's **Crest Theatre** and **Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde** in Montreal both suffered crushing losses last season.)

Toronto actress **Norma Renault** has decided to turn producer and to try and break the block of public indifference with the **John Osborne-Anthony Creighton** drama **Epitaph**

What's New Continued on page 8



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## What's New to see and hear Contd.



Actor-producer  
 Norma Renault

**For George Dillon.** She's so sure this play, about a young writer who tries to exploit an English middle-class family, will draw crowds that she's convinced friends and investors to sign on the dotted line to back a fall production at the Crest with **George McCowan** as director and **Jeremy Wilkin** and **Betty Leighton** in lead roles. Miss Renault says, "To keep our theatres busy all year we've got to put on more contemporary drama. Audiences want to come to grips with reality and identify with the players. We've got to break away from strictly period pieces."

### From premier to poodle

If you don't mind thinking on vacation, dip into some Canadian politics with **The True Face of Duplessis** (Harvest House, Montreal; \$1.50 paper, \$3.50 cloth) by **Pierre Laporte**. The author, a veteran correspondent of **Le Devoir**, dared to oppose the man who was premier of Quebec for two decades, was finally barred from Duplessis' press conferences. He gives a colorful account of this politician's tactics in the quite incredible world of Quebec politics, complete



Duplessis: color and tactics.

with all its gossip and intrigue. The translation is far from excellent and those who know something of Quebec will relish the book more than the uninitiated, but it's still fascinating.

If you'd rather use your hands, a good reference and guide book is **The Driftwood Book** (**D. Van Nostrand**). The author, flower-show judge **Mary E. Thompson**, explains not only how to find driftwood, but how to clean, wax, sand, stain and shape it for unusual flower arrangements. Since it's not a large art-type book the price (\$7) is rather steep, but it does have 128 black-and-white pictures of flower arrangements taken by **Leonid Skvirsky**, one of North America's foremost floral photographers.



Problem: how does Night meet Day?

The most colorful juvenile book to come off the press lately is the fancifully illustrated **Day and Night** (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.25) by **Roger Duvoisin**. It's about an owl called Night (he hunts all night and sleeps all day) and a poodle called Day (he's a well-trained poodle and plays all day and sleeps all night) who try to get together between day and night. **END**

### CHATELAINE

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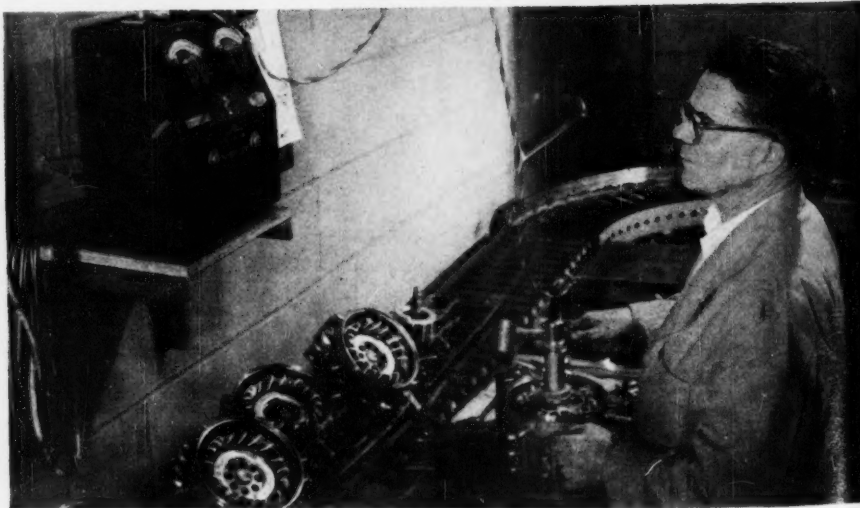
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unsaturated oil that makes all others  
second best!

That's because Golden Gattuso Oil is vacuum-sealed to retain all its wholesome goodness right to the very last drop! New Golden Gattuso Oil is the lightest most unsaturated salad oil you can buy...adds so much goodness to everything you serve...makes all other brands second best! Try Gattuso Oil in your favourite dressing recipes for fresh, glistening salads—the salad oil that gives your salad that crispy freshness.



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Correct wheel balance means safer, easier steering and longer tire life for every GM car and truck. That's why GM Research developed this ingenious machine shown in operation at the General Motors plant in Oshawa. Operated by highly-skilled technicians, the machine sets positive wheel alignment, correct from every angle. It's but one of hundreds of special machine-technician combinations at GM all working to give you General Motors quality—the best there is.



## Enjoy the taste of GM quality

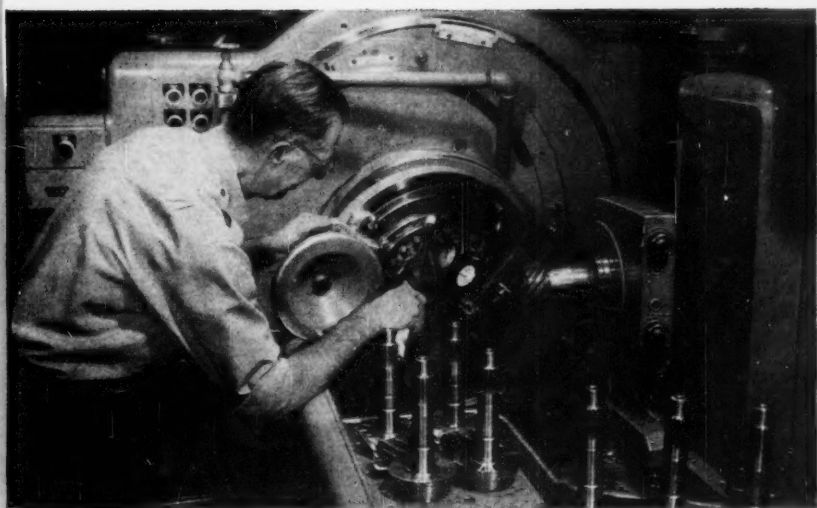
Ummmm! Done to your taste. Just as you knew it would be. It's good to have the kind of quality in your home that GM builds into Frigidaire appliances.

Quality is the extra value that comes to you in everything from General Motors. Cars and trucks, Diesel equipment and Frigidaire products... they all are known for the same high standard. A standard of quality achieved at every stage—in planning, in design and on the production line—by putting

more care, more pride, into everything we do.

All of this effort is designed to make sure our products pass, and keep on passing, the in-use test. To make sure, for instance, that when you take your roast from the oven of your Frigidaire range it is exactly as you want it—so that you and your whole family can enjoy the taste that GM quality helped create.

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*Locomotive wheels at the General Motors Diesel plant in London, Ontario, are painstakingly machined to the most precise measurements to produce perfect balance and maximum strength. This is the care taken in every step of locomotive building at GM Diesel. It is the care that builds GM quality—quality that assures Canada's railroads of the long-lasting life and strength of every GM Diesel unit that pulls their trains.*

## GENERAL MOTORS

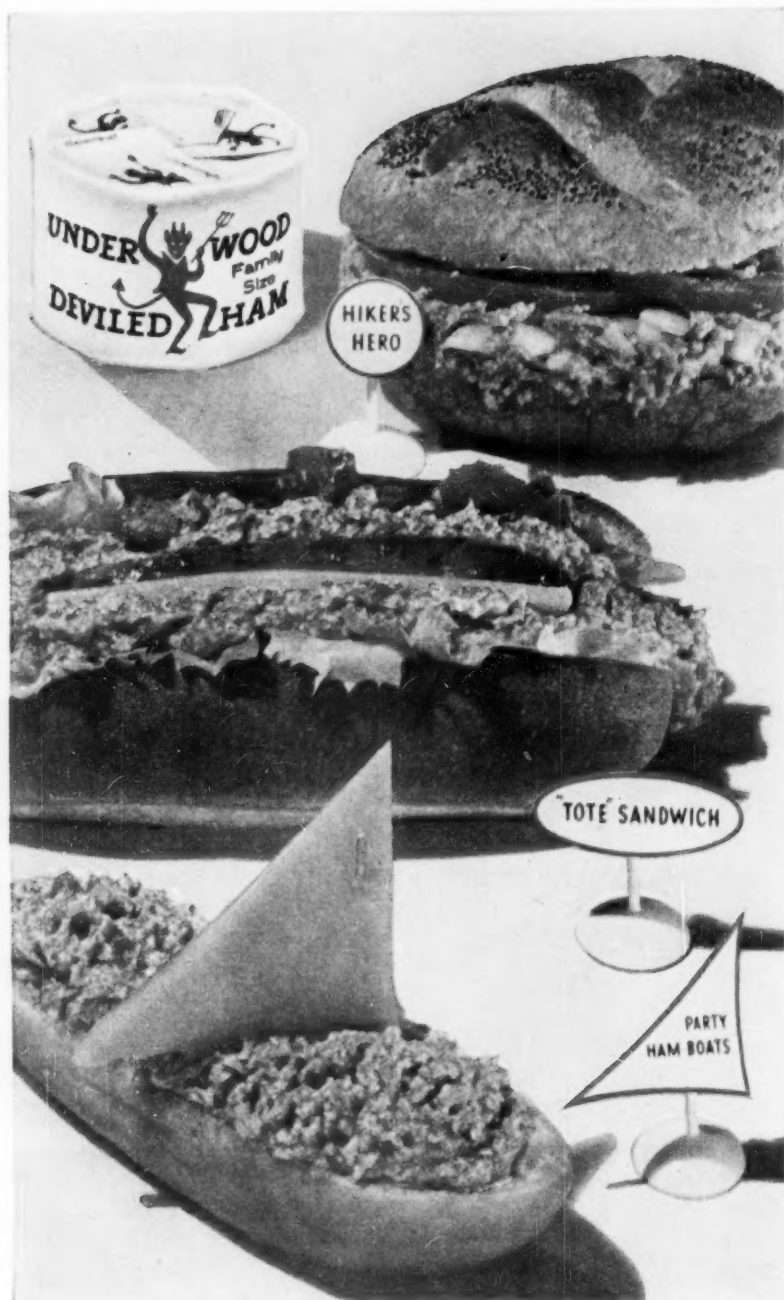
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## here's health

by Lawrence Galton

### Can vitamin E help prevent miscarriage?

Can — and should — miscarriage be prevented? And how valuable is vitamin E for the purpose? Miscarriage threatens in about fifteen percent of all pregnancies and actually occurs in about ten percent. Obstetricians who try to prevent miscarriage report about eighty percent success in doing so. About four or five percent of infants saved show some abnormalities. So reports a London, Ontario, physician after reviewing studies on miscarriage in medical literature. He himself, for twenty-five years, has routinely prescribed vitamin E for his pregnant patients and believes it to be of value in avoiding miscarriage.

In 4,141 pregnancies, the incidence of miscarriage has been only about half that which could be expected — apparently as a result of use of the vitamin. As to treating miscarriage when it actually threatens, among 195 infants who could be saved, only 13 had abnormalities. Only seven of the 13 lived. Surely, the physician believes, these seven babies were not too high a price to pay for the lives of 182 normal children.

### How to sleep — with stimulants

Many people who suffer from insomnia resort to sleeping pills — and feel less than fully alert next day. Now an Austrian physician reports that it is also possible to treat chronic insomnia an entirely different way — with stimulants and energizers. By stimulating daytime wakefulness, such drugs indirectly stimulate nighttime sleepiness. Instead of bedtime sleeping portions, reports the physician, he often prescribes a mild stimulant, such as Ritalin, to be taken in the morning. Results have been excellent, even among some severe insomniacs who hadn't benefited from barbiturates.

### Tiredness may be a danger signal

The person whose main complaint is tiredness is more likely to be physically ill rather than just worn-out or emotionally fatigued. So reports an Oakville, Ontario, physician. Among 1,200 of his patients, 105 gave tiredness as the first or second most important reason for seeking medical help. Physical examinations showed that 25 percent had no organic illness but were anxious or tense. But 75 percent had diseases and disorders ranging from thyroid deficiency and anemia to heart disease and pneumonia. Thus persistent tiredness is a good reason to seek medical diagnosis — and medical help for the underlying cause.

### How to protect a baby against whooping cough

Whooping cough, still a dangerous disease, causes more deaths in the first year of life than measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria and polio combined. And the best protection for a baby is early immunization, starting at one to two months of age. Another important help: booster inoculations for older children in the family before the baby is born. So report two University of California Medical Center pediatricians.

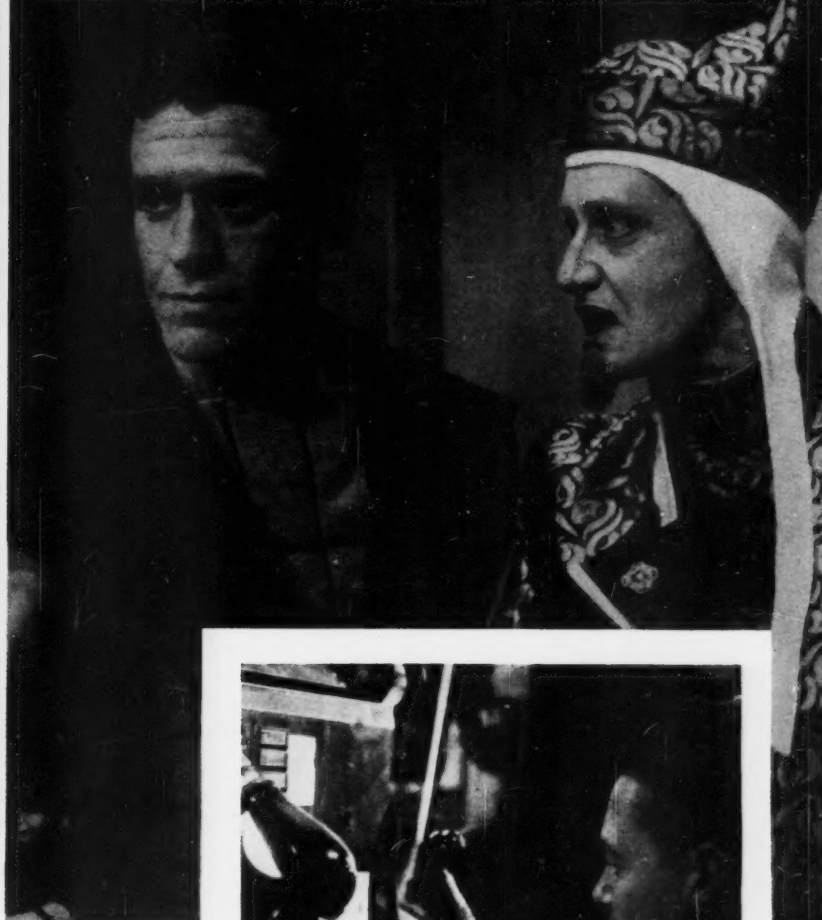
Continued on page 14



**THE CANADIAN WAY...**



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that reflects a  
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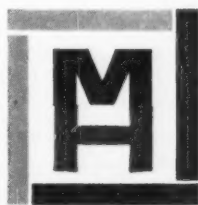
Two successful theatrical projects in Montreal are apt examples. Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, established only eight years ago, has already won renown at home and abroad with stage presentations in English and French. They have been acclaimed by critics for giving a fresh, new meaning to the work of the great French dramatist, Molière. La Comédie Canadienne, founded just last year under the auspices of industry and government, has provided exciting theatrical fare in English, French and Yiddish. In the realm of drama, they proudly reflect the dynamic spirit of Canada today.

Maclean-Hunter magazines, business and financial publications find, in Canadian accomplishments, stimulating fare to serve their readers. Their editors range over a broad front to keep you informed, inspired and alert to the significance of events from the Canadian point of view.

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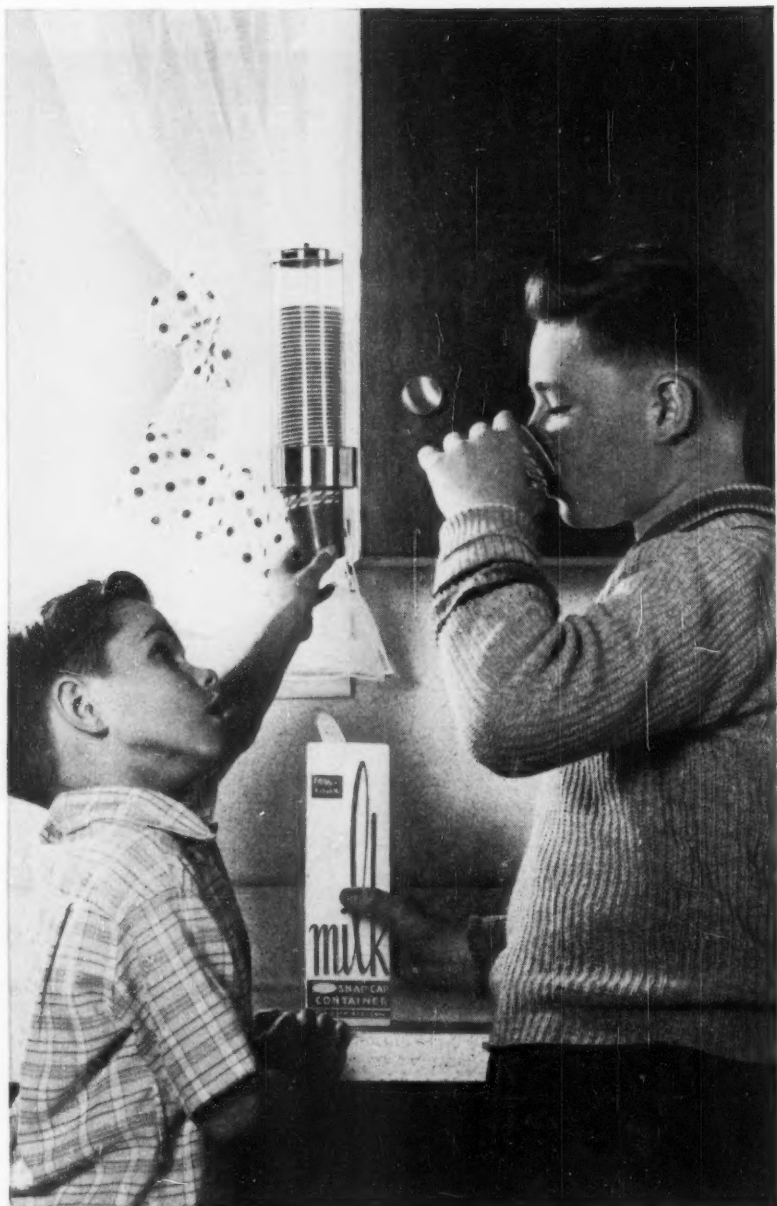


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*here's health* CONTINUED

They studied 199 children with whooping cough admitted to San Francisco General Hospital during a ten-year period. Thirty-eight percent were under six months and fifty-seven percent were under one year. Child-to-child contact within the home was the most important means by which whooping cough was spread; almost half the children in the study contacted the disease from other children.

### What works on warts?

Applied with a cotton-tipped applicator, liquid nitrogen is highly effective for warts, a Toronto dermatologist reports after using it on more than a hundred patients. Deep warts usually required several treatments but many superficial ones responded to a single application. With liquid nitrogen, many more warts can be treated at one sitting than are customarily treated by electrosurgery. Dressings usually are not required, healing is rapid, and cosmetic results excellent.

### Better surgery for ulcers

When surgery is required for duodenal ulcer, a combined operation (in which the vagus nerves are cut at the same time that a small portion of the stomach is removed) often may be the best procedure. It has produced excellent results — and minimal recurrence — according to a study of 765 patients operated on by the method beginning in January 1947 and followed up to the beginning of this year.

Ninety percent have had excellent or good results, and in only four cases did an ulcer recur, a Vanderbilt University School of Medicine team has reported. Excellent results (complete absence of symptoms) were obtained in 509 of the patients. Good results (with only occasional mild discomfort) were obtained in 184. There were fair results in some others. In only 17, including the four with recurrences, were results considered poor.

### Lung-disease victims breathe easily again

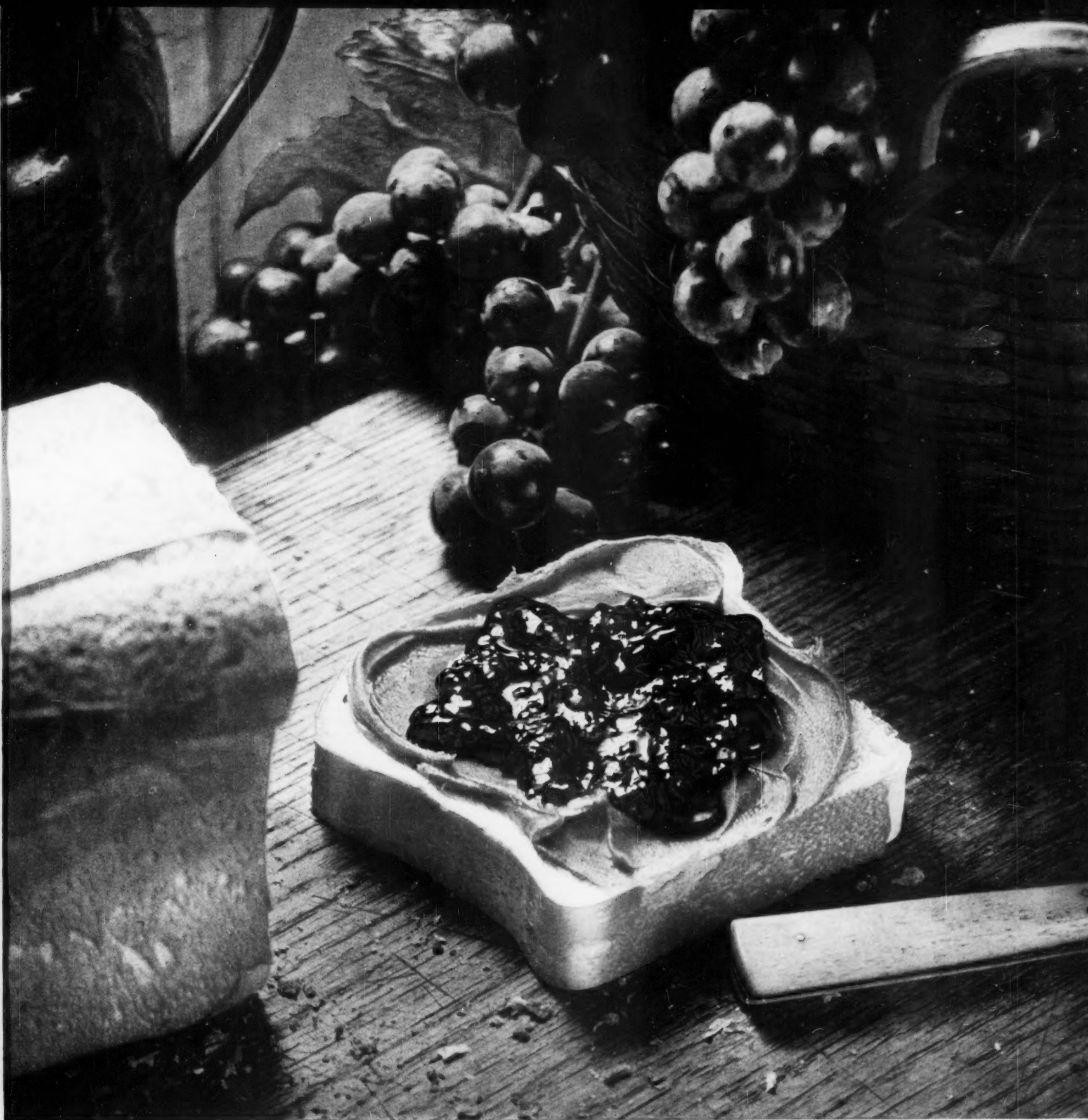
For chronic breathing problems caused by emphysema or other lung disorders, a new drug, dichlorophenamide, is of great value, Winnipeg physicians report. They studied it in patients who had required hospitalization because of the seriousness of their respiratory insufficiency. Ninety percent benefited. They could breathe more easily and adequately, were able to increase their activity, and also experienced a general sense of improved well-being. All the benefits have been sustained during prolonged use of the drug.

### New relief for hay fever and asthma

Heparin was not meant to be an antiallergy drug; it's an anti-coagulant, long used in heart and blood-vessel disorders to help prevent undue formation of blood clots. But now it turns out to have another valuable action — combining with histamine, a body chemical that operates in allergic disorders. University of Utah physicians report that an injection of heparin has brought relief for severe hay fever within ten minutes — and, after that, patients have responded to other medication that previously had no effect on their symptoms. Asthmatics as well have been able to breathe easily after injections of the drug. Thus far, about ninety percent of allergy patients in whom heparin has been tried have benefited.

END





Mother Nature's favorite sandwich recipe:

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Kraft Pure Jams, Jellies and Marmalade

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## IT'S YOUR WORLD

A monthly background to the news headlines

By NORMAN DePOE

Fifteen years ago there were four independent states. By this year's end there may be twenty-two. The tide of fierce nationalism can change world history. Here's what it means to you

# How independence is changing AFRICA

It was Prime Minister Harold Macmillan who coined the phrase that has become a cliché of world politics in 1960: "the winds of change." Like most clichés, it achieved that status because it expresses so handily what is really going on in Africa. For, despite the recent complaint of a Labor spokesman at Westminster that his party would like to see "less wind and more change," the political map of Africa is altering at bewildering speed.

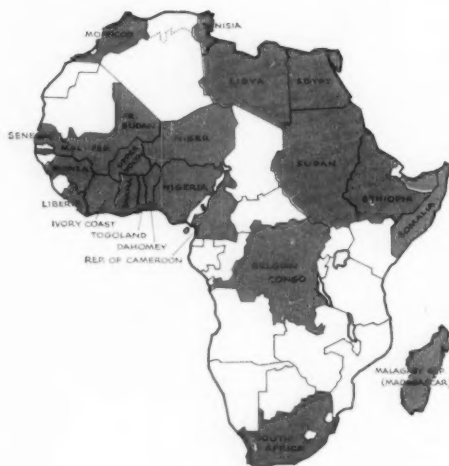
At the end of World War II, there were only four independent states on the continent—Egypt, South Africa, Ethiopia and Liberia. By 1959 there were ten — the four had been joined by Libya, The Sudan, Tunisia, Morocco, Ghana and Guinea. This year, the number is expected to rise to twenty-two.

A fierce African nationalism both feeds the winds of change and is fanned to greater efforts by them. Such territories as Tanganyika, Uganda and Kenya — not scheduled for full autonomy in 1960 — are moved by the tide all around them; there is continuous agitation for a speed-up. And the agitation is more and more likely to be punctuated by outbursts of violence.

For most Canadians, it's hard to understand how big and how potentially wealthy this last of the continents to awaken really is. Its 11,500,000 square miles of deserts, mountains, jungles and rich plains are a meaningless figure — but one which indicates that the United States, all the vast Indian peninsula, plus China and Tibet, could be tucked inside the African coasts with room to spare.

With modern technology, enormous areas could presumably be brought into cultivation. Up to now, though, such progress has been relatively slow. The relatively small cultivated areas mean that, despite Africa's 240 million people, it is among the more sparsely populated continents. Any tourist who regards Europe as a linguistic patchwork should try Africa. About a thousand separate languages have been classified. Education, key to economic progress, has gone ahead with painful slowness. Living standards, to Western eyes (and increasingly to African) remain low.

Roughly 175 million of the continent's people can be classified as Africans. About 35 million black Africans — Sudanese, Senegalese, Nigerians, Ethiopians and others — are Moslems. The bulk of the remainder are pa-



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How can these tangled groups of tribes, languages and religions suddenly leap across centuries and become modern nations? Their answer is that whether they can or not, they feel that they must. And they insist on trying.

The 1960 rush began in January with independence for the French Cameroons, which immediately ran into political trouble. Parliament is suspended; a coalition cabinet rules. Hurrying along in their wake came Togoland, Somalia, Somaliland, the Federation of Mali, the Malagasy Republic (Madagascar) and Belgian Congo, which has turned out to be the trouble spot of the continent. Relatively unprepared for self-government, the Congolese put so much pressure on the Belgians that the Europeans hastily abdicated June 30, leaving behind political and tribal chaos. Still to come is the most populous state of all, Nigeria, with its 35 million people. It's expected to remain in the Commonwealth after independence October 1.

Four more autonomous West African republics within the French community have also demanded complete independence: the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, Niger and Upper Volta. What

it adds up to is that by the end of 1960, 180 million people will be under native African rule. Pushing hard behind them will be Kenya, Sierra Leone, the Central African Federation (the Rhodesias and Nyasaland), Tanganyika and Uganda. Colonial rule will be limited to small Spanish and Portuguese holdings.

The winds of change — as the Republic of Cameroon and the Congo already know—are not without their perils. Can the new nations survive? All have enormous problems of education and social organization to overcome. Many people doubt their stability. The Belgian Congo, with nineteen political parties, and with tribal warfare well under way before the Europeans left, is a prime example. Thousands of Belgians, who might have been expected to supply technical and commercial know-how, simply fled. Some \$230 million in capital escaped with them, leaving only slim reserves.

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If the aid plans succeed, it's held that with Africa we can face the future in co-operation and confidence. If they don't (and this is why they must) the Dark Continent faces dark years indeed. So does the rest of the world.

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## VIKING SALAD

**Cool, crisp, colorful - and so easy to make!**

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☐ ¼ cup olive oil ☐ 5 tablespoons lemon juice ☐ 1 cup fresh cream ☐ tomato and cucumber slices ☐ lettuce



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Serve it cold - serve it hot - whichever way you serve Gold Seal Salmon, be ready to serve a lot! It's Canadian salmon at its finest, fresh-canned within hours after catching, as tasty and flavorful a seafood as you ever hope to enjoy. Keep half a dozen tins in your cupboard for endless mealtime variety!

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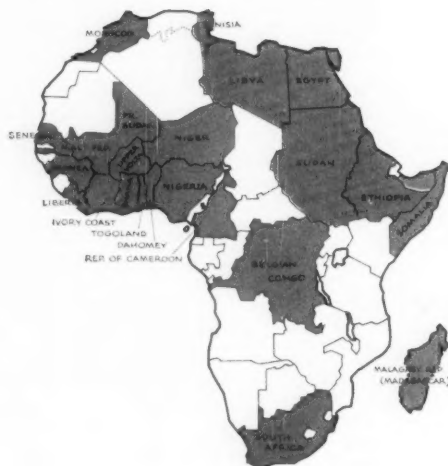
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TIDBITS  
SPEARS  
JUICE



Lumaha'i Beach, Kauai. Photograph by Tom Hollyman



A CHATELAINE EDITOR REPORTS ON

# CHIROPRACTORS

**"I WAS DECLARED IN PERFECT HEALTH BY A DOCTOR, THEN POSED AS A PATIENT. HERE'S WHAT SIX CHIROPRACTORS FOUND 'WRONG' WITH ME"**

My assignment was short and explicit. "Pose as a patient," said the editor, "and find out what happens when you go to a chiropractor."

My first step was to find out if there was anything wrong with my health. I had a complete medical examination by one of Toronto's top-ranking diagnosticians. The verdict: "You're in A-1 shape." So what was to be my story as a "patient"? Something simple would do — a twinge in my right hip.

Now I was ready. I made appointments with six chiropractors listed in the yellow pages of Toronto's phone directory. Within the next few days I was stretched, straightened, twisted, kneaded, massaged, probed and had my neck snapped

six times. I was told I had a spasm of the adductor muscle, a twisted spine, misplaced vertebrae, a uric acid condition, prospects of arthritis and neuritis, an imbalance of the thyroid gland and was thirty pounds off balance.

One initial visit cost me fifteen dollars (and, had I accepted all the procedures recommended, would have cost more than fifty), while two cost nothing. Examinations ranged from nothing to fifteen dollars. X rays were priced at fifteen to thirty dollars.

I was treated after elaborate examinations—and without so much as a question about my general health. I sat for half an hour and listened while *Continued on page 35*

**BY JESSIE LONDON**

In that heart-stopping moment  
Marva felt her safe comfortable  
world with Hal was slipping  
from her as she looked longingly  
once more into Stephen's eyes

"But it's Susan's night out," Marva protested.  
"Couldn't you ask him tomorrow or Saturday?" She  
found herself listening for the background noises and  
caught the click of a typewriter; he was phoning  
from the office.

"This fellow's in town only for the day," her  
husband's voice boomed into her ear. "I'll tell him  
he's got to take potluck tonight, he won't  
mind. You'll get a big surprise when you see who it is."

"Somebody I know? Who can it be, Hal?"

"A real old friend of yours."

Stephen Makail, she thought at once; but she asked,  
"Please tell me who it is."

"Your old flame, Makail," he announced. "Thought it  
might cheer him up a bit if we had him out.  
He seems to be on the hard times." The divorce, she  
thought, he must be taking it hard. She heard  
her husband's voice, low and confidential, as if he  
were covering his mouth with his hand while he spoke  
into the telephone: "He got canned apparently  
by the English department up there. Told me  
he was on his way to Arizona or someplace. All right,  
listen now, I'll bring him with me on the  
five-twenty. Okay?"

"Of course, Hal. Although . . . But be sure  
to tell him about Susan's being off so he won't —"

"Sure, sure. So long."

He hung up and Marva returned to the front lawn  
to burn the pile of leaves she had been  
raking together when the phone had rung.  
Kneeling, she struck a match,  
watched the yellow and brown and dark-  
red patterns kindling under the  
pale flame. She wished that Hal had  
not called. Now she would have to  
hurry into the kitchen to extend the salad  
Susan had left, and whip up some rolls to go with  
the cold roast beef. She ought to bake a  
cake, or perhaps there was a quart of ice cream left  
in the freezer. The afternoon was so beautiful, one  
of the last of the year, she hated to leave it.

Shafts of smoky shadow and sunlight slanted through  
the branches of the maple trees, and the  
leaves drifted and drifted, on sunlight and shadow,  
the thin bitter fragrance of

*Continued on page 57*

## The Memory of You

By Alexander Saxton







## BY JOYCE DAVIDSON

*as told to June Callwood*

Last winter newspaper editors across Canada elected me the most newsworthy woman in Canada in 1959. In previous years the distinction has gone to such accomplished females as Barbara Ann Scott and Marilyn Bell. I'm no athlete; my fame came as a result of ten words: "I think I feel the way most Canadians feel — indifferent." I was talking about last year's royal tour during an early-morning television show in New York. Very few Canadians saw that show — one survey revealed only four hundred people in the Toronto area were watching. But within an hour or two everyone in the country had a version of what I said.

I became the centre of a howling controversy which, for me, will never end. One resident of the west coast must have spent ten dollars on newspapers at the height of the Davidson-hatred. He regularly sends me yellowed clippings full of sneering fury. "Just don't ever think we've forgotten what you did!" reads the accompanying note.

I have no reason to think anyone has forgotten. When the royal tour crisis occurred the CBC promptly asked me to leave *Tabloid* — the evening half-hour show on which I had appeared for nearly four innocuous years — for a brief period.

The sponsor I represented on television commercials for four years, Sunbeam Corporation (Canada), dropped me without notice at the same time and since then no other major sponsor in Canada has approached me. Because of this, and other factors such as the CBC's tendency to hide at a hint of strife, I am giving serious consideration to leaving Canada this year for the United States, where I encounter no such prejudice.

I am hoping to work quietly in a country whose press will care nothing about me. I can't help feeling that it's more than a coincidence that Canadian television critics from coast to coast suddenly detest everything I do. I used to be praised everywhere — overpraised, as I well know — and described with such terms as "sweet-faced," "Dresden-doll," "sensitive and warm interviewer."

Now I read that I am ludicrous, gauche, and stupid. "The beautiful mask," one called me scornfully. A Toronto columnist said I perform as though I had a chip on my

*Continued on page 49*

"I  
DON'T  
WANT  
TO  
LEAVE  
CANADA, BUT..."

Joyce's road to  
stardom —  
then one word  
brought her back  
to earth



As child, going on five, Joyce Davidson (left) with her sister Connie, two, in Saskatoon. Father eked out living as a magician and piano tuner.



Joyce married Douglas Davidson when she was 17, a year out of high school. They have two children, are now divorced.



In New York as beauty contest winner at 19, she posed with Sammy Kaye at the Waldorf.





"I said what I believed . . . and a wave of hatred engulfed me. Critics' praises turned to abuse. Viewers denounced me. I don't want to leave . . . but what else can I do?"



**First interview** on *Tabloid* was with actor Richard Todd. Nervous, she forgot her stockings.



**On *Tabloid* set** with actor Robert Young and Joyce's daughters, Connie and Shelley. "For a girl who was once foolish enough to believe a pink cloud was solid," says Joyce, "I've learned quickly."



**Storm broke** when Joyce, on New York TV show, said she was "indifferent" to royal tour. Above: Charles Van Doren, Jack Lescaulie, Dave Garraway.

SUZY FALLON HAD COME

TO THIS BLEAK SUMMER PLACE TO PROTECT

HE

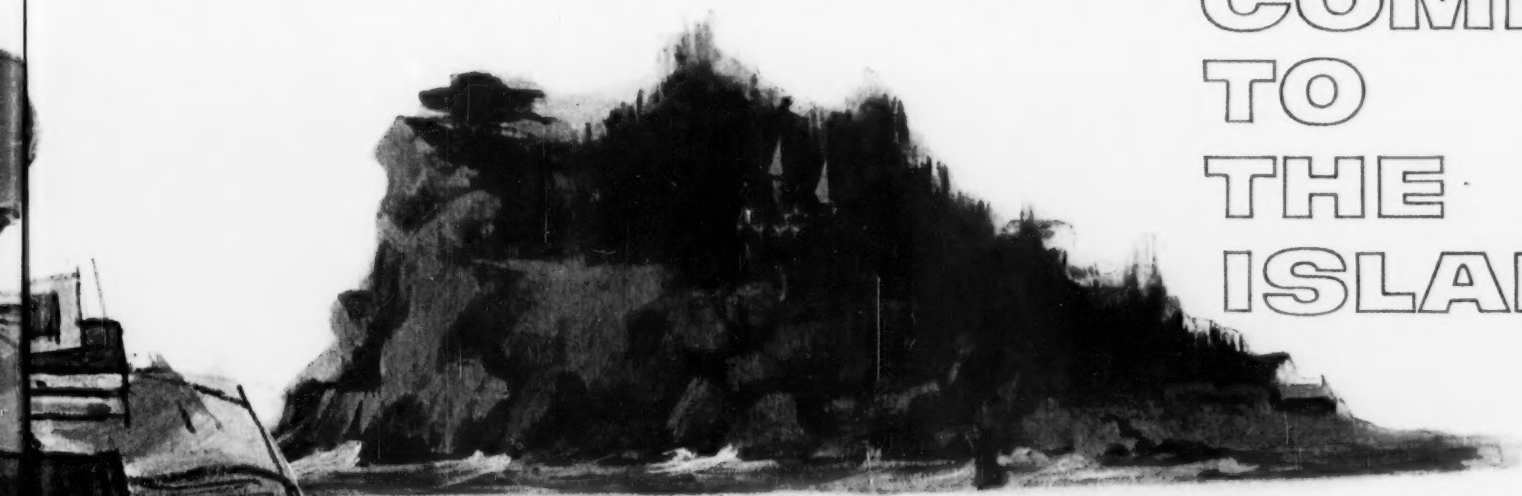
"Why," Suzy asked Roger's grandmother, "do you think my husband was murdered?"





HER CHILD FROM HER HUSBAND'S FAMILY. BUT WITH HER CAME HUSHED WHISPERINGS OF JEALOUSY AND MURDER

# DEATH COMES TO THE ISLAND



The island was a mile from the coast and it looked uninhabited — just a mass of rock rising from the grey Atlantic. Seated in the tossing motorboat, Suzy Fallon shivered and thrust her hands into her pockets to warm them. Her fresh young face tightened as she stared at the island which belonged to her dead husband's grandmother. Somewhere along that shore Roger had been drowned three years before. Had the old woman cared at all when they told her what had happened? Suzy doubted it. She could not believe that Roger's grandmother had ever cared about anything but getting her own way.

□ And for three years now the old woman was not getting her own way. Was she finally willing to admit it would not be possible to take Roger's child away from the young mother of whom she disapproved? Was she really so ill that she had begun to weaken and wished to make amends for the cruel things she had done? Or had that unexpected letter, written in the spidery old-fashioned hand, been just the start of another scheme to gain custody of her great-granddaughter? Today, Suzy thought, she would meet Roger's grandmother for the first time and find out — she hoped.

□ The boat slid into the slip and Suzy climbed out on the dilapidated dock. She stood there, the wind flapping her skirt about her knees, and waited to be taken to the house.

□ But the old man who had brought her over tied the boat in place, then began to lift out the supplies he had brought from the town. Finally she had to ask him where to go. Without a word, he pointed toward a flight of rickety stairs at the side of the boathouse.

□ Suzy bit her lip. This was, she told herself uneasily, no way to welcome an invited guest. Passing the open door of the boathouse, she saw two decomposing rowboats, broken oars, coils of rope, and piles of unidentifiable

*Continued on page 94*

FIRST OF TWO PARTS



By **FLORENCE FORD**

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# WE'RE THROWING AWAY OUR PAST

We're allowing irreplaceable, beautiful and historic buildings to fall into ruin or be leveled into parking lots.

And most Canadians don't seem to care. Here is what our thoughtlessness is costing us, and how we can stop the waste

By PATRICIA CLARKE

In Ottawa last fall a century-old stone inn which dignified the ceremonial drive to the heart of the capital was torn down to provide space for a gas station. In Halifax, wreckers demolished Gorsebrook House, the home of nineteenth-century privateer Enos Collins, one of the city's few remaining Loyalist mansions and a gem of Georgian architecture. Along the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, east of Montreal, manor houses which have stood the storms of two centuries are falling to make

way for industry. At St. Andrews, Manitoba, on the Red River, a school built in the 1830s, where some of the west's early leaders were educated, was torn down to supply lumber for a pigpen.

Canada is the only country in the world which neither respects nor preserves its pioneer architecture, and our irresponsible waste of what should be one of our proudest possessions has been going on for generations. Only in the last few years has anyone even tried to stop it.

Less than a hundred years ago Toronto was a Georgian city like Balti- *Continued on page 28*



Three of Canada's treasures of the past which face an uncertain future

**At left:** Home of writer John Langton — who became auditor-general of Canada at Confederation — near Sturgeon Lake, Ont., dates from about 1835. Province has put a plaque on it, but under present laws can't save house from eventual ruin.

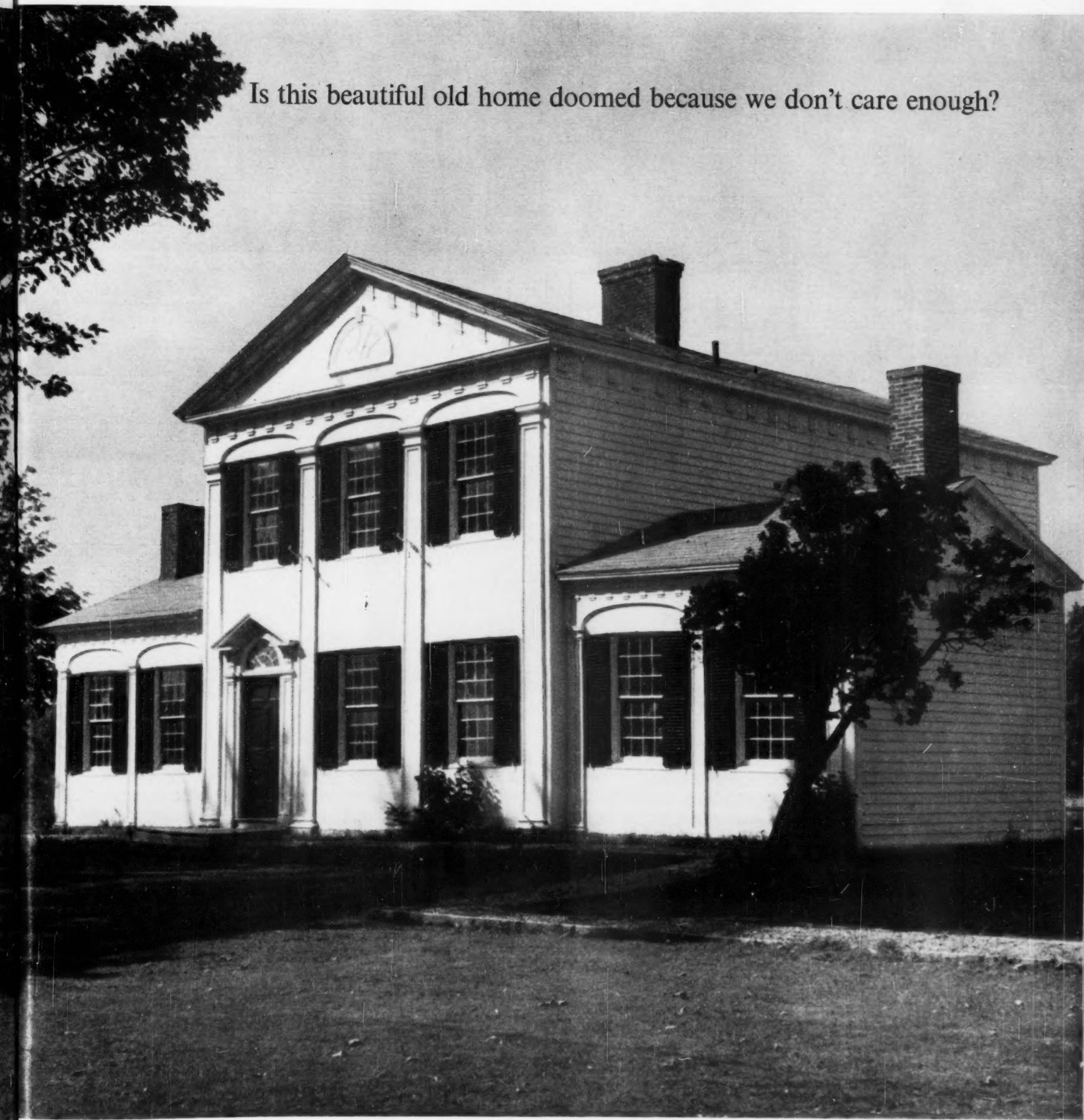
**Bottom:** Heck House, built in late 1700s and home of Barbara Heck, a founder of Methodist Church in Canada, must move from industrial land near Maitland, Ont., but has no takers.

**At right:** Loyalist settler Col. Eliakim Barnum built this home at Grafton, Ont., in 1817. Public donations restored it. It failed when used as a store, a new occupant can't be found and local historical society hasn't funds to keep it indefinitely.





Is this beautiful old home doomed because we don't care enough?



What have we already lost through neglect of our heritage? Turn the page

These are examples of



**Ottawa:** Goulden's Hotel (left) was built about 1855 and was the largest hotel in the city at that time. It was demolished last September and replaced by a service station (above). City and the National Capital Commission have begun an inventory of historic buildings.

## WE'RE THROWING AWAY OUR PAST *Continued from previous page*

more; now it has almost nothing left to preserve. Two of its remaining landmarks, the seventy-year-old University Avenue Armoury and the one-hundred-and-ten-year-old St. Lawrence Market, its second most important historic site, are threatened now. Whole neighborhoods of fine old homes were torn out of the heart of Montreal in this century. In our nation's capital the dignified old Supreme Court Building and the stone home of Nichols Sparks, one of the founders of Ottawa, were demolished — the former to provide a parking lot — without noticeable protest from outside the capital.

### The treasure that might have been

Kingston, Ontario, which historian A. R. M. Lower says could have been a Canadian match for the exquisitely restored colonial town of Williamsburg, Virginia, had one of the most dignified town halls in Canada. The citizens first ran a railway freight yard in front of it, then ripped down the great hand-cut entrance pillars to use for road fill.

A hundred-year-old colonial house in Streetsville, near Toronto,

gave way to an auto salesroom — which preserves our heritage, its advertising points out, by being a colonial-style auto salesroom.

The original log church where the Barr colonists, pioneer prairie settlers from the British Isles, worshipped in Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, before Saskatchewan became a province is a secondhand shop and bottle exchange, distinguished only by a plaque commanding: "Preserve Our Heritage."

The Architectural Conservancy of Ontario, a private organization of two hundred persons interested in history and fine buildings, made a list of that province's architectural prizes in 1938. Half of those buildings were gone by 1952, when the list was revised. An estimated one quarter to one third more have been lost since then.

Many of our fine old buildings which have escaped demolition have been neglected beyond repair or remodeled beyond recognition. Near Vittoria, in southwestern Ontario, Chadwick Academy, a school for boys opened in 1829, the same year as Upper Canada College, has been sheathed in corrugated tin. The owner of an eighteenth-century home in eastern Ontario, unable to believe its elegant interior could be genuine, remodeled it to look like a backwoods cabin.



## the price Canada has paid in historic architecture because of public apathy



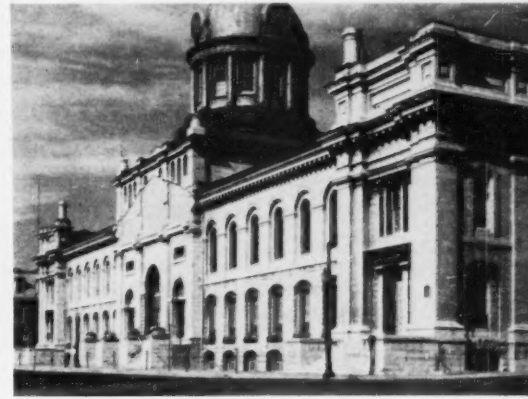
**Halifax:** "Gorsebrook," one of the city's few remaining Loyalist mansions, has been leveled (below), despite a fight to save it waged by the Heritage Trust of Nova Scotia. Original house was built in 1812 (and replaced in 1818) by merchant John Moody, who landed in Halifax with the army of Sir William Howe. It was later bought by Enos Collins, legendary Halifax figure known as the richest man in British North America.



**Lloydminster, Sask.:** This is the little log church in which the Barr colonists—pioneer prairie settlers from England—worshipped before Saskatchewan became a province. Today it's a store (below) — bearing a plaque that reads: "Preserve Our Heritage." In Ontario, a 1938 list of the province's architectural prizes — compiled by conservationists — had been halved by 1952. A quarter to third more have been lost since.



**Kingston, Ont.:** Built in 1843, this was once one of the most dignified town halls in the nation. Then a railway yard was built in front of it, and the huge hand-cut pillars were torn down (below), broken up and used as road fill. At St. Andrews, Man., a school of the 1830s, in which some of the west's early leaders were educated, was ripped down to provide lumber for a pigpen. Of our remaining old homes, most are in Quebec.



Why? Why don't we treat our ancestors' homes and public buildings as the national treasures they are? Why do we gape admiringly at beautiful old homes in Britain or the United States and ignore the ones on our own streets?

Because we haven't the national self-respect to value them. "The Americans are proud of their achievements. We aren't," says Anthony Adamson, Toronto architect and university professor.

"Our traditions have been two thousand miles away," explains Ruth Home, director of museum research of the Ontario College of Art and president of the Architectural Conservancy of Ontario. "We can't believe we had anything of our own that was worth while."

### Should we "interfere" to save our past?

Who is responsible for this waste? You and I. We have no laws to protect old buildings from greedy or ignorant owners. We're reluctant to interfere with a man's right to do what he likes with his property, even if that property is a national treasure.

In Canada today only two governments — the federal government

and that of Quebec — have power under law to buy buildings valued for their architectural beauty alone, to save them from destruction. And, on balance, this power has been exercised seldom by either.

The Historic or Artistic Monuments and Sites Commission of Quebec, set up in 1922, has helped restore several dozen churches and homes, but it has bought only a few and only as a last resort. The National Historic Sites Division of the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources can buy and restore historic buildings, under the Dominion Historic Sites and Monuments Act. In 1955 this act was amended to include architectural treasures — that is, buildings of perhaps no historical significance but noteworthy for their beauty alone; but this agency has yet to use its power to save even one such building from destruction, although it is helping to restore a house in Quebec City transferred to it by the defense department.

We're a little kinder to a beautiful old building if it is also associated with some important event. Most of the provinces and the federal government do put markers on historical sites, which means old battlefields, forts or, less frequently,

*Continued on page 109*

Start with these  
**UNUSUAL BREADS**  
 Spread them with these  
**UNIQUE FILLINGS**  
 for these new  
**EXCITING SANDWICHES**

**Enriched White Loaf: Onion and Blue Cheese**

Spread buttered bread slices with blue cheese spread or mashed blue cheese moistened with sour cream. Cover with thin slices of Spanish onion, sprinkled with salt. Add mayonnaise and lettuce leaves. OR serve that popular favorite, Roast Beef on White. My family likes this the simple way — thick slices of rare lean beef sprinkled liberally with salt and pepper, between slices of generously buttered white bread.

The bland moist texture of fresh white bread is a good contrast for sharp fillings or that good roast-beef flavor.

*From left to right*

**Enriched white**

**French stick**

**Onion bun**

**Scotch bapps**

**Caraway Loaf: Spiced Beef-Egg**

Combine 3 mashed hard-cooked eggs, ½ cup or more of chopped dried beef or cooked crisp bacon, 1 tablespoon vinegar and a little chopped parsley. Add grated onion to taste and mayonnaise to moisten.

The pungent flavor of caraway enhances egg-style fillings.

**Caraway-seed loaf**

**Dark rye loaf**

**Italian white loaf**

**Bran scone**

**Light rye bread**

**Oatmeal loaf**

**Italian White: Bologna and Apple**

Chop or grate a peeled tart apple to make ½ cup, firmly packed. Moisten with mayonnaise or salad dressing for a spready consistency. Generously spread on buttered Italian bread and add fairly thick slices of bologna.

This bread has a well-baked bland flavor and fairly close texture. Nice with moist mild flavors, plain or toasted.

**Pumpernickel: Corned Beef and Swiss Cheese**

Combine thin slices of lean corned beef and Swiss cheese between pumpernickel slices that have been spread with butter and then spread with horseradish mixed with prepared mustard. Serve with dill pickles or little green onions. OR use slices of macaroni-and-cheese loaf between slices spread with pickle relish blended with ketchup.

The hearty wholesome flavor of this bread begs for spicy meat and nippy condiments.

**Pumpernickel**

**Egg loaf**

**Dutch brown**

**Vienna loaf**

**Dutch Brown: Banana and Honey Butter**

Cover buttered slices of bread with sliced bananas sprinkled with lemon juice. Spread top bread slices with honey butter. OR combine thick apricot jam with grated sharp Cheddar cheese. OR use thin slices of cucumber marinated in vinegar and then drained.

This bread is a favorite with those who enjoy a well-baked nutty flavor and close quick-bread-like texture. It makes wonderful cinnamon toast, and when made into sandwiches we prefer it with sweet fillings.

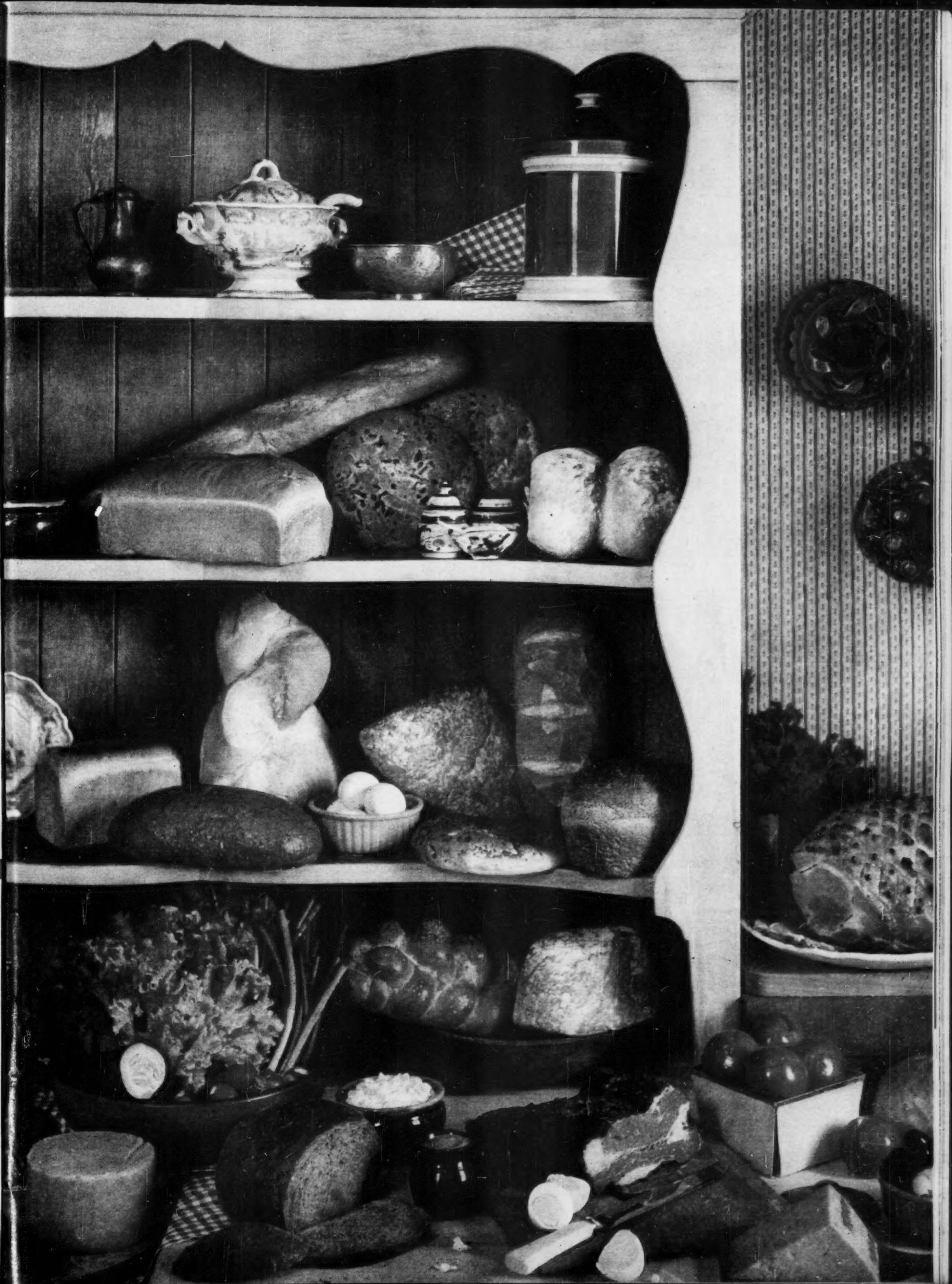
**By ELAINE COLLETT**

*Director Chatelaine Institute*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER CROYDON

*Exciting Sandwiches continue on page 46*





By ELAINE COLLETT DIRECTOR CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

# SUPER SUMMER DESSERTS

They're all low-calorie!

## Ribbon Peach Bavarian

(Pictured left)

2 envelopes of low-calorie  
lemon jelly powder  
4 fresh peaches, peeled  
and thinly sliced \*  
Whipped topping \*\*

1 pkg quick vanilla-  
flavored pudding  
1½ cups skim milk  
½ tsp almond extract

Dissolve jelly powder in ¾ cup boiling water, then add 1 cup cold water. Chill until syrupy, then fold in half the peaches. While jelly is thickening make the whipped topping and set aside. Beat the pudding, skim milk and almond flavoring and fold in about 1 cup of the topping and remaining peaches. Make two wax-paper funnels for adding layers of jelly and cream mixture. Funnel a layer of jelly-peach mixture into 8 parfait glasses before it sets. Chill until quite firm. Add a layer of the fluffy peach pudding mixture and let set. Continue alternating and chilling layers until glasses are full. Top with a fluff of reserved topping, sweetened with 1 teaspoon sugar. Add a dash of mint-colored coconut flakes.

Preparation time about 40 minutes. Approximate total cost 49 cents. Calories, approximately 115 per serving.

\* Or use two 8-ounce cans drained dietetic peaches.

\*\* Beat ½ cup skim milk powder with 1/3 cup cold water until soft peaks form, then add 2 tablespoons unsweetened orange juice and continue beating until stiff.

## Banana Apple Fluff

2 tsp unflavored gelatine  
¼ cup boiling water or  
apple juice  
1½ cups cold sweetened  
applesauce \*

2 tbs lemon juice  
2 bananas, mashed  
2 egg whites

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water, then add the applesauce, lemon juice and mashed banana. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pile into sherbet glasses and garnish with orange sections or seeded grapes. Chill until serving time. Makes 6 servings.

Preparation time, 15 to 20 minutes. Approximate total cost, 42 cents. Calories per serving, 125.

\* Or use one 10-ounce can applesauce plus ¼ cup apple juice.

## Grape Sherbet

2 tsp plain gelatine  
1 cup water  
½ cup sugar  
3 tbs lemon juice

1½ cups unsweetened grape  
juice  
1 egg white, stiffly  
beaten

Heat gelatine, water and sugar in a small saucepan. Stir until sugar melts. Cool and add lemon juice and grape juice. Pour into freezing trays and freeze until mush stage. Turn into a cold bowl, break up with a fork and beat until fluffy. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white and return to the freezing tray. Freeze until firm, stirring occasionally. Makes 6 generous servings.

Preparation time, 15 minutes. Total cost, 28 cents. Approximately 97 calories per serving.

Recipes continued on page 44



# SOUP 'N SANDWICHES

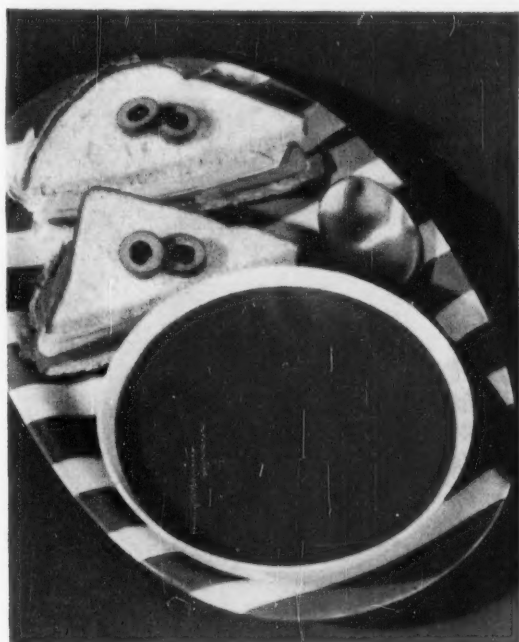
Cool summer meals  
need one hot dish.

Make it easy! Make it soup!



Here's the perfect brunch, lunch or summer-night supper—soup and sandwiches! Cool and easy to prepare, delicious to eat . . . and with soup as your "one hot dish," you're sure of hearty nourishment. For quick and thrifty summer meals, serve Campbell Soups often!

There are more than 21 kinds to choose from!



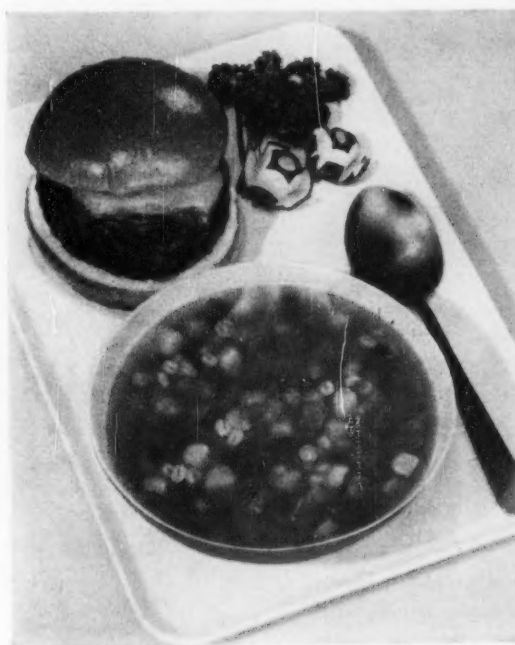
Ham and Cheese Sandwich  
Campbell's Tomato Soup



Tomato-Bacon-Lettuce Sandwich  
Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup



Egg Salad Sandwich  
Campbell's Vegetable Soup



Cheeseburger  
Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup



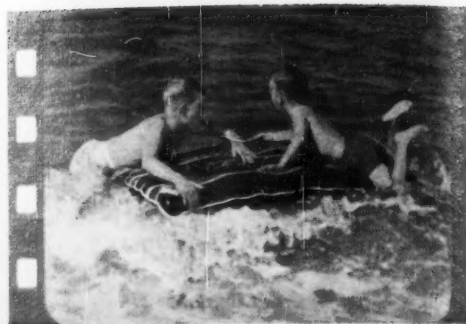
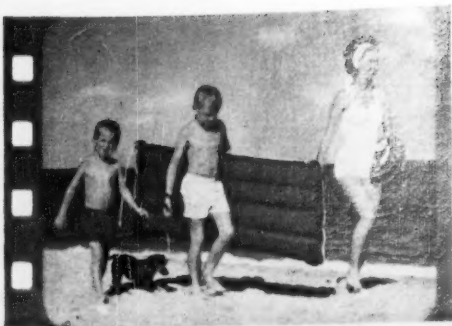
Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich  
Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup



Hot Dog with Mustard  
Campbell's Chicken Vegetable Soup

So good any time...every time...*Campbell's* Soup

# PICTURE IDEA OF THE WEEK



Sea, sky, sun-tanned youngsters—the color is always lifelike when you use Kodachrome Film.

## Let a movie camera bring back your holiday fun!

What better way to start saving the action and color of summer—moment by moment, just as it happens?

The running feet . . . the mighty splash . . . the nonstop excitement of your family at play. Only movies catch the action. And when your movies first flash on the screen, it's hard to believe your own camera has created anything so vividly alive!

Yet sparkling, action-packed movies are now as easy to take as snapshots. And a single roll of Kodachrome Film gives you up to 40 average-length scenes—*moving* pictures in gorgeous color.

You make a great holiday even better—and keep the fun alive—when you have a movie camera with you. And it's so easy now to own a Brownie Movie Camera. (See opposite page.)



PICTURE IT NOW . . .  
see it again and again

**Kodak**  
—a trademark since 1888

**CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto 15, Ontario**

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" ON CBC-TV NETWORK



## TEEN TEMPO

32 EXCITING PAGES  
just for the Under Twenties

### DON'T MISS

- Have you a good personality?
- A new story by the author of Captain Hornblower

### "THE REAL ME"

an exclusive interview with  
**SANDRA DEE**

- Terrific back-to-school fashions just for you
- Latest campus hair styles you can do yourself
- Eye-catching decorating tips for your very own room
- And loads of fads, advice and new ideas

**It's your own magazine  
and it starts on page 61**

### CHIROPRACTORS

Continued from page 19

a woman chiropractor tossed pills into her mouth to overcome the disagreeable "waves" she said she felt emanating from me.

Every chiropractor I saw urged me to return for an indefinite number of visits.

Many of the chiropractors specify X-ray facilities in their advertisements, but I had been warned against having more than one X-ray examination because of the hazards of excessive radiation. Yet I was duped into absorbing radiation from a fluoroscope after I refused an X ray, which, I discovered later, involved less exposure than the fluoroscope.

According to chiropractic brochures adjustments are advocated for at least thirty diseases and complaints, ranging from arthritis and allergies to eye trouble and skin eruptions.

Chiropractic's effect on such a spectrum of ailments is explained in

one of the brochures. The squeezing of the spinal column on a nerve cuts off normal functioning of the affected area; the chiropractor uses a scientific movement, known as an adjustment, to restore the vertebrae to normal and so remove pressure on the spinal cord.

More than thirty thousand Canadians are being treated daily by the country's twelve hundred chiropractors. Every Canadian province has legislation for their licensing on recommendation of a provincial or regional chiropractic board. Their degree is doctor of chiropractic, and though they cannot legally use the title of doctor they are customarily addressed by their clients as "doctor." You can claim income-tax deductions and receive workmen's compensation allowances for chiropractic treatment.

Prior to 1945 Canadians wishing to become chiropractors went to the United States for training, but the Canadian Memorial Chiropractic College, the only one in Canada, was established in Toronto fifteen years ago. Applicants must be of good moral character, in good health, over

## FOR PICTURE IDEAS ANY WEEK!



**Brownie 8 Movie Camera**  
New...and only \$27<sup>95</sup>!

**Lowest-cost movie camera in Kodak history! Makes sharp, clear, full-color movies with true Brownie ease.**

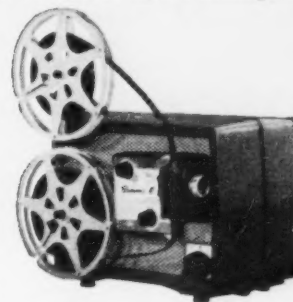
Imagine! For little more than the cost of a snapshot camera, you can own the new Brownie 8 Movie Camera, *f/2.7*—and start taking your own movies this weekend!

With a new Brownie 8 Movie Camera, it's easy to catch all the fun and action—exactly as it happens. Set the dial, aim, press the button—and you're making colorful 8mm movies. Good movies, too—even if you've never used a movie camera before!

The name Brownie tells you that Kodak's long experience stands behind this movie camera. You know that it will be sturdy and faithful as well as easy to use.

So don't deny your family the fun

a new Brownie 8 Movie Camera can give you. See it at your Kodak dealer's soon. Discover how much pleasure can be had for such a small price.



**Shows your movies big, bright, and clear . . . Only \$54.95!**

Brownie 8 Movie Projector, Model 10 (illus.), is so compact you can take your 8mm movie shows anywhere. Easy to load—no sprockets.

Brownie 8 Movie Projector, Model A15, loads itself automatically—right onto the take-up reel. \$64.50.

Prices are suggested list and subject to change without notice.

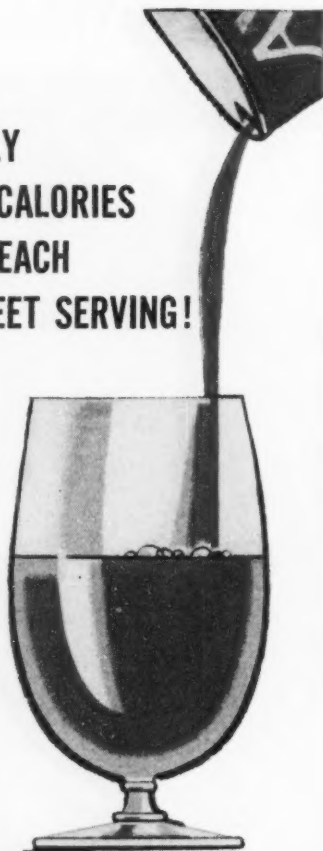
Made in Canada by

**CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED**

Toronto 15, Ontario

**Kodak**  
TRADE MARK

**ONLY  
27 CALORIES  
TO EACH  
SWEET SERVING!**

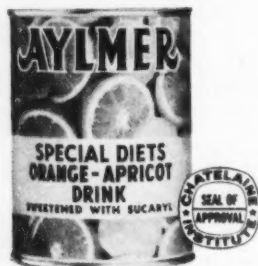


## From Aylmer... tasty new fruit drinks for dieters

Specially for weight-watchers, Aylmer now blends four new fruit drinks *without added sugar*—sweet to taste but low in calories!

Good example: Aylmer Orange-Apricot Drink. It contains only 27 calories to a 4-oz. serving, *saves 30 calories* over the regular, sugar-sweetened drink. And you save up to 34 calories per glass with *other* new Aylmer drinks—Pineapple-Pear, Pineapple-Orange, Pineapple-Grapefruit.

Try one, enjoy them all. Aylmer Special Diet Fruit Drinks—now at your grocer's diet-food section.



**ALSO ENJOY...** Aylmer Special Diet Fruits, Vegetables and Soups. Delicious!

SUNSHINE-FRESH...THAT  
**AYLMER**  
FLAVOUR

twenty-one years of age, and have the entrance requirements demanded by universities.

First on the four-year course is a study of chiropractic principles and practice: "the philosophy, science and art of locating and correcting interference with nerve transmission and expression, without the use of drugs or surgery." Other compulsory subjects at the College of Chiropractic include anatomy (with human dissection in the fourth year); physiology; chemistry, pathology, bacteriology; public health; X ray; dermatology; eye, ear and nose and throat; gynecology and obstetrics; pediatrics; psychology; dietetics; first aid, office management and public speaking.

The first chiropractor I visited, a solemn-faced man of middle years, quickly went through routine medical history questions and jotted my replies on the top part of a blank form. Then I told him of my "symptoms"—an occasional hip discomfort. He noted it on the form. On the lower third of the sheet was the outline of the human body, with the spine shown in detail. I donned a gown behind the curtained doorway of the adjoining examination and treatment room. The chiropractor then checked my blood pressure and pulse. Both were normal. Next I was told to stand on a pair of bathroom scales, one foot on each, and to close my eyes. I heard him draw his breath in sharply. "Your weight is very much off balance," he said. "Look." The right scale showed thirty pounds more than the left. "A difference of up to five pounds isn't significant"—his voice sounded anxious—"but thirty is extreme."

While I stood erect the chiropractor touched my shoulders, lower edges of my ribs and the top of my hipbones. He crisscrossed the figure on my record sheet with sloping lines at hips, shoulders and neck, then traced an irregular line up the spine.

"I don't want to alarm you"

The examination continued as I lay on a sectioned bench. My examiner probed around my hip joints, then announced, "You have a definite spasm in the right adductor muscle." He suggested an X ray. When I protested his voice took on a worried tone and he looked earnestly at me.

"I don't want to alarm you, but the condition you have could become serious . . . I think it only fair to warn you of the importance of treatment now." When I continued to hesi-

tate, he went on, "Of course I could treat you without the X ray, but it would be guesswork. With an X ray I would be certain of what to do." I told him I would consider the X ray, and he reassured me, "It would be only one exposure lasting three seconds—the same as a routine chest

### THINGS SURE DEVELOP, PENELOPE!

*Rejoice! Rejoice, O, Penelope!  
Ulysses returned from his Odys-  
sey,  
And . . . further reason to be  
contented!  
The camera hadn't been invent-  
ed.*

*Oh, not for you to put on your  
cheaters  
And peer at shots of the Lotus  
Eaters  
And of Charybdis . . . they got  
quite near;  
The reason the picture's not so  
clear  
Is, the sun went under a cloud  
just then.  
And this is Circe . . . Circe  
again . . .  
And here's a Cyclops . . . and  
here's Calypso.  
The boat was rocking, is why  
they tip so.*

*Rejoice, Penelope, lucky dame!  
When home from his cruise  
Ulysses came  
With the long-drawn tale of his  
peregrinations,  
At least you got it sans illus-  
trations!*

BY GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

X ray." The examination would be four dollars, he said, and subsequent treatments would be three dollars each. The X ray would cost twenty dollars.

My second appointment took me to a boyish-faced chiropractor whose first question was, "What is your first name?" From then on, he addressed me as "Jessie." He directed me to a curtained dressing room to change to a gown. When I emerged he questioned me briefly on my medical history and on the nature of the hip ailment I described. Then he seated me facing a machine that looked like an old-fashioned cabinet radio. He

connected two wires, placed a bulbous disc on my palm and ran a pen-shaped object down my spine.

"It isn't your imagination, Jessie," he said, "there's something wrong." Immediately he suggested an X ray. My protests were feeble in the face of the forceful young man's masterful urging. "It will be fifteen dollars for the X ray," he said, as if I hadn't objected. Then he added, "This is a new machine and you'll get no more radiation than you would by being out in the sunlight. I couldn't treat you without an X ray."

I returned the following day and saw my X rays. "There is nothing wrong with your hip joints," the chiropractor said, "but there is pressure on a nerve leading to your hip, and down your right leg. See here"—he pointed—"the disc is V-shaped." He clicked off the light behind the film. "The trouble is just beginning, and can be corrected with about ten treatments. I'll give you one now."

### I heard my neck crackle

I put on a gown tagged with my name. Again I was tested on the machine. The gauge needle jiggled upward as the instrument moved down my spine. As I lay on a treatment bench the chiropractor worked his fingers gently over and around my vertebrae, all the while pushing, with his left hand, against what he explained was a wedge-shaped bone near the base of my spine. Periodically he alternated the spinal probing with a sweeping, massaging motion. This continued for about five minutes. Then he asked me to lie face upward. He placed both hands under my head and gave a sharp twist. I could hear my neck crackle. I had had my first treatment.

I returned twice for treatments. I felt no better—and no worse—than usual. In the meantime I had been treated by other chiropractors whose methods were quite different.

My third appointment was with a woman chiropractor. Her lined face was filled with concern as she opened the door for me. She flicked a strand of iron-grey hair with a stout-knuckled hand, and led me into a room jumbled with instruments and assorted furniture. "You can take off your things, dear," she said. "I want the spine bare." She handed me a rumpled flannelette gown. I was sure it had been worn frequently since laundering, but put it on without com-

*Continued on page 38*





...all the  
makings of a  
**mid-summer's  
smörgåsbord**

*Danish-style sandwiches*—place delicious slices of Maple Leaf Cooked Meats—some mild, some spicy—on bread—light and dark—then let your imagination run wild for garnish ideas! We used mayonnaise and ripe olives, Maple Leaf Ched-R-Spred and stuffed olives, peppers, onion rings, tomato and cucumber slices and all kinds of pickles. *Stuffed Wieners*—slit Maple Leaf Wieners almost through, fill with potato salad, serve cold.

It's easy to vary summer menus with Maple Leaf sliced, cooked meats and tasty, tender wieners. Serve them often when the weather's hot—and keep your kitchen cool!

good things to eat come in © packages



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1½ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand

Sweetened Condensed Milk

½ cup lemon juice

1 teaspoon grated lemon rind or

¼ teaspoon lemon extract • 2 egg yolks

Put Eagle Brand, lemon juice, lemon rind and egg yolks into mixing bowl; stir until mixture thickens. Pour filling into cooled pastry shell.

Top with a standard meringue recipe; or for a deliciously different lemon pie, use whipped cream or a prepared topping.

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Continued from page 36  
ment. "What is your trouble?" she asked. I explained. "It's pressure on a nerve under the sacrum," she said. "One good treatment should fix you up."

I lay face down on the treatment bench. The woman's fingers poked the back of my neck. "There's one out there," she said, "but we'll soon get that back. I love to hear them crack, then I know it's doing good."

First on the left, then on the right, she worked her fists up and down my spine, as if she were closing an overstuffed valise. Out of the corner of my eye I could see her leg muscles tense as she rose; at each descent I felt my ribs crush into the padded bench. Every few moments, after a particularly forceful jab, she exclaimed. "There goes one." A neck adjustment was the final touch.

"This is a new device"

I declined her offer of fifteen minutes of treatment on a machine which she said "stirs everything up," paid her four dollars for the treatment, and left. That night I examined my spine for bruises, and was surprised to find none.

At the fourth chiropractic office I was met by a woman in nurse's uniform, and was taken to an inner office where I was introduced to the chiropractor. His questions about my medical history, asked in the silky baritone of a TV announcer, were the most explicit I encountered, and his physical examination the most elaborate.

He tested my blood pressure (normal, he said), looked at my eyes, ears and throat, listened to my heart and breathing with a stethoscope, then commented, "I'm glad you're not wearing nail polish." He explained. "This," he held up a hollow-ended tube, "is a new device to test hemoglobin. It fits over your finger and matches your blood tone—if you are wearing nail polish it won't register, of course." Inside the hollow tube was a light which, shining through my finger tip, produced a reddish glow. He turned a numbered band shaded from pink to red, on the tube, until he seemed satisfied with the comparison between it and my blushing finger.

"It matches at about seventy-four to seventy-six," he said. "That's not bad, but I like to see it about ninety."

He discovered evidence of "thyroid imbalance," checked my upraised arm

for tremor and declared it insignificant. He then studied my posture, and said he found my right hip low, my left shoulder high. This he marked on a chart. He suggested an X ray, but I said I preferred not to have one.

"See this label I wear?" the chiropractor said, touching a dark-red plastic rectangle on his shoulder. "We wear these constantly and send them to Ottawa for checking. There is absolutely no danger from the new machines."

(Later I learned from an X-ray technician that such radiation-monitoring devices are checked by the federal department of health for undue exposure. "But," the X-ray technician informed me, "those are for the protection of the operator, not the patient.")

Despite the chiropractor's soothing reassurances, I refused to have an X ray. "In that case," he said, "I will fluoroscope you."

Because of his offhand substitution of the fluoroscopic examination for the regular X ray, I assumed it would not subject me to radiation exposure. (Later, however, a doctor told of the incident observed, "Great heaven! that's worse than a regular X ray." After that, I checked with a radiologist who confirmed this opinion.)

Deep-heat treatment of my hip followed the fluoroscopic examination. Then the chiropractor asked me to lie down. "You'll enjoy this," he assured me, and worked up and down my spine with a vibrator.

I moved to another treatment table, and he asked me to relax. First he adjusted my neck. It crackled. Then he leaned over the table, placed my legs in bent position, crossed my arms, and threw his weight first against one bent knee, then against the other, pressing my body in a diagonal vise. My spine crackled both times. He said he was prescribing medicine to build up my blood, and with a deftness which thwarted interruption, he put me down for another appointment, at which time he would decide whether X rays were still needed.

My account already came to fifteen dollars — five each for examination, treatment and fluoroscope. The medicine was priced at six dollars and fifty cents. I asked the nurse to keep the medicine until I returned, and inquired about the cost of X ray, should I have it. The full spine, she replied, would be twenty dollars, and the lateral view an additional ten. The visit would have cost me fifty-one

dollars and fifty cents. I paid the fifteen owing, and left.

The next chiropractor I consulted was a courtly, silver-haired man, whose procedures were carried out with abrupt precision. He said that he would check my blood, and turned down my eyelid. (A medical doctor described this as an "emergency rule of thumb.") Then he took my blood pressure, and said it was down. (Only three hours earlier, in another chiropractor's office, it had been pronounced normal.)

The elderly chiropractor examined my spine, then left me under a heat lamp, its cord bumpy with windings of friction tape. When he returned in fifteen minutes, he worked up and down my spine with a light kneading motion, pushed my legs upward with steady pressure, stretched my spine, massaged my feet, eye sockets, temples and jawline. Then he led me to a curtained cubicle.

As I lay on a cot in the cubicle the chiropractor switched on a machine. He placed a chain mesh strip on my lower abdomen, next my skin, and put a black disc on top of the gown I wore. "This will do you some good," he said, as he adjusted the mesh strip. "You have an excess of uric acid. Drink lots of water — a warm glass before each meal." I asked what the mesh strip would do. "That will help your system get rid of the uric acid which can lead to neuritis and arthritis." I remained there for fifteen minutes, and the treatment, which had lasted an hour, was over.

"What do you want?"

The receptionist explained that the fee for the first examination and treatment was five dollars; the remaining treatments would be four dollars each.

It was late afternoon when I reached the unmarked door of the last address on my list. A receptionist directed me to a room beyond her desk. There, on cabinets, table tops and shelves, I saw a kaleidoscope of pills and tablets arrayed in bottles of assorted sizes. A trim, tweed-suited woman with the look of retained youth seated herself in a chair near me, then drew back. "What do you want me to do for you?" she asked. I started to detail my "symptoms." She interrupted. "Excuse me if I take these," she said, lifting a finger-length bottle of tiny white pellets, "but I feel an unfavorable reaction from you."



She shook a pellet into the bottle cap. "I'm very sensitive. There is something wrong about you." She tossed the pellet into her mouth.

From that point on the consultation was a monologue. "We do three things here," the woman chiropractor said, and took another pellet, "biochemistry, chiropractic and educational." She stared at me. "When something is wrong, as it is with you, I can feel it," she said. "It is part of the life flow, as strong as if I were standing in a swift-moving stream. I can actually feel the waves of radiation."

"I don't believe in drugs"

She leaned away from me and connected a wire on a machine, which she explained had been constructed especially to complement her personal wave length, and handed me a metal plate. As she directed, I placed it at the front of my waist, slightly to the left.

"I don't believe in drugs," she continued. "Sometimes I have to work around them when the medical people call me in as a consultant. These," — she waved her arm toward the bottles—"are foods and biochemical." She looked at the dials on her machine.

"You're drawing additional vitality now—your difficulty is leaving," she said. "You like me better now." I forced my face into what I hoped was a benign, trusting expression. She took another pill. I could choose my own type of examination, she said, physical or biochemical. Either type would be fifteen dollars.

"We operate on a strictly cash basis," she said, "because if money becomes a problem it interferes with the flow, and impedes progress." She would like to start with biochemical treatments, she said, then introduce chiropractic. I explained that I had to leave, and asked if I might postpone the examination. She agreed at once. There was no charge for the consultation and she made no mention of payment for the "treatment" by the machine.

So far I had not addressed her, so I asked, "Shall I call you Miss or Doctor?" "It's geographic," she said. "Legally, we can't be called doctor, but . . ." I filled in, "Your patients can decide?" Her smile snapped into place. "Yes, we appreciate it."

"Good-by, Doctor," I said, "and thank you."

I had completed my sixth and final appointment. END

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18P

# SHOPPING

with CHATELAINE

BY JEAN BYERS

## What you should know about buying furs

Once you have decided the kind of fur you want, the type of garment, and your price range, do some comparative shopping before you buy. Look at furs above and below the money you can spend, to get an idea of quality. A good grade of a less expensive fur will be a better buy than a poor grade of a high-priced fur. Here are some points to guide you in your shopping:

**Check labeling:** In Canada the true description of furs must be given. For example, "Hudson seal" by itself is not a legal label; "dyed muskrat" must also appear.

**Check color and texture:** Do this in sunlight—which reveals fur faults quickly. A fur that shows lustre, even shading and good depth of color under natural light will almost certainly be good quality. Long-haired furs should have no singed or broken guard hairs. Underarms, undersleeves and coat laps should be as good as the rest of the coat.

**Look at the leather:** In a trade where hand skill is all-important, quality and workmanship are not easy to see. A free-hanging French hem lets you see the skin and also makes the lining hang better. If the lining is stitched, ask to have it opened. Leather should be soft and pliable but firm and strong, with even seams and no obvious knots and lumps. Very lightweight and fragile furs should be interlined. You may hear the terms "split-skin" and "let-out." Split-skin coats will be balanced from the centre-back forward with matching skin-halves on either side of the garment. In a let-out (or dropped) fur, thousands of diagonal seams elongate one skin to the full garment length, giving continuous color, shading, and denser, more durable fur—usually more expensive, not necessarily better quality.



Turn back lining to check quality and workmanship.

**Look at finishing details:** French hems, ruching on collar and cuffs to prevent wear on the fur, inside ties, quality button loops and buttons, or grosgrain-covered hooks and eyes—all add up to quality coats.

**Ask for a guarantee:** The fur part of a coat should be guaranteed against abnormal wear, seam splitting, discoloring, for one to two seasons, and the lining for one season. If the furrier won't give you this written assurance, shop around for one who will. You expect this service when buying a major appliance—why not when paying as much or more for furs? Take your furrier's advice on caring for, cleaning, and storing your furs. He'll know best. Above all, buy from a reputable furrier. One who offers fantastic bargains means just one thing — you're the sacrificial lamb, not the coat.



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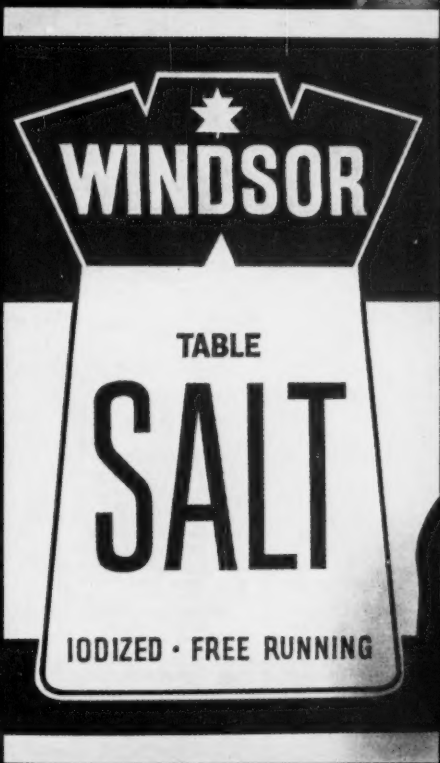
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Anniversary, Family  
and Muslin Sheets  
Whisper Nylons  
Windsor Salt  
Zero Cold Water Soap

\*Seal covers thirteen of the Lady Galt lines.

END





*More than beautiful...* settings like these are easy to live with. Graceful pewter pitcher and stainless steel servers from Germany stay lovely without fuss or polishing. Coolest green salad with red peppers is tossed in a minute. Canada's favorite food-brightener, Windsor Salt stays gleaming clean in its smart new wrap.

# MEALS OF THE MONTH

A MENU FOR EVERY DAY IN AUGUST

## Timely Tips

For a cool summer appetizer, shake together ½ pint orange sherbet and one 20-ounce can apple-lime juice.

Heat 1 can cranberry sauce with 2 tablespoons port, 1 teaspoon each dry mustard and cinnamon and thicken if you wish with cornstarch. Delicious served with baked ham.

A breakfast treat—beat honey into soft butter, stir in chopped dates and grated orange rind and spread on hot waffles.

Add crisp diced bacon to wine-flavored cheese sauce and pour over cooked cauliflower.

Cook quick-cooking rice in orange juice instead of water then stir into a prepared banana pudding and fold in sliced fresh peaches.

Frosty soup—blend 1 can cream of celery soup with 1 small package cream cheese. Add 1 soup can milk, ¼ cup chopped chives, seasonings to taste. Chill.



## Recipe of the Month

### Cherry Orange Bread

2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour  
3½ tsp baking powder  
¾ tsp salt  
1½ tsp cinnamon  
½ tsp nutmeg  
¾ cup sugar  
½ lb chopped candied cherries  
¼ lb chopped citron peel  
2 tsp grated orange rind  
2 eggs  
1¼ cups milk  
2 tbs melted shortening

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt, spices and sugar. Stir in the fruits and grated orange rind until well coated with flour. Combine well-beaten eggs, milk and shortening and stir into dry ingredients just until blended. Pour into greased 9½x5x2½-inch loaf pan and let stand 15 minutes. Bake at 350F 60 to 70 minutes. Brush bread while hot with hot corn syrup and garnish with bits of the candied fruit.

## DINNERS OF THE MONTH

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	<b>1</b> Lamb Croquettes Mushroom Sauce Parsley Potatoes Buttered Beets Iced Cantaloupe	<b>2</b> Asparagus Soup Jellied Corned Beef Macaroni Salad Tomatoes Relishes Raspberry Pie	<b>3</b> Ham and Spinach Soufflé Chef's Salad Hot French Bread Blueberries Cake	<b>4</b> Tomato Juice Steak Sandwich Broccoli Ice Cream Eclairs Fresh Fruit Sauce	<b>5</b> Vichyssoise Sea-food Salad Vegetable Jelly Hard-cooked Eggs Peach Cobbler	<b>6</b> Fried Chicken Hot Biscuits with Honey Tossed Green Salad Apricots Cupcakes
<b>7</b> Baked Ham Pineapple Sauce Baked Potato Brussels Sprouts Fresh Fruit Cup	<b>8</b> Chicken Liver, Ham and Tomato Kabobs Pan-browned Potatoes Green Beans Cherry Tarts	<b>9</b> Clam Chowder Club Sandwich (corned beef, cheese, tomato) Salad Deep Rhubarb Pie	<b>10</b> Minute Steaks Fried Onions Rissolé Potatoes Caesar Salad Plums Brownies	<b>11</b> Baked Halibut Tartare Sauce Whipped Potatoes Swiss Chard Watermelon	<b>12</b> Tomato Bouillon Cold Meat Lima Bean Salad Marinated Cucumbers Raspberry Shortcake	<b>13</b> Back Yard Picnic Make Own Sandwich Hearty Chef's Salad Fresh Peaches Assorted Cheeses
<b>14</b> Turkey Roast Raw Cranberry Relish Parsley Potatoes Broiled Tomato Chocolate Layer Cake	<b>15</b> Baked Pork Chops Spiced Peaches Scalloped Potatoes Raw Vegetable Salad Pear Melba	<b>16</b> Scotch Broth Cold Turkey Tomato Aspic Cabbage Salad Cherry Pie	<b>17</b> Beef and Liver Loaf Creamed Cauliflower Baked Potato Blackberry Upside-down Cake	<b>18</b> Braised Short Ribs Barbecue Sauce Fresh Corn Chef's Salad Peach Sundae	<b>19</b> Baked Whitefish Lemon Wedge French Fried Potatoes Green Peas Melon Fruit Cup	<b>20</b> Beefsteak Pie Green Lima Beans Sliced Tomatoes Raspberry Bavarian Custard Sauce
<b>21</b> Baked Veal Cutlet Sour Cream Gravy Potato Croquettes Buttered Carrots Fresh Peas Cake	<b>22</b> Celery Soup Open-face Bacon and Chicken Sandwich Chef's Salad Pumpkin Pie	<b>23</b> Braised Beef and Mushrooms Buttered Noodles Spinach Peach Shortcake	<b>24</b> Sausage Patties Lyonnaise Potatoes Buttered Beets Green Salad Lime Chiffon Pie	<b>25</b> Beef Noodle Soup Fresh Fruit Salad Waldorf Salad Hot Cheese Biscuits Spice Layer Cake	<b>26</b> Spaghetti with Meat Sauce Lemon Wedge Caesar Salad Dark Rye Bread Fresh Fruit Sundae	<b>27</b> Outdoor Barbecue Spareribs Corn Green Salad Blueberry Pie
<b>28</b> Roast Beef Roast Potatoes Broccoli Peach Parfait* Shortbread	<b>29</b> Chicken Wings Creole Fluffy Rice Green Peas Coleslaw Blackberry Tarts	<b>30</b> Blended Juice Hot Beef Sandwich Corn on the Cob Endive Salad Cherry Cobbler	<b>31</b> Braised Liver Tomato Sauce Whipped Potatoes Cauliflower Peaches and Cream			

## BREAKFASTS AND LUNCHES FOR EVERY DAY

Breakfast	Lunch
Iced Melon with Blackberries Whole-wheat Cereal Toasted Ham Sandwich Tea	Orange Juice Cornflakes Fried Egg Toast Coffee
Raspberries and Cream Jelly Omelet Whole-wheat Toast Honey Tea	Creamed Ham and Mushrooms Toast Points Coleslaw Fresh Peaches
Apricot Juice Shredded Wheat Bites with Blueberries Bacon Sandwich Coffee	Toasted Club Sandwich Dill Pickles Celery Sticks Chocolate Milk Shake
Stewed Plums Rice Cereal Bran Muffins Cheese Marmalade Tea	Chicken Soup Fresh Fruit Salad Brown 'n Serve Rolls Butter Tarts Ice Cream
Prune Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast Coffee	Peanut Butter and Date Sandwiches Carrot Sticks Lime Whip Whipped Cream
Fruit Cup Buckwheat Pancakes Black Currant Preserves Tea	Frankfurters Creole Lima Beans Lettuce Wedges Frosted Layer Cake Sherbet

\*Recipe appears in this issue.



# Show your colors!

## Serve these luscious Fruit Salads

The salad-maker is in her glory now... with such beautiful fresh fruits to choose from! And the light liveliness of Miracle Whip goes so well with delicate-tasting fruit. You'll find it is your very best buy, because it has so much more flavor than other dressings! Keeps Miracle Whip handy, always.



### DELICIOUS KRAFT MAYONNAISE IS SO ECONOMICAL

to spread on bread for sandwiches! Because it's made of the finest ingredients, it spreads easily and tastes delightfully fresh. See how Kraft Mayonnaise makes sandwiches much more tempting!



### MELON PEACH FIESTA SALAD

Leaf lettuce  
Peeled honeydew melon slices  
Peeled cantaloupe slices  
Fresh peach halves  
Plums, cut into wedges  
Fresh mint  
Blueberries  
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing  
Lemon juice

For each serving, arrange lettuce on a salad plate. Place a honeydew slice on the lettuce; top it with a cantaloupe slice. Add a peach half, cut-side up, first dipping it in lemon juice to prevent darkening. Arrange plum wedges on the lettuce against the honeydew. Garnish the honeydew with mint and the cantaloupe with blueberries. Fill center of peach half with Miracle Whip.

### PEAR AND RASPBERRY SALAD

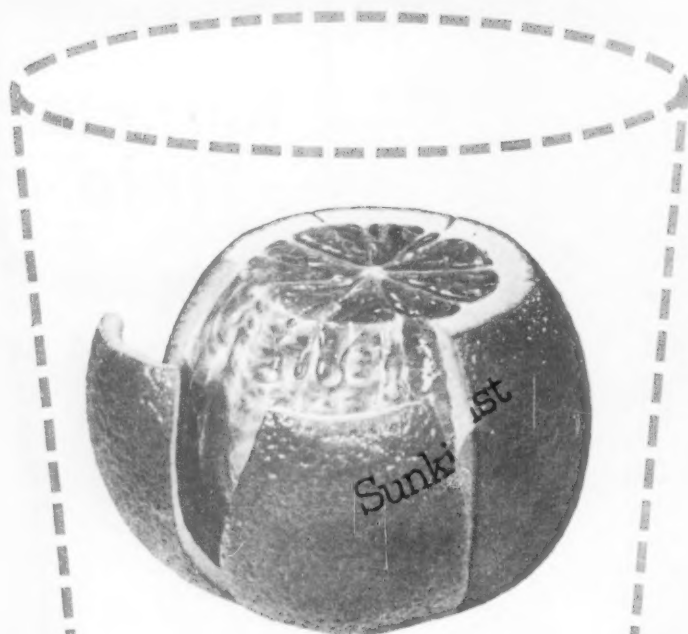
Pear halves  
Lettuce  
Red raspberries  
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing

This recipe is the kind you can adapt to your own taste—use whatever berries you like best, and use peaches instead of pears, if you wish. Place pear halves on lettuce-covered platter, and fill with berries. Serve with creamy-smooth Miracle Whip—and your salad's a sure success!

**SERVE A SALAD EVERY DAY**



# Eat your orange juice



It's the only way to get—

- all the Juice
- all the "Meat"
- all the Vitamin C\*
- all the Protopectins
- all the Bio-flavonoids

Only a whole fresh orange can give you all of the valuable nutritional benefits nature put there in the first place.

So start *eating* your orange juice . . . eat at least one *whole fresh* Sunkist orange every day! And when you *drink* your orange juice, be sure you drink the *whole fresh orange*.

\*Fresh Sunkist oranges are an excellent dietary source of Vitamin C.

## Sunkist

Trade Mark Registered

*The Sunkist Trade Mark stamped on the fruit is your guarantee of the finest from California-Arizona. Accept nothing less.*

## SUPER SUMMER DESSERTS Continued from page 32

### Tangerine Angel Cream

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 (6-oz.) can undiluted evaporated milk        | 1/2 cup boiling water   |
| 1 (6-oz.) can frozen defrosted tangerine juice | 1/2 tsp grated orange rind  |
| 1 envelope unflavored gelatine                 | 1 small angel cake or 1/2 pkg angel cake mix, baked according to directions |

Chill evaporated milk until ice crystals form around the edges, then beat until stiff. Dissolve gelatine in boiling water and add the undiluted tangerine juice. Chill until thickened. Fold in the whipped milk and orange rind. Split the Angel cake in three layers, put together and frost with tangerine cream. Keep chilled until serving time. Makes 8 servings.

Preparation time, 20 minutes. Approximate total cost 60 cents. Calories per serving, 185.

### Baked Lemon Apple Meringue

- |  |                              |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup crushed cinnamon graham wafers | 1/4 cup skim milk            |
| 2 cups unsweetened applesauce          | 1/4 cup brown sugar          |
| 1/4 cup lemon juice                    | 1/2 tsp cinnamon or nutmeg   |
| 1 tsp grated lemon rind                | 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten |
| 1/8 tsp salt                           | 2 egg whites                 |
|  | 1/4 cup granulated sugar     |
|  | 1/2 tsp vanilla              |

Sprinkle crushed wafers into a lightly greased 7x5-inch baking dish. Combine the next eight ingredients and spread over the crumbs. Cover with meringue made from the egg whites, granulated sugar and vanilla. Bake at 325 F for 30 minutes. Serve warm. Makes 6 servings.

Preparation time, 15 minutes. Approximate total cost, 42 cents. Calories per serving, 128.

### Fresh Blackberry Tapioca

- |                               |                           |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2 cups skim milk              | 1/8 tsp salt              |
| 1/4 cup quick-cooking tapioca | 1/2 tsp vanilla           |
| 3 tbs honey or sugar          | 2 egg whites              |
| 2 egg yolks                   | 2 cups fresh blackberries |

Bring milk and tapioca to a boil in a small saucepan. Turn heat low and simmer 5 minutes. Add the honey and egg yolks mixed together. Stir and cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Beat egg whites, salt and vanilla until stiff. Fold in the tapioca mixture and chill in the refrigerator. Spoon over fresh blackberries. Sprinkle tops of servings with a dash of cinnamon sugar. Makes 6 servings.

Preparation time, 15 minutes. Approximate total cost, 42 cents. Calories per serving, 128.

**PINEAPPLE TAPIOCA:** Use unsweetened pineapple juice and 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind in place of milk. Calories per serving, 135.

### Calorie Counts of Simple Fruit Desserts

FRUIT	CALORIES
1/2 cup fruit cup made of fresh unsweetened fruit	50
1/2 cup canned fruit cocktail	94
1 medium baked apple, sweetened with sugar	160
1 medium baked apple, with no-calorie sweetener	80
4 fresh plums	100
1 medium-size fresh pear or peach	50
1 large bunch grapes	100
1/2 cup blueberries	50

If you must have sugar on fresh fruit, add 16 calories per teaspoonful.

Now just a note to our dieting reader Mrs. D. who likes a half an avocado with lemon juice for dessert. We are sorry to report that avocado is not low in calories at 250 per half.

END





*Clover Leaf presents*

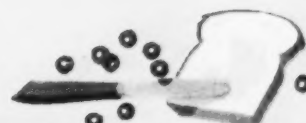
## THE ART OF THE GOOD TUNA SANDWICH



The secret is moistness. Team drained, crushed pineapple with Clover Leaf Tuna. Mix with mayonnaise. Use fresh, white bread and make the filling really thick.



Moisten Clover Leaf Tuna with seasoned sour cream. Use lots of tuna. Top off with thinly sliced cucumber. Season. Wonderful on french bread.



Spread cranberries on buttered, white bread. Cover thickly with Clover Leaf Tuna and a touch of mayonnaise. Pretty as you please and twice as good tasting.



Chop or grate your favorite cheese. Mix with Clover Leaf Tuna and enough mayonnaise to make thickly creamy. Good with rye bread and crisp lettuce.



For a mouth-watering Clubhouse mix Clover Leaf Tuna with mayonnaise. Use crisp bacon. Salt and pepper the tomato slices. Add a tender, green lettuce leaf.



One of the best tuna sandwiches mixes chopped apple, celery, Clover Leaf Tuna and french dressing. There's a crisp lettuce leaf and the bread is whole wheat.

**CLOVER LEAF TUNA IS THE TASTIEST TUNA BECAUSE IT OFFERS YOU ONLY THE DELICATE WHITE MEAT OF ALBACORE TUNA**



Taste Clover Leaf and discover the big difference in tuna!

*British Columbia Packers Ltd.*



By the sip or by the swallow

*You'll be  
glad-a Salada*



The good, glad  
taste in tea



GLAD is the big warm-hearted word for the way Salada tea makes you feel inside. And all over.

Salada is a bright brew that glows in your cup. You like it at once and you find new things to like about it with every extra cup you drink.

Salada combines the choice teas of the world in a unique blend that no other tea has ever been able to copy.

The result is the good taste that Canada likes best. The reason is in the tasting—it's just your cup of tea.



**CANADA'S FAVOURITE TEA**

*'Salada' Tea is one of the fine products of  
SALADA-SHIRRIFF-HORSEY Ltd.*

## EXCITING SANDWICHES Continued from page 30

### French Stick: Chicken and Almond

Spread bread slices with soft butter or margarine mixed with chopped toasted almonds, about ¼ cup of each and a dash of soya sauce. Add well-flavored chicken-salad filling or thin slices of roast chicken sprinkled with salt.

The airy light flavor and crisp crust favors a mild crunchy filling.

### Onion Buns: Hickory Smoked Sausage and Cheese

Mix 1 pound sausage meat with ¼ cup dry bread crumbs and form into two flat patties 7 inches in diameter. Fry or grill slowly on both sides. Sprinkle with hickory-smoked flavoring while cooking. Cover meat with process cheese slices and heat just until melted. Place in hot split onion buns spread with commercial barbecue sauce. Cut each into four.

Onion buns complement both hot savory and cold meaty-flavored fillings.

### Scotch Bapps: Cheese and Berry Jam

Spread fresh slices with sweet butter, cream cheese or peanut butter, then with pure commercial berry jam. Add sliced bananas for interest. This well-baked open-textured loaf conjures up fond memories of warm homemade bread, buttered with homemade butter and dripping with homemade preserves.

### Dark Rye Bread: Smoked Fish and Pepper Cress

Flavor mashed smoked herring or oysters with lemon juice, salt and pepper. Moisten with mayonnaise, add pepper cress. OR use sliced salami and drained mashed baked beans.

Complement the deep brown, slightly sour flavor of dark rye with sharp fillings or garlic-flavored spreads.

### Bran Scone: Peanut-Date

Blend ½ cup chopped pitted dates with ½ cup plain or crunchy peanut butter and enough orange juice to moisten. Add thin slices of peeled orange. OR mix pineapple cream cheese with chopped raisins and celery.

The tender cake-like texture of bran bread tastes good and holds together better with moist sweet fillings.

### Light Rye Bread: Pimento-Wiener

Combine 1 (4-oz) package of pimento cream cheese with ¼ cup drained sweet relish and ¾ cup minced wieners or Vienna sausage.

The close moist texture and slightly sour flavor of this bread complements both spicy and mild-flavored fillings.

### Oatmeal Loaf: Curried Egg

Mix 3 mashed hard-cooked eggs with ¼ cup chopped celery and ½ to 1 teaspoon curry powder. Add mayonnaise to moisten, salt and pepper.

Oatmeal bread has a crumbly texture and a nutty flavor well chosen when filled with smooth moist or sweet fillings.

### Egg Loaf: Watercress Salmon Salad

Drain and mash 1 (8-oz) can salmon and add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup diced cucumber, grated carrot or chopped olives. Moisten with French dressing and season to taste. Add plenty of watercress sprigs. Serves 4.

Tangy, crisp fillings complement the smooth close texture of egg loaf. END

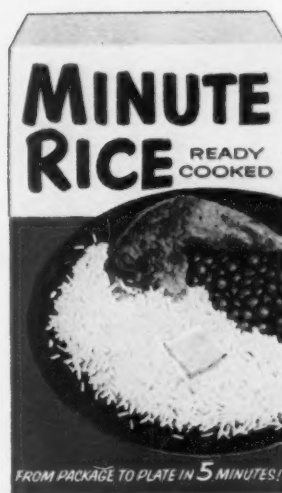


# take-it-easy make-it-easy MINUTE RICE summer salad

Versatile Minute Rice is ideal for summer meals. Rice adds new interest to chilled salads—and it's all so easy when you use Minute Rice. Simply add Minute Rice to boiling water, remove from heat and let stand. That's all—and it's ready to use. It can't turn out any way but perfect—because Minute Rice is already cooked. You'll spend less time in the kitchen this summer—thanks to Minute Rice!



Another delicious time saver from  
General Foods Kitchens



## PATIO SALAD

**Yield: 6 servings**  
1 package (12 ounces)  
frozen green peas  
½ teaspoon salt  
1½ cups water  
1½ cups (4½ ounce box)  
Minute Rice  
¾ cup mayonnaise  
½ cup chopped dill pickle  
1 teaspoon grated onion  
Dash of pepper  
1 cup cooked ham strips  
1 cup Swiss cheese strips

Add frozen peas and salt to water in saucepan. Bring quickly to a boil; boil 2 minutes. Add Minute Rice. Mix to moisten all rice. Cover and remove from heat. Let stand 5 minutes. Stir in mayonnaise, pickle, onion, and pepper. Mix lightly with fork. Chill. Before serving, add ham and cheese, mixing lightly. Serve on salad greens, garnish with tomato wedges.





Get the ultimate in complexion care

## SEE YOUR SKIN "LIGHT UP" AS IT CLEARS UP

Start today to give yourself the full Cuticura treatment. In just 5 days, your skin feels softer, smoother . . . looks cleaner, clearer . . . glows with new freshness and brightness.

First, lather-massage twice daily with *Cuticura Soap*. Its unique superemollience and special combination of soothing, protecting ingredients works to make and keep your skin beautiful.

Then, let creamy, jade-clear *Cuticura Ointment* soften and gently stimulate your skin overnight as it counteracts dryness, speeds out blackheads, quickly helps clear up blemishes.



Next, apply cooling, refreshing *Cuticura Medicated Liquid* on trouble spots during the day to cleanse antiseptically, curb oiliness, check blemish bacteria, speed healing.

Get the full treatment—all three—at drug or toiletry sections. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

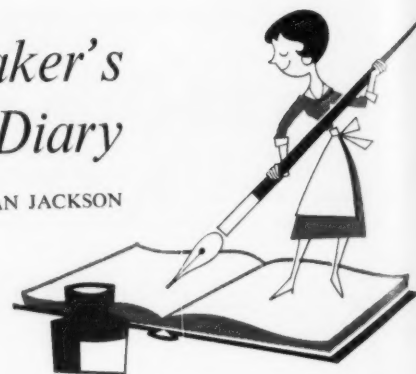
FOR FREE folder, "Lovelier Skin in 5 days", describing correct way to wash your face, address Cuticura, Dept. CM-80, 9471 La Salle Blvd., La Salle, Quebec.

# Cuticura

World's best known name in skin care

## Homemaker's Diary

By JOAN JACKSON



### Wash your umbrella

You can wash soiled umbrellas by scrubbing them (opened up) with a soft-bristle brush and mild suds. Rinse thoroughly by dunking in the laundry tub filled with warm water. When they are dry, to make sure that your umbrellas will be waterproof, spray very lightly with a silicone aerosol spray used for waterproofing leather shoes.



### Cottons may shrink

Frequently cotton-knit T shirts and sweaters lose their shape when laundered. To prevent this, take the garment out of the dryer while it is still damp and block it to its original shape, then dry flat. Because all cotton knits shrink to some extent, it is a good idea to buy them a little large to allow for this. Choose a closely knit tricot for longer wear and look for garments labeled shrink-resistant. (These garments stand up well to laundering but still need careful handling.)

### Plants across the border?

If you are traveling in a foreign country, forget any spur-of-the-moment thought about bringing plants, fruits, vegetables or meats into Canada. There are import restrictions to prevent any possibility of plant and livestock diseases being brought into the country. If you know ahead of time that there is an agricultural product you particularly wish to bring home, you may apply to the Canadian Department of Agriculture for a permit.

### Safe outdoor electricity

Check to see that you have weather-proof wiring and outlets for the

electric appliances you use outdoors. And here's another good idea: use safety-glass light bulbs on the patio if the bulbs are not protected from the rain.

### Protect our forests

Fire is the greatest menace to our nation's forests. Every year human carelessness is responsible for eight out of ten of Canada's forest fires. Campers and smokers are the chief offenders. When you take the children on picnics or camping trips you have a golden opportunity to teach them respect for our forests and the forest-fire safety rules. Remember, the example you set makes the strongest impression.

1. If you smoke while driving, use your car ash tray.
2. If you want to smoke in the bush, sit down to do so, so you know you are not leaving a potential fire trail behind.
3. Use a lighter if you can, but if you do use matches be sure the heads of the matches are cold before you throw them away.



4. Choose a cooking-fire location carefully—a hard rocky area is best. If you must build a fire on mossy ground, first make a rock base so the fire will not burn below the ground.
5. Be sure your fire is extinguished with water before you leave it.
6. Never bury a fire in mossy ground. It can burn down through the layer of decayed wood and spread underground.
7. Never bury a smoldering log—use water to drown it.



# "I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE CANADA . . ."

Continued from page 22

shoulder. I disagree vehemently; I have always done my sincere, considered best in front of a camera and I am doubly careful now.

I'm achieving a sardonic acceptance of the changed environment I have found myself in since last June. In a restaurant recently I sat at a table next to a man who loudly informed his companion, "Joyce Davidson is a lousy interviewer, absolutely lousy." I continued to eat with good appetite.

But some incidents have had such bile-tasting ugliness that I couldn't ignore them. My two small daughters wept in their classrooms because their mother was being called a pig. People stood outside my house and threw rocks at it, screaming, "Traitor!" My husband's security was even threatened, although we were in the process of being divorced. My mother was hurt and humiliated by foul phone calls. I came to the conclusion that freedom of speech is a meaningless mockery; it's a freedom that applies only to inanities.

For a girl who once was foolish enough to believe that a pink cloud was solid ground, I've learned quickly. I now can pretend, with people I meet casually, that it doesn't even matter any more. This is far from true. Just the other day I was reading my daily quota of mail in the Tabloid office. Letter after letter was vicious, in the "Who do you think you are, you . . ." vein. I read as many as I could stand and then I couldn't control myself; I swept them on the floor and fled. Now my mail is screened for me. I read three or four friendly letters every day and never see the rest. I'm not fooled, but it makes life easier.

I try to remember the dazzling times. One occurred last autumn during the rehearsal of the first Jack Benny show of the season, on which I was introduced as the new Lux commercial lady and even exchanged a few lines of comedy with Benny. I was passing an open dressing-room door, through which I could see Eddie Anderson, who plays Rochester, grimacing at himself in the mirror. On an impulse, I put my chin on his shoulder and imitated the grimace. Just as I did it, Benny put his chin on my shoulder and made the same expression. We held it a moment

Tucked in so comfortably,  
with Mother's love



and  
Mennen's  
Baby Care

He's content to sleep till morning . . . and you will be too, when you've given him tender Mennen Baby Care. Mennen's as soft as his Teddy Bear, as comforting as a gentle hug . . . and it soothes him the whole night through!

Mrs. D. Mageehan, Toronto writes . . .

*My baby was so uncomfortable because of a diaper rash that I took a friend's advice and tried Mennen Baby Powder and Mennen Baby Magic. The rash cleared up so quickly and completely, I was delighted. I really appreciate these wonderful products and recommend them to other mothers.*



**BABY MAGIC:** Soothing lotion prevents diaper rash—in convenient squeeze bottle.

**BABY POWDER:** Anti-chafing formula gives "wetproof" protection against irritation.

**BABY OIL WITH LANOLIN:** Cleans, soothes. Leaves Baby's skin so soft, so very sweet.

More comfort for your baby . . . through the magic of

**MENNEN**

looking at our reflections and then broke apart laughing.

They'll never think of it again, but as I looked in that mirror I saw me, Joyce Davidson from Saskatoon, between Jack Benny and Rochester. I can remember my family listening to them on the radio Sunday nights when I was small; they were idols. The emotion I felt, looking in the mirror, was an acute compound of wonder, bliss and lousy tears. I'll never forget it.

## Me and the seven Dwarfs

Another time I was asked to play Snow White during the annual costume pageant that Ottawa holds to raise funds for the Ottawa Philharmonic Orchestra. Transport Minister George Hees was to play Prince Charming, and the Dwarfs, I remember, were all over six feet tall and every one of them was a well-known public figure. I felt as unreal as if I had fallen into one of Alice in Wonderland's "Eat Me" cookies and had changed size. It meant much more to me than the mere flattery of being asked.

As a child in Saskatoon, I had once trapped myself in one of those weird lies that only a lonely, imaginative little girl is capable of. We were extremely poor at that depression time and I felt forlorn and shabby at school, but that's no excuse for the outrageous invention I began. I found myself one day telling my parents that the class was going to put on a play and I had been picked to be Snow White. The richest, most popular boy in the room, I added with relish, would be Prince Charming.

My parents believed the story and asked me every day about the progress of rehearsals. I was beginning to feel wretched, but I continued to embroider the fantasy with gaudy detail. Eventually it reached its inevitable climax, on the alleged day of the play, and I was discovered and roughly punished. After the invitation from Ottawa, I telephoned my mother in Hamilton. "You'll never guess," I told her excitedly, "I'm going to play Snow White!"

There was a pause. "Joyce," she chuckled, "You're not going to start all that again!"

But the night I finally appeared as Snow White, only twenty years behind schedule, was sheer, bubbling triumph for me. Afterward, considerable fuss was made over me by cabinet ministers with famous faces, and their

wives. I might be more cynical about such party praise today, but at the time I was jubilant. "Thank you, that's very kind of you," I was saying, but inside a child who had been an urchin was jumping up and down, screaming, "Whooooee!"

As I suppose the story about my rosy Snow White lie illustrates, the urchin that I was used to dream with detailed vividness. I was the oldest of four and my father, Eric Brock, a frail, brilliant and despairing man, attempted to provide for us during the bitter Saskatchewan depression years by tuning pianos and occasionally performing as a magician, in a

practical clothes and jure. I reasoned they were happy all the time, because they were loved by everyone. I can appreciate now that the pining daydreams that filled my head when I was small were perhaps a vital part of my life, since poverty is a relentless humiliation. And, in some ways, those daydreams have come true for me.

My home today is furnished with Scandinavian teak furniture and the living room has a pure white rug. My first French original was a frivolous extravagance, a drifting evening gown of grey chiffon by Jean Dessès. I have fun; my first was a mink stole that I

little girl from Canada would get a thrill out of its splendor. I did. I wandered through it all, discovered that it had two private elevators—one in the kitchen for servants. But it was already late when I arrived in New York and I couldn't call anyone. I hung out the windows for a while, looking at the light of the city, and then went to bed. The next morning I checked out at dawn, after gathering up matches and soap for souvenirs. It had been a crazy waste, but wonderful.

That's the part that more than lived up to the unreal expectations of an awkward, lonely little girl. The rest of it, the notion that some sort of fame confers happiness and universal love, is an unadulterated mirage. I didn't know this until recently.

When I first began on *Tabloid* more than four years ago, I was resented because many viewers and critics felt I was a poor substitute for Elaine Grand, the girl I was replacing. I quite agreed with them and I set to work trying to improve myself, with the ferocity of a student cramming for an exam. I read everything I heard about, listened to how people talked, watched kinescopes of my interviews, begged for advice.

It was a long, slow and often discouraging process but eventually I seemed to be accepted. My mail was flattering, in the same proportion that it now is not, and some of the stars I interviewed, like Arthur Godfrey and Perry Como, were openly admiring. When I walked down a sidewalk or through a department store, I encountered smiles, affectionate remarks, an exhilarating, heady wash of friendliness from utter strangers.

## My world, in a box

The pity of it is that I was inclined to believe in it. I had the absurd notion that people really liked me. I reasoned I had a million or two friends, which was just exactly the way I had imagined as a child that it would be. A year ago last spring it reached a dizzy peak: Lever Brothers hired me, over staggering competition, to sell Lux on a summer television series on NBC; Dave Garroway, whose morning *Today* show reached an audience of more than twenty million, asked me to be guest *Girl of the Week*. I had the feeling that the world had been presented to me in a box, labeled "To Joyce, With Love"; I was an idiot.

*Continued on page 52*

## You were asking CHATELAINE

### QUESTION

Why is fruit sugar, berry sugar or fine granulated sugar called for in some recipes?

### ANSWER

Fine sugar melts almost completely as you prepare a batter, and so produces a baked product with a more delicate texture. If coarse sugar is not beaten or creamed thoroughly with fat or eggs it will sometimes settle through a light batter during baking and cause a heavy streak at the bottom.

Use your fine sugar in recipes such as angel, sponge and chiffon cakes, and meringues. Even butter-type cakes will be lighter if made with fine sugar.

By the way, fruit and berry sugar are different names for the same product; fine granulated is a little heavier.

ragged tuxedo. It was a skimpy existence. In 1942 we moved to Hamilton, where my father taught in an army trades school. We lived in a barracks-like wartime housing development, among shabby conditions.

Around nine or ten years of age, I became movie-mad. I kept scrapbooks of the faces of those lucky ladies in the marabou negligees, played longingly with cutout dolls of Lana Turner and Dorothy Lamour. My sister Connie had an asthma condition which made it impossible for her to go to movies for a time, so I developed an almost complete recall of every picture I saw. I'd come home and act them out for her, all the voices. In the love scenes, I'd demonstrate by passionately kissing the wall. I must have given quite a performance—Connie never laughed.

I imagined the lives of the movie stars, as little girls do every generation. They had homes that were beautiful and immaculate, luxurious, im-

took to bed with me and hugged all night long. And now I have a chin-chilla wrap. My lingerie is outrageously expensive, for which I am unfailingly grateful; I used to sleep in the one slip I owned.

That's the good part of what success I've achieved, and so is the excitement of traveling by jet aircraft to California, working with people like Dave Garroway, George Gobel, Jack Paar, George Jessel insisted on sitting with me the last time I flew to California and when I spent a vacation in Nassau last winter, Faye Emerson hailed me imperiously and said, "You, where do I know you?" It's borderline, but I guess Miss Emerson's pointed finger has to be counted among the good moments.

Also borderline was the eight-room suite an advertising agency rented for me in the Waldorf Towers. I was only staying in New York overnight, stopping over between New York and Los Angeles, but they thought the





buena!

## AYLMER PEAELLA

Make this Spanish "one-dish meal" with sweet, tender Aylmer Peas! Gay as a flamenco dance—bright as the Castilian sun—this Spanish favourite will win shouts of "ole!" from *your* family and friends. Serve it tonight!

3 cups Aylmer Sunshine Tomato

Juice

1½ cups dry, white rice

¼ cup frying oil

1 Spanish onion, peeled and sliced

4 chicken portions, legs or breasts

Salt, pepper, paprika, thyme to taste

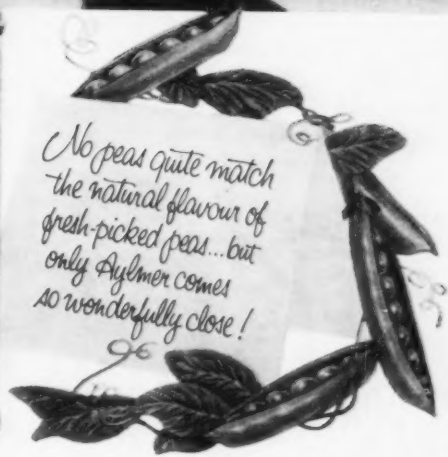
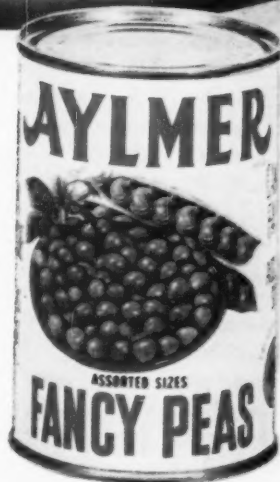
1—15 oz. tin Aylmer Fancy Assorted

Peas

1 tbsp. Aylmer Pimiento, sliced

In saucepan boil tomato juice, add rice, cover, simmer 14 minutes. Meanwhile, in large, heavy pan, heat oil to sizzling. Fry onion slices until transparent. Season chicken. Brown chicken in frying pan 15 minutes. Add rice to chicken. Cover. Steam 15 minutes. Add half the peas. Heat 2 minutes. Garnish with pimiento and peas. Serve hot. 4 servings.

*Sunshine fresh...that Aylmer Flavour*



looking at our reflections and then broke apart laughing.

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My parents believed the story and asked me every day about the progress of rehearsals. I was beginning to feel wretched, but I continued to embroider the fantasy with gaudy detail. Eventually it reached its inevitable climax, on the alleged day of the play, and I was discovered and roughly punished. After the invitation from Ottawa, I telephoned my mother in Hamilton. "You'll never guess," I told her excitedly, "I'm going to play Snow White!"

There was a pause. "Joyce," she chuckled. "You're not going to start all that again!"

But the night I finally appeared as Snow White, only twenty years behind schedule, was sheer, bubbling triumph for me. Afterward, considerable fuss was made over me by cabinet ministers with famous faces, and their

wives. I might be more cynical about such party praise today, but at the time I was jubilant. "Thank you, that's very kind of you," I was saying, but inside a child who had been an urchin was jumping up and down screaming, "Wheeeeeeee."

As I suppose the story about my rococo Snow White lie illustrates, the urchin that I was used to dream with detailed vividness. I was the oldest of four and my father, Eric Brock, a frail, brilliant and despairing man, attempted to provide for us during the bitter Saskatchewan depression years by tuning pianos and occasionally performing as a magician, in a

practical clothes and furs. I reasoned they were happy all the time, because they were loved by everyone. I can appreciate now that the pining daydreams that filled my head when I was small were perhaps a vital part of my life, since poverty is a relentless humiliation. And, in some ways, those daydreams have come true for me.

My home today is furnished with Scandinavian teak furniture and the living room has a pure white rug. My first French original was a frivolous extravagance, a drifting evening gown of grey chiffon by Jean Dessès. I have furs; my first was a mink stole that I

little girl from Canada would get a thrill out of its splendor. I did, I wandered through it all, discovered that it had two private elevators—one in the kitchen for servants. But it was already late when I arrived in New York and I couldn't call anyone. I hung out the windows for a while, looking at the light of the city, and then went to bed. The next morning I checked out at dawn, after gathering up matches and soap for souvenirs. It had been a crazy waste, but wonderful.

That's the part that more than lived up to the unreal expectations of an awkward, lonely little girl. The rest of it, the notion that some sort of fame confers happiness and universal love, is an unadulterated mirage. I didn't know this until recently.

When I first began on *Tabloid* more than four years ago, I was resented because many viewers and critics felt I was a poor substitute for Elaine Grand, the girl I was replacing. I quite agreed with them and I set to work trying to improve myself, with the ferocity of a student cramming for an exam. I read everything I heard about, listened to how people talked, watched kinescopes of my interviews, begged for advice.

It was a long, slow and often discouraging process but eventually I seemed to be accepted. My mail was flattering, in the same proportion that it now is not, and some of the stars I interviewed, like Arthur Godfrey and Perry Como, were openly admiring. When I walked down a sidewalk or through a department store, I encountered smiles, affectionate remarks, an exhilarating, heady wash of friendliness from utter strangers.

### My world, in a box

The pity of it is that I was inclined to believe in it. I had the absurd notion that people really liked me. I reasoned I had a million or two friends, which was just exactly the way I had imagined as a child that it would be. A year ago last spring it reached a dizzy peak: Lever Brothers hired me, over staggering competition, to sell Lux on a summer television series on NBC; Dave Garraway, whose morning *Today* show reached an audience of more than twenty million, asked me to be guest *Girl of the Week*. I had the feeling that the world had been presented to me in a box, labeled "To Joyce, With Love"; I was an idiot.

*Continued on page 52*

## You were asking CHATELAINE

### QUESTION

Why is fruit sugar, berry sugar or fine granulated sugar called for in some recipes?

### ANSWER

Fine sugar melts almost completely as you prepare a batter, and so produces a baked product with a more delicate texture. If coarse sugar is not beaten or creamed thoroughly with fat or eggs it will sometimes settle through a light batter during baking and cause a heavy streak at the bottom.

Use your fine sugar in recipes such as angel, sponge and chiffon cakes, and meringues. Even butter-type cakes will be lighter if made with fine sugar.

By the way, fruit and berry sugar are different names for the same product; fine granulated is a little heavier.

ragged tuxedo. It was a skimpy existence. In 1942 we moved to Hamilton, where my father taught in an army trades school. We lived in a barracks-like wartime housing development, among shabby conditions.

Around nine or ten years of age, I became movie-mad. I kept scrapbooks of the faces of those lucky ladies in the marabou negligees, played longingly with cutout dolls of Lana Turner and Dorothy Lamour. My sister Connie had an asthma condition which made it impossible for her to go to movies for a time, so I developed an almost complete recall of every picture I saw. I'd come home and act them out for her, all the voices. In the love scenes, I'd demonstrate by passionately kissing the wall. I must have given quite a performance—Connie never laughed.

I imagined the lives of the movie stars, as little girls do every generation. They had homes that were beautiful and immaculate, luxurious, im-

took to bed with me and hugged all night long. And now I have a chin-chilla wrap. My lingerie is outrageously expensive, for which I am unfailingly grateful; I used to sleep in the one slip I owned.

That's the good part of what success I've achieved, and so is the excitement of traveling by jet aircraft to California, working with people like Dave Garraway, George Gobel, Jack Paar. George Jessel insisted on sitting with me the last time I flew to California and when I spent a vacation in Nassau last winter, Faye Emerson hailed me imperiously and said, "You, where do I know you?" It's borderline, but I guess Miss Emerson's pointed finger has to be counted among the good moments.

Also borderline was the eight-room suite an advertising agency rented for me in the Waldorf Towers. I was only staying in New York overnight, stopping over between New York and Los Angeles, but they thought the





buena!

## AYLMER PEAELLA

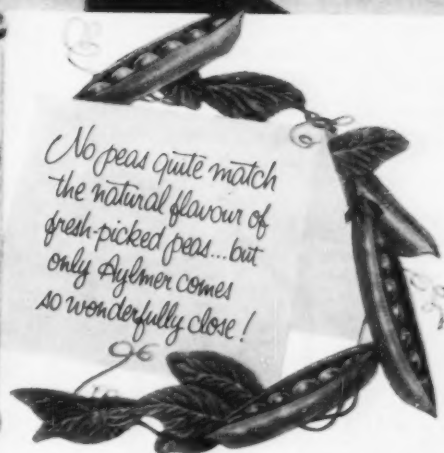
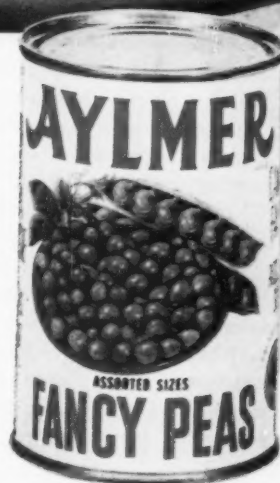
Make this Spanish "one-dish meal" with sweet, tender Aylmer Peas! Gay as a flamenco dance—bright as the Castilian sun—this Spanish favourite will win shouts of "ole!" from *your* family and friends. Serve it tonight!

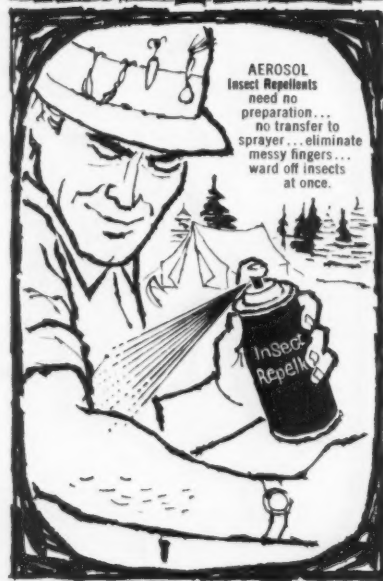
3 cups Aylmer Sunshine Tomato Juice  
1½ cups dry, white rice  
¼ cup frying oil  
1 Spanish onion, peeled and sliced

4 chicken portions, legs or breasts  
Salt, pepper, paprika, thyme to taste  
1—15 oz. tin Aylmer Fancy Assorted Peas  
1 tbsp. Aylmer Pimiento, sliced

In saucepan boil tomato juice, add rice, cover, simmer 14 minutes. Meanwhile, in large, heavy pan, heat oil to sizzling. Fry onion slices until transparent. Season chicken. Brown chicken in frying pan 15 minutes. Add rice to chicken. Cover. Steam 15 minutes. Add half the peas. Heat 2 minutes. Garnish with pimiento and peas. Serve hot. 4 servings.

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ROOM DEODORANT  
PAN FRY  
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Better Things for Better Living... through Chemistry

Continued from page 50

The fourth morning of my contracted five days with Today, Dave Garroway asked me what I thought of the royal tour which was commencing that afternoon. I knew the question was coming. I'd had a day to think about it. I answered quietly, "I think I feel the way most Canadians feel — indifferent. Just over this visit anyway. I think the first visit I was a little excited. I almost went down and stood in the street. But the average Canadian, I think, is pretty indifferent to this tour."

There were two Canadian reporters in the studio at the time. One of them, Lloyd Lockhart of the Toronto Star, later wrote that my words "sounded intimate and bland." Though a newspaper reporter all his adult life, he was as unprepared as I for what followed. Another Toronto Star reporter, Robert Taylor, saw the show and phoned his city desk. While still in the studio, I received a phone call asking me about it. I went to a planning meeting with Garroway and when I emerged, five calls were waiting from newspapers and wire services.

The rest of the day went like that. The mayor of Toronto, Nathan Phillips, demanded that I apologize to the Canadian people, and Tabloid arranged a remote interview with me. I found the studio where it was to take place only seconds before airtime and the hookup was incomplete, so that I began talking without knowing whether I was being heard. I was exhausted, disheveled and frightened but when Percy Saltzman asked me gently, "Why didn't you duck the question, Joyce? Most of us would have ducked it." I could only answer, "I couldn't. I said what I believed."

"I said no such thing"

In the uproar that ensued, most newspaper readers came to believe that I must have said I was indifferent to the Queen. I said no such thing. I regard the Queen with awe and affection; she is a remarkable, valiant and unselfish person and I'm proud that she represents the Commonwealth's Crown. But, at the risk of bringing down more venom on my head, I don't care for protracted, ornate, repetitious royal tours, with their miles of receiving lines, guards of honor and state dinners. I wish Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip instead would come more often, several times a year per-

haps, and stay a day or two to open Parliament or attend Stratford's Shakespearean Festival or dance at some city's centennial or to fish in the Fraser

If I were asked again what I think of royal tours, I'd still answer that I'm indifferent to them. I'd phrase it differently, to avoid the suggestion that I am a spokesman for Canadians — which I didn't at all intend — but I wouldn't give the safe, hypocritical reply that a lot of people think was clearly indicated. Marathon royal tours dismay me, and I'm told by

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people who accompanied the royal party on the last one through Canada that they also seem to dismay the Queen.

Shortly after I made my pronouncement, statisticians got to work trying to take the uneven public pulse. A poll, rapidly taken, asked if Canadians agreed they were indifferent: 27 percent said they agreed, 56 percent disagreed, 17 percent didn't know. On the fateful day, the CBC counted 593 telephone calls, 540 of them denouncing me. A week later, extra secretaries hired to handle the mail counted 1,861 letters, 1,297 of them supporting me. A Toronto radio station, CHUM, asked listeners to phone comments and until the beleaguered Bell Telephone Company asked for a halt, calls were two to one for me. I wasn't too

conscious of benign opinion — my mail was savage and often obscene. A minister in Kitchener wrote nineteen pages of suggestive vileness; he wanted to guard my soul and body, he said, and he was explicit about which parts of my body he favored.

In the swirl of sleepless buffeting and the high anger of finding silky-faced reporters interviewing my children, Shelley, then eight, and Connie, seven, I found unexpected, tender kindness. I'll treasure forever the memory of Connie squirming while listening to a reporter badger me. She pinched back tears for as long as she could and then blurted, protectively, "I'm indifferent too."

Ralph Allen, then editor of Maclean's, wrote "with great respect" and so did Marius Barbeau, well-known folklorist and ethnologist at the National Museum of Canada, composer Healey Willan, author Nicholas Monsarrat and tycoon Jack Kent Cooke. Charles Van Doren, a colleague on Today, who had yet to face his own public ordeal, sent the motto, *Illegitima non carborundum*, fortunately including a rough translation, "Don't let the bastards grind you down."

It's hard to forget

The greatest disappointment at the time was the attitude of the CBC in hastily removing me from Tabloid. "The CBC," I announced bitterly to friends, "has once again joined the mob." I'm more rational now about it and I understand that the CBC was braced against more pressures than I knew, but it's hard to forget that the corporation pulled the fastest retreat since the Cheshire cat and left me alone in a forest of enmity.

At the same time, Lever Brothers was receiving its own deluge of mail, from people threatening never to wash with Lux again if I wasn't fired. The company never wavered; a few weeks later, I was signed for the George Gobel and Jack Benny shows, one of the richest plums in television. My Lux contract has been renewed for the coming season.

But even this success is little help to me in ignoring the distaste and rudeness with which I have been surrounded since last June. A trip through a department store now is an icy gantlet instead of a giddy triumph. People stare coldly, with unconcealed challenge, as if I were a sordid mongrel at a garden party. I am not only a thing without sensitivities, but



without ears. Cried one man heartily, "If that's Joyce Davidson, I'm mighty disappointed."

I've been interested in the theory of public image because I believe it applies to me. One Toronto columnist wrote that he had considered "a sweet, lovable girl who wouldn't say boo to a goose." A lot of viewers seemed to be aware that my background hadn't been much endowed and this, along with my obvious tremulousness and anxiety to behave with polite decorum, established a picture of me as timid, girlish and vapid.

My observations on royal tours smashed that as effectively as Eva Marie Saint smashed *her* image with one well-chosen expletive in front of Hollywood's assembled elite. A psychologist I know tells me that the public indignation was compounded by the betrayal of a fond illusion. I don't know about that, but I'm encountering a lot of criticism lately because I wrap my hair around my head in the current style that has been dubbed "beehive" and favor French imports with sloping necklines and genius cut. I'm told I should return to a long bob haircut and blouses with

a bow under my chin. I suppose that's also part of fitting a public image, even though the outline is artificial and empty.

The most significant damage to public opinion of me was certainly the uproar over the royal visit, but two subsequent incidents helped substantially. One was my divorce, which was granted only three days after the Garroway show. I had married Douglas Davidson when I was only seventeen, a year out of Hamilton high school, where my grades were only ordinary. It was the result of a shy girl's crush on a lacrosse hero. It had never been a good marriage and at one time I was nearly suicidal with despair.

Shelley and Connie were born, a year apart, before I was twenty. Doug and I had discovered that we could never get along, but we continued to live together in the dull, wretched state of apathy and argument. He spent more and more time with his friends watching football and hockey, and I found a job to help relieve a taut budget. I was untrained, except for a short period as a telephone operator prior to my marriage. Edu-

cated only to junior matriculation. I found work in a factory that made television sets.

I was a mica splitter on television tubes for a while and then I was promoted to a stamping kind of machine on which the previous woman had stayed until she lost both thumbs. I stuck it for two weeks and could stand it no longer; after that, I soldered condensers. I got to be pretty good at telling dirty jokes, which is one way of finding acceptance in a factory.

She locked me in a room

I knew, with an instinct that has motivated me ever since, that there had to be a better way to live. One afternoon I recognized a Hamilton radio station announcer, Norm Marshall, who had interviewed me after a minor beauty contest I once won. I dared to approach him and ask him if his station would hire me as switchboard operator. He looked at me. "Come down and audition," he said. "Maybe you can get on television."

I started at once at CHCH-TV, washing dishes and preparing the

food for the woman who did a cooking demonstration. Later I came to plan the whole show. She had a curious habit, which I didn't find frightening at the time, of locking me in a room while I organized the show. Eventually I began doing some on-camera work, mostly commercials, and then I was asked to audition for Tabloid.

Doug approved the trip, so one summer afternoon I took the train to Toronto, carrying my prettiest dress over my arm. I went to Sunnybrook Hospital to visit my dad, who was slowly dying of a lung condition, and changed there. I discovered, to my horror, that I had forgotten stockings. Humiliated and frightened, I reached the studio to find that my interview was with Richard Todd, the English actor.

He regarded me quizzically. "This your first time?" he asked. I nodded in anguish. "Don't worry," he remarked kindly. "I'll carry you." And he did, keeping up a fascinating stream of anecdotes and observations that made my numb questions seem brilliant.

For a long while after I became



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the regular Tabloid interviewer, I commuted to Toronto by train. I'll always be grateful for Doug, who was asked about our marriage by reporters at the time of the royal tour chaos. "Joyce really tried," he said. "Even when she was going back and forth to Toronto, she never failed to get up every morning and fix my breakfast, no matter how tired she was." Eventually, though, we decided we would have to separate and obtain a divorce.

I'm aware many people believe it was my career in television that led to the divorce, but this had nothing to do with it. Doug has since remarried, happily. It was a colossal fluke of bad timing that the divorce coincided with the royal tour controversy.

There was even a third coincidence. Two weeks later, the culmination of

who observed to me, "Jack Paar ought to learn to fear the press, as you have."

"I don't fear your press," I snapped. "I just don't respect it." And I don't.

I can't help but observe that in the United States I have the anonymity I now know to be blessed. There I am what I am, a twenty-nine-year-old woman with two children. The forty million people who see the Lux commercials have no preconceptions about how I ought to dress, what I ought to say. They don't think of me at all, and that suits me perfectly.

"They can't kill you"

These days I can find little work in Canada. Tabloid, which occupies me five days a week, provides less than a third of my income. I don't think I'll ever again do a live interview for Close-Up. The last time I did, interviewing Jack Paar, resulted in the most severe criticism of the show's history. Its producer, Ross McLean, whom I regard as my very best friend, has avoided showing me the clippings of TV columnists, who included personal insults in their denunciations. I know, however, that they exist.

It seems I have little alternative but to move to the United States. I don't much want to; I'm a Canadian and fiercely proud of it, but I haven't much choice if I am to continue to earn a living for my family in television.

An obvious economic fact of life is that one must work where jobs are offered. This summer I was invited back to Dave Garroway's show for three weeks—two of them to be spent covering the U.S. political conventions being held in Los Angeles and Chicago.

I've been considering the difficult decision I must face at contract time this year. Elaine Grand once gave me some great advice about television nerves. "Go on out there," she said. "They can't kill you." I've discovered that I can't be killed, and I've endured the most violent attack of any performer in Canadian history. This knowledge has given me a greater confidence in myself than I ever had. Whether I go to the States or stay in my native land, I know that I can survive any hardship.

That's something. That's a discovery few people have an opportunity to make.

END

### AUGUST

*With her side skirts billowing,  
Languid August lingers,  
Musing while ripened berries,  
Slip through her stained fingers.*

*Knowing no clock nor sundial,  
Deep in her sanguine mind,  
Time is a bright blue ribbon,  
Her pleasure to unwind.*

BY RUBY FREIDMAN

months of preparation, I became incorporated as Joyce Davidson Limited. It was done on the advice of my auditor, who found my two-country income a tangled mess. After that, even my children heard stories that I earn fifty thousand dollars a year, which I don't, and I don't think I'm imagining the resentment I detect in some quarters.

The most recent blow fell last February when the Toronto Telegram ran a front-page story, under my by-line, full of opinion and comment about Jack Paar. It followed Jack Paar's exit from his show and came as a consequence of a reporter knocking on my door after midnight and spending about ten minutes in the house. He put together a story which I never saw until I bought the paper. When I read it, I called the newspaper and demanded that my name be removed. This was refused.

I was reminded of an exchange I had with a Toronto Star editor,





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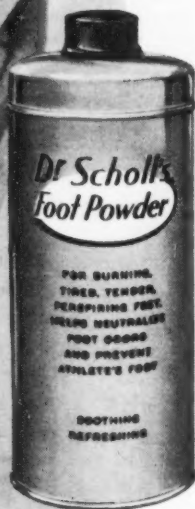
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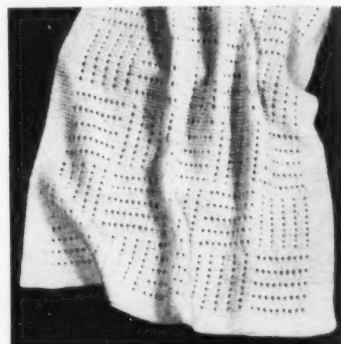
chatelaine crafts

By Wanda Nelles  
Chatelaine Crafts Editor

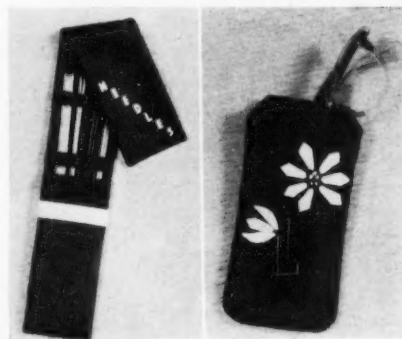
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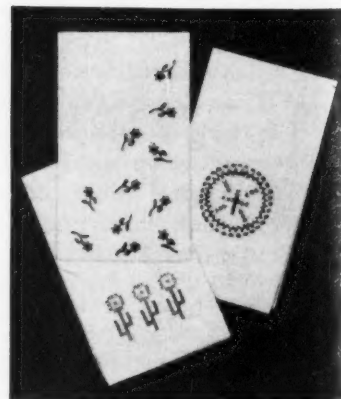
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## THE MEMORY OF YOU

Continued from page 20

autumn. And tomorrow the rains would come, stripping the splendor in an instant to leave the dark bones against the winter sky. Till spring do us part. How silly, she thought, treading out the last sparks in the ashes of the fire; and she heard the sound of the five-o'clock whistle from downtown, and closer at hand the yells of little boys brawling home-ward from the football game.

Carey would be filthy and it would be a fight to make him take a shower and put on his new Waikiki shirt. Why had Hal ever had to ask this man to dinner! If it were someone else, anyone else, she could say, and it would sound quite natural, "You'll have to forgive our being a little hectic, it's Susan's night out." But she could not say that to Stephen. Never. And Hal would probably forget to tell him. Yet what difference did it make? Her smoldering anger suddenly flared and she stamped on the ground in the ashes. This was the last person in the world she wanted to see—couldn't he simply have invited him for a cocktail in the city and let it go at that?

Above her, the long afternoon sunlight transfigured the crests of the maples into a radiance of burning gold. Bring me my bow of burning gold, bring me my arrows of desire, and she hung for a moment gazing through the treetops into the hazy void of the sky as if she were poised upon the brink of an abyss. Then she hurried around the house to the kitchen door, meeting her son Carey, who had crawled through the hedge from the Carsons' yard. Carey was swinging his football helmet by its strap and punching holes in the lawn with his cleated shoes. His face was all muddy as she had expected, and his shirt and trousers deep-dyed with mud and grass stain.

"Oh, Carey, you're a sight!"

He agreed there had been a wet spot down by the goal line.

"Your father's bringing home company unexpectedly, and I want you to run up and take a shower and put on clean trousers and your Waikiki shirt."

Calamity: Carey threw the helmet on the ground staring at her in utter contempt. "Oh no, Mom!"

"That's it," she said. "Get going, young man." This was the crisp tone that always ought to end the discussion yet never had done so. Carey was a bargainer.

"Aw, Mom, after dinner. I got to—"

"Upstairs you go."

"Aw Mom, can't I wash my face, and . . ."

Then she remembered it was fight night on TV. "Your father will probably want to watch the boxing after dinner, and you might be able to watch, too, if you take your shower." This was a low bid. Carey's father always watched the fights and Carey always joined him whether he had taken his shower or not. But the prospect mollified the boy. Nodding glumly, he dragged across the kitchen and up the back stairs, and she set about touching up the dinner. What about Stephen Makail, she wondered. Would he wish to watch the fights on TV?

WHEN STEPHEN MAKAIL came in the front door, she knew immediately why Hal had insisted on inviting him. He had wanted her to see how lucky she was that she had not married Stephen. He showed the signs of age, though he was no older than Hal. The marks of age and bad luck.

Was it really bad luck, she wondered as she held out her hand to him—or was it himself? She must have had some premonition even when she was nineteen and madly in love: no, it was not age that had marked him, it was failure. The great writer who in fifteen years had produced two—or was it three?—books no one had ever heard of; and married a rich wife who divorced him; and fled back after the war to the college they had all gone to before the war, to teach English. Now he had been fired even from that.

She felt sorry for him, remembering it was in English Lit she had first met him; and slightly contemptuous, but pleased at her own shrewdness in reading character. "Come in, Steve, it's wonderful to see you." While Hal went to mix the cocktails, she led him into the living room: "You must forgive us if we're a little hectic tonight," she began and caught herself. "But then we're hectic almost every night. Do sit down."

His suit was not very new and not recently pressed, and his hair had a shaggy look which emphasized the beginning greyness. She noted dirt under his fingernails and his hands looked more like Carey's than like her husband Hal's. The signs of failure: it was too bad; he had begun so brilliantly. But instead of sitting down, Stephen Makail was looking her over with a kind of impersonal examination which disconcerted her. Then he smiled. "It's good to see you, too, Marva, after all these years."

Why had he said that? She was glad when Carey came thumping down the stairs and she introduced him. Though he had not put on the new Waikiki shirt, he looked fairly presentable, and it was obvious he had taken a shower, or at least thrust his head under the water faucet. Stephen Makail shook hands gravely with the boy.

"Mr. Makail is a writer," Marva explained.

Carey nodded as if he had been certain of this from the beginning. "Do you write ads?" he asked.

"No. I write poems and short stories."

"Westerns?" A new interest; and she was embarrassed. Ads and westerns, this was writing to Carey.

"I might," Stephen Makail said. "I'm going out west."

BRINGING the tray of cocktails, Hal caught the last of the answer, and as he handed the drinks around, cried

*"I'm Not  
looking back  
—ever!"*



"From now on, I'm using Tampax regularly.

"I changed to it this summer—for the same reason millions did—'you can swim wearing Tampax!'"

"But I found it had so many advantages when I was out of the water that I'm not giving it up—ever!"

"Lack of odor, for example.

"Coolness. Comfort. Poise. Security. It's just nicer not to be aware of any sanitary protection when it's time-of-the-month.

"I like the internal kind. Like Tampax. Year in, year out, from now on!"

\* \* \*

You should really give Tampax a try. Applicator makes insertion easy. Three absorbency sizes to fit your needs (Regular, Super, Junior). Available wherever such products are sold. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.



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Fill in the coupon below and mail it to us. We will send you a detailed questionnaire. Then fill in your questionnaire and return it to us with \$1 for your detailed beauty analysis.



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Name .....

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Please send me a beauty questionnaire so that I can get a personalized beauty analysis.



# SEA-TREASURE

And that's just what the "Canada Inspected" stamp means to you and your family—treasure from the sea!

The Sea Seald plant at Halifax, Nova Scotia is under constant supervision each working minute of the working day by Inspectors of the Federal Department of Fisheries who ensure that only top quality fish, handled, processed and packaged under perfect conditions is so marked.

"Canada Inspected" is your guarantee that the fish in packages bearing this stamp is the best you can buy.



Seafoods



By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen  
Suppliers of HP Sauce

**More people  
buy  
HP sauce  
than any other  
thick sauce  
in the world.**

*Adds flavour  
to meat, fish, eggs,  
macaroni, soups  
and barbecues.*



118

jovially, "Well let's have a drink to the Golden West! What are you going way out there for, Steve?"

"I got an advance on my next book, and since I can live where I please while I'm working on it, I thought I'd make the trip. I'm going to Arizona and New Mexico."

"Well, that's really great. Any particular place? Marva and I spent a week in Santa Fe a couple of years ago. Flew out for our vacation . . ."

"There's only one place I'm certain of going. That's an Indian village in a canyon not far from the Grand Canyon." Marva saw Carey raise his eyes and Stephen Makail smile down at him. "A Navajo village," he said. "I read about it. You leave your car, and ride in twenty or thirty miles on horseback. I may stay there for a while. Other than that, I'll stop wherever I feel like. I have a station wagon, and a sleeping bag —"

"Say now, what's got you on this Indian kick?" Hal demanded. "Part of your book?"

The other shook his head. "Curiosity. They were here before us and it looks like they might be here after we're gone. Writers are supposed to think about things like that."

"Poets particularly," Hal said; and Carey asked, "Will you carry a pistol?"

"A pistol? I hadn't thought of that. But maybe I ought, they say there's a lot of rattlesnakes out there."

"I don't mean rattlesnakes," Carey explained contemptuously. "The Indians."

His father let out a snort of laughter and slapped the boy on the back. "Carey's still fighting the Indian wars. They haven't been shooting Indians out there in fifty, sixty years, son. You're two or three generations too late." Then to Stephen Makail, he said, "Is your wife going with you on this great trek?"

Marva darted her husband a furious social signal. That was cruel and stupid of him, how could he have forgotten? He knew about the divorce; he had shown her the article in the newspaper himself.

But Stephen seemed not embarrassed in the least.

"My wife is already out west," he said. "She's in Reno, Nevada, getting a divorce."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that!" Hal exclaimed. And she herself chimed in, "Oh, we had no idea . . ."

"There's no cause to be sorry. As a matter of fact it was one of the happier moments of my life."

# WIN \$150

With your family's  
**FAVORITE RECIPE**

*Plus: a special category for Teen Tempo readers*

CHATELAINE'S eleventh FAMILY FAVORITES RECIPE CONTEST again offers you an exciting chance to win \$150 with that special recipe your family loves best. And for the first time teen-agers have their own category — Teen Favorites, with a \$50 prize — open only to teen-agers. Teen entrants must be sure to state their age on their entries. Regular entries must fit one of the five other categories below. You can win the grand prize of \$100 for the best recipe of all submitted; in addition the best recipe in each of the categories will receive \$50; all other recipes printed will win \$5. Be sure your recipe is different, one that you have developed yourself, because duplications are discarded automatically.

DESSERTS      BREADS      MEAT AND FISH  
SUPPER AND CASSEROLE DISHES  
TEEN FAVORITES      CAKES AND COOKIES

## HOW TO ENTER

Write, print or type your entry on one page (a separate page for each recipe submitted). GIVE EXACT MEASUREMENTS. If flour is used, just stating a cup flour is not enough; specify also whether sifted or unsifted, and state the type — cake, pastry or all-purpose flour. Give directions for method clearly. Include the time and temperature of cooking and the yield. At the top left corner state the category (Desserts, etc.) and at the bottom right corner PRINT your name and address on every recipe. Any recipes submitted may be used or published by Chatelaine in any manner. We can't return entries — so be sure you don't send us the only copy of that Family Favorite.

Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1960. The Family Favorites will appear in our February issue; teen winners will appear in the special Teen Tempo section of August 1961.

## SEND YOUR ENTRY TO

Family Favorites, Chatelaine Institute, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2.  
ENTRANTS MUST BE RESIDENTS OF CANADA.

This brought the conversation to a dead halt. She was stunned and angry. What a hypocrite, she thought. What right has he to speak of his wife in such a way! Here was the same old arrogance, he had not changed in the least since she had first met him. Arrogance, that was it precisely. Imagine introducing himself to her after the third (or was it the second?) session of English Lit, and then simply assuming he had top priority with her, although she was in one of the best clubs on campus — and he didn't even belong to a fraternity. He lived at a

boardinghouse two blocks west on College Avenue! What right had he to such an opinion of himself?

She had had a premonition, she could thank heaven for that. She had picked off Hal as easily as reaching for the ring at the merry-go-round, though half the club girls in the college were fighting for dates with him. And left Mr. Stephen Makail to simmer in his own self-satisfaction. Now his wife must have reached the same conclusion: he might have learned a lesson!

She stared at him resentfully, but he was holding his glass for Hal to



refill; and she went to put the dinner on the table and they came in to the dining room.

THROUGHOUT the meal, Marva spoke very little.

Carey, looking forward to the fight, kept asking who was fighting whom and which one would win, and his father told him the answers exactly — a KO or a TKO probably in the third round, with a left hook to the jaw. Between bouts of the fight with Carey, Hal was questioning Stephen Makail about the college; and though the questions were sympathetic and friendly in tone, she understood that each one was calculated to show her how incompetent and foolish, how complete a failure, this man was. Yet most of the weapons, like the inquiry about his wife, seemed to sail past without touching him.

"One of the rules I've learned," her husband declared, "from several years of close in-fighting on Madison Avenue, is that diplomacy can be very valuable, Steve. A little diplomacy goes a long long way."

The other nodded, buttering one of her hot rolls.

"I feel quite certain the rule applies to college faculties as well as Madison Avenue."

"Oh, far more," Stephen agreed. "The profit motive is generally absent on campus and vanity fair is the guiding passion."

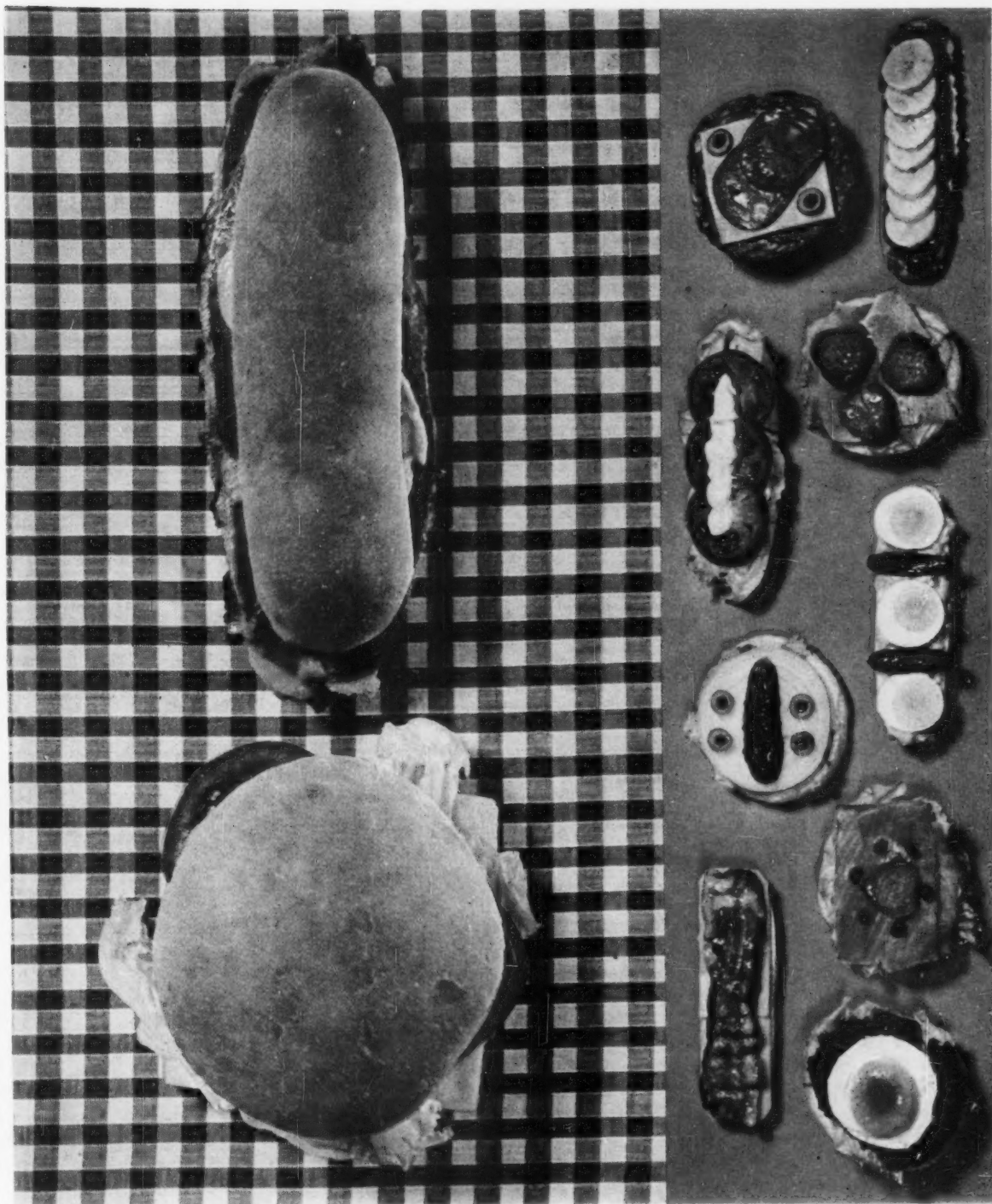
"It seems to me you may have been a little rash, then, to publish an article attacking your department head . . . on top of the divorce, I mean, and all that, in a small town . . ."

Rash, she thought, no, it was arrogance. It was deliberate. Naturally Stephen Makail knew more than the department head: he simply had to. And in immediate confirmation of her thought, he remarked, "I didn't attack the department head. I simply criticized the type of thesis the master students had been submitting. And what I said was true and everyone knew it." He smiled at her, then turned back to Hal. "The criterion, I suppose, is whether one considers holding a particular job to be the most important thing in the world."

Hal flushed. "Even Saint Francis had to eat."

"I'll be eating for the next year on my publisher's advance. By that time I might be a Pulitzer Prize winner, who knows?"

Hal shouted enthusiastically, "They'd bring you back on campus with a brass band, wouldn't they!" But Marva



## ROLL-WICHES AND BUN-WICHES!

*Here's the newest sandwich craze!*

Mix up your favourite fillings . . . onions, tomatos, smoked meats, lettuce, bacon strips . . . and serve them in delicious fresh hotdog rolls or hamburger buns.

Your baker makes sure the buns are the best. And sparkling "Cellophane" cellulose film keeps them oven fresh. At home or out of doors, enjoy Roll-wiches and Bun-wiches often during August — Sandwich Time.



**CELLOPHANE and POLYETHYLENE**  
CELLULOSE FILM FILM

Manufactured by Du Pont of Canada Limited — Montreal



Better Things for Better Living  
...through Chemistry

herself rose brusquely from the table and set to clearing away the dishes. After the dessert, Hal carried his coffee into the living room to the TV set, drawing Stephen Makail along with him, and she heard Carey's excited cries cutting through the long drone of the commercial. Then came the frightening bellow of the fight announcer: "In this corner . . . the challenger . . . weighing in at . . ." She stacked the dishes in the electric dishwasher, poured in soap, turned the switch.

AS SHE WENT to wipe off the table top in the dining room, she caught a glimpse through the doorway of her husband and Carey crouched in front of the glowing screen. Stephen Makail, still holding his coffee cup, was wandering about the room. She saw him glance at the titles of the books on Hal's shelf: *Layout in Advertising*, *Market Analysis*, *The Psychology of Consumer Buying*.

He crossed the fireplace to her own shelf — the Book-of-the-Month Club selections, the recent best sellers. He passed over these as casually as he had the others. In his own terms, he was not a failure, she thought, he was successful. And his own terms were such that he could never fail, no matter what happened to him. His world was large, and hers now very small; she felt a bitter pulse of envy.

"Man!" Hal cried out. "Did you see that left! That guy's a killer!"

And her heart stopped on the half beat, hung like a cold stone in the hollow of her breast. It was not her husband she loved, but this other man whom she had not seen in fifteen years—and she had loved him all the while, or the recollection of him.

Turning, she moved cautiously back into the kitchen where she leaned with both hands on the dishwasher, watching through the glass panel the rhythmic surge of soapsuds over the racked silver and china.

She heard his step behind her.

"Can I help with the dishes?" he asked.

"Oh, no. No, thanks. There's nothing really to do. Who's winning the fight?"

"The wrong one." They faced each other, silent. "I don't think you've changed nearly as much as you appear to have," he told her.

She shook her head. Oh, what right had he to say that?

"I didn't know where you lived, so I called your husband."

"Was that why you called him?"

"Of course," he answered. "That's why I came to New York." He should have been the one asking help, she thought desperately. He was the one with the marks of time and hard luck upon his face. Yet he was reaching out his hand to her as if to a failing swimmer.

They heard a shout from the living room. Then two voices, the man's and the little boy's, chanted in unison: "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." counting up slowly all the way to ten. "It's a knockout," her husband declared. "Cold as a cucumber. I was wrong about the third round, son. It went to the sixth. But it was a left hook all right, wasn't it?"

"I thought it was a right, Dad . . ."

"Oh, no, no, no! Where were you looking? He hit him in the ribs with the right and came across with his left. Didn't you see that?"

Stephen Makail, beside her, peered down through the glass at the spurning soapsuds. "You're like the family shows on TV," he said to her. "You have everything. You must be very happy."

CAREY, HAVING accepted his father's analysis of the fight, padded upstairs to bed, while his parents and their guest sat down in the living room, and Hal served whisky and soda. Her husband, Marva saw, had now entered the final phase of the program he must have planned for her benefit. He was discussing his own experiences on Madison Avenue. He was favoring Stephen Makail with a glimpse into his trophy room, the knockouts he had scored, the big accounts he had taken away from other agencies, the consumer-education campaigns he had conceived and spark-plugged.

Stephen Makail listened with an attention which surprised her. But she supposed the world of advertising was a new one to him, and certainly he had not heard the stories as often as she had. Carey called down at last that he was ready and she went to say good night to him. At the bedroom door, she snapped off the light switch as she always did, drawing a veil of brief obscurity over the boxing gloves that hung on the wall, and the pictures of football teams and baseball stars, jet fighters and champions.

Then bending over him, she fondled his hair, kissed him on the forehead. I'm going away, darling, she said to herself, and take you with me. There's more in the world than fights and big deals, wider horizons than Madison

Avenue, thank heaven. She squeezed him hard and kissed him again.

"Good night, Mom."

"Good night, darling," she whispered.

An exhilaration, a madness, had taken possession of her. She felt as if she were floating down the staircase; and in the living room, sat smiling across at her husband as he discoursed, gesturing modestly with one hand, his glass in the other, in the brocaded wingback chair by the fireplace — the man of distinction, the key man on the big accounts, the champion of up-to-date consumer psychology.

She scarcely heard the sound of his voice. But she was glad the time of the last train to the city set an early limit to the evening. Hal went to bring the car from the garage, while she and Stephen Makail stood in the entrance. Taking her hand, he said, "It's been nice to see you again, Marva." She felt the tears start from her eyes and ooze down through the powder of her cheeks. Her eyes hung upon his in passionate contemplation of remembered moments.

"He'll quickly enough find someone else to supervise his servants," Stephen Makail said. "There's another city in Nevada," he told her, "in the southern part — Las Vegas. You could go there with the little boy. The laws are the same all over the state; it takes six weeks."

She could speak no word, but pressed his hand between both hers; and he, disengaging his own hand, gave her a slip of paper from his pocket. "I'm staying with friends in Brooklyn till tomorrow afternoon. That's the number, I hope you'll call me . . ."

Hal's Buick glided across the entranceway with a gentle crunching of gravel; and Stephen waved and ran down the steps; and she, standing in the doorway, watched the car roll out into the street, the glow of head lamps, the red spark of the taillight winking away between the dark trunks of the maple trees.

Then, still hanging in the doorway, she raised her eyes. The color was gone from the crests where they had flamed in the afternoon; they were silver and grey with moonlight, an outpost fronting the abyss beyond. In terror she felt herself falling, suddenly waking and falling, a tiny fragment of earth plunging endlessly through the cold silver radiance.

She fled inside the house, slamming the door behind her.

She thought, what's become of me? She whirled wildly through the rooms,

an utter stranger, confronting the chairs and tables she herself had picked out, the drapes she had chosen, the wonderful carpets whose nap and texture she had so carefully examined. She ran upstairs to the child's room in an ecstasy of contrition, covered the sleeping pug face with kisses as the boy groaned in his sleep, trying to shield himself from the assault.

Oh forgive me, forgive me, lead me not into temptation, for Thine is the kingdom and the power. "I'll never leave you, Carey," she promised. "I'll never never do anything to hurt you." Holding the face between her hands, she whispered, "You're a wonderful little guy. I love you just the way you are." He groaned again, mumbled in his sleep, and she squeezed him and kissed him; hurried down the hall to the bathroom to repair the damage to her face.

BY THE TIME she heard the car come back, Marva's crisis had passed. The exhilaration, the fear, the repentance, all had blossomed and faded in turn like a lifetime in microcosm. She felt cold and self-possessed inside.

From the kitchen, Hal called up to her, "Hey, where are you? You in bed already, Marvie?"

"No. I'll be right down."

There he sat at the kitchen table, having his night-time snack of cold cereal and apple sauce, with sugar and milk. The cereal box stood open in front of him: Frisk Flakes, The Breakfast of Key Men. One of his best accounts, a slogan he had created himself.

"Join me in something? Or want me to pour you a highball?"

"No."

He glanced up at her. "What an evening," he said. "Imagine that! Bumming around Arizona in an old station wagon! Camping out in some Indian village. They'll teach him to make Indian souvenirs. What a dreamer!"

What a slob! she said to herself.

Slipping Stephen Makail's telephone number from the pocket of her blouse, she dropped it into the sink strainer and emptied the contents of the strainer into the garbage disposal unit, where she heard the blades chomping up the vegetable parings and orange peels. Chomping up everything.

She looked around her at the electric dishwasher and built-in range, the refrigerator and freezer and dryer. You have everything, she thought, yes, you must be very happy . . . END





Chatelaine's

# TEEN TEMPO

62-page magazine for teenagers

## Exclusive **SANDRA DEE** "The real me"

Teen fashions keep a date at  
our Royal Military College

**YOU CAN CHANGE  
YOUR PERSONALITY**

Hair Styles • Fads • News • Advice



## Skin that looks beautiful—even without make-up

There's nothing more appealing than the kind of fresh, *natural* beauty that doesn't depend on make-up. And Noxzema medicated care can help you have it.

Noxzema works three ways to make your skin lovelier. 1: it *refreshes* and smooths. 2: it *moisturizes*, helps prevent dry skin. 3: Noxzema's exclusive medication penetrates, *helps keep complexion clear*.

Noxzema is such good, honest cream, made by people who know skin care. It is greaseless, free of heavy perfumes . . . feels and smells fresh as air.

Let Noxzema Skin Cream help you have a fresh, vital complexion . . . one that looks beautiful even without make-up!



**Noxzema... *naturally***



Chatelaine's

AUGUST 1960

# TEEN TEMPO

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- 82 LET'S HAVE A HAIR-RAISING PARTY!

## WHAT'S NEW in fads, facts and fancies

BY PENNY MORRIS



EVERYONE'S DISCOVERING the Friday-to-Sunday jazz clubs, where beatniks, black coffee and cool music hold sway from late evening to the wee small hours. At Toronto's First Floor Club, for instance, you find all three, plus, on Thursdays, folk-singing sessions and poetry-reading by poet John Robert Columbo. If your town has no club, why not dig up some local talent and invite the gang home? Refreshments are strictly black coffee and maybe a sandwich or pizza . . . SPEAKING OF PARTIES, remember those come-as-you-are dos of eons past? Guests must arrive dressed as they were when you phoned to invite them. Serve cream cheese-walnut-cherry or tuna-walnut sandwiches, plus this punch to end all punches: ginger ale, pineapple juice, frozen orange juice, apple juice, lemon juice—mixed to suit your taste . . . ANOTHER PARTY IDEA that's reviving in Manitoba like mad is the progressive dinner, where the gang troops to a different house for each course,

hors d'œuvres first, then a barbecue, next dessert and coffee, and dancing at a fourth . . . ROMANCE IN THE KITCHEN? If you doubt that cooking's the way to a man's heart, read on. An unofficial survey reveals that nine of ten girls in the Home Ec. graduating class at University of Toronto are engaged . . . To get the INSIDE STORY on your beloved, you could join the newest craze — analyzing handwriting and palms (what, no mind reading?). One book to start with is *How to Read Hands*, by Bashar, Associated Book Sellers, 1956 . . .

THE FASHION LOOK for study hours at home or in the dorm is poncho top and leotards (left). You can buy the outfit or make your own poncho from a forty-eight-inch square of material. Cut a head slit in the centre and you're away . . . And squash heels are still big, especially when you add colored stockings or leotards to match your shoes and sweater . . . WORTH REDISCOVERING—the quiet evening

at home. Spend yours with a book called *Leaders of New Nations*, by Leonard S. Kenworthy (Doubleday, 1959). Or rediscover the family—yours, that is—at one of the new "family" movies. Parrish, for instance, to be released by year's end, offers girls their new hero, tall, blond, handsome Troy Donahue (right) and dad his first screen idol, Claudette Colbert, who plays Troy's mother. Prediction: look for more of these for-the-whole-family movies to come.

END

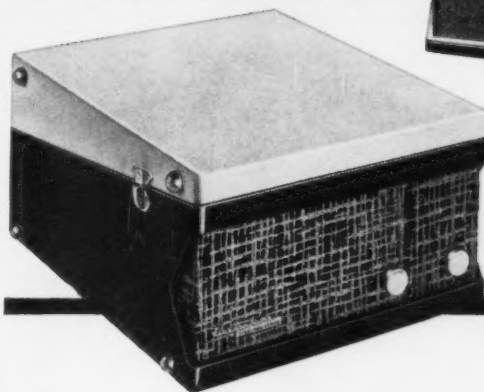


Actor Troy Donahue

# TERRIFIC VALUES IN SOUND

Who but Electrohome could pack so much in a portable? Excellent sound. Hand-wired chassis. Smart cabinets, too. Dollar for dollar, Electrohome portables give you better value. Of course they do. They're designed and engineered by the people who build our full-size console models. Take your favourite record—and go hear them at your Electrohome dealer's today.

4M16—Ideal for the young record fan, church, school or social group. 4-speed manual record player with retractable 45 r.p.m. adaptor. Separate volume and tone controls. Front mounted speaker for top-rated sound reproduction. **\$29.95\***



601—This beautiful portable gives sound reproduction that contradicts its budget price. Fully automatic 4-speed changer switches set off after last record has played. Dual sapphire stylus. Separate volume and tone controls. **\$59.95\***



4A41S—Style and stereo sound that's out of this world. Featuring perfectly matched multi-speaker systems. 5-tube amplifier . . . separate bass, treble and selector controls. Automatic 4-speed record changer with 45 r.p.m. spindle. **\$139.50\***

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through the  
busiest day

Only new Woodbury Dryad combines gentle, lasting protection with such a delicate veil of fragrance. Dryad is a dainty lotion deodorant that rolls on easily, dries in seconds. It checks perspiration for a full 24 hours, stops odour instantly, and will not harm you or your clothes. Your money back if you're not delighted you tried it. Only 89¢.



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ROLL-ON DEODORANT



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exclusively  
to beautiful eyes...

Remember, nothing does so much for a woman as beautiful eyes and nothing does so much to make eyes beautiful as Maybelline.

- (A) Waterproof MAGIC MASCARA, with Spiral Brush. Refills available.
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- (C) Iridescent JEWEL-TONE EYE SHADOW STICK.
- (D) Waterproof Iridescent Fluid EYE LINER.
- (E) Professional EYELASH CURLER.
- (F) Precision TWEEZERS, straight or slant end.



## You were asking SUSAN COOPER

About manners — the right thing to do, and when

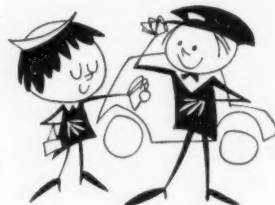
"When you're wearing evening gloves to a party, do you ever take them off? And is it ever correct to shake hands with your gloves on?"

You keep evening gloves on for introductions and dancing; take them off or tuck them up while you eat. Gloves that belong with a costume are left on for introductions; heavy outdoor gloves are taken off to shake hands—unless you're outdoors, of course.

"Is it necessary to stand up when an older man comes into the room? A friend of mine said that now we're sixteen we should stand only for women."

No. You stand for all older people—unless you have a couple of broken legs. During introductions, particularly, you should stand even for a girl your own age.

"I feel embarrassed when tipping people. What's the best way to go about it?"



If someone hasn't provided adequate service don't be bullied into tipping. Teen-agers, if they're expected to tip at all, are expected to do so sparingly.

At dinner, the tip (ten to fifteen percent of the check) is usually left under the dessert plate or coffee cup. To tip taxi drivers or porters, have the right change in your hand, simply put it into the other's hand with a smile and a "thank you."

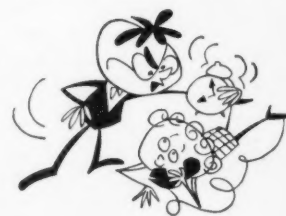
"If you're out for dinner with a boy, who follows the waiter to the table?"

You do. Leaving the room, you lead the parade.

"What do you do if you forget people's names when you're introducing them? My mind goes blank sometimes and I could die of embarrassment."

All you can do is laugh at yourself and say something like, "My own name has slipped my mind — what's yours, please?" If it's someone older you add a sincere apology, "I'm terribly sorry I don't remember your name," and pass it off as gracefully as you can.

"I've heard that the person who telephones is supposed to end the conversation. A boy in my class calls me and talks and talks, and my dad gets really angry. What should I do?"



Just tell the boy your dad has limited your phone conversations to five minutes because he doesn't want the phone held up. Tell him you'll talk to him at school.

"I went to a tea at church with a friend of mine and everyone was wearing a hat but me. It was just in the church hall so I didn't think I had to."

By custom most women wear hats to teas. However, just because you find yourself dressed a little differently from the others in a group is no reason to stay away.

"I usually call older men 'sir' but I don't know what to call older women."

The best answer to that is to get their names fastened firmly in your head and call them by name. If you're desperate you can always say "ma'am."

"If a girl and I are getting off the bus at the same stop, who gets off first? I've been told that, as a boy, I'm supposed to, but I feel like a fool barging ahead of her."

You don't have to barge, but you do step ahead to get off first, offer her a hand down the steps. Despite the fact that she probably manages them thousands of times a year all by herself, it makes her feel very feminine to have a helping male hand.

END





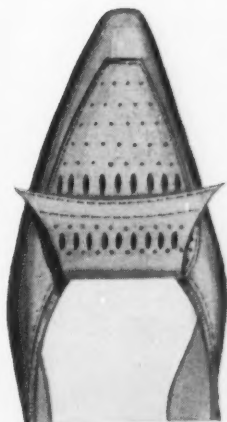
for a princess...

...and so practical too!

Hi-Lo's by Savage—feature *high* fashion in *low* heels for any occasion. Sleek little dress shoes for “stepping out”. Pert gay casuals for everyday. Hi-Lo's are distinctively different—carefully made of the choicest new leathers. And Hi-Lo's will keep their cute shape and styling even after months of careful wear. Sanitized\* inside, too, to help keep you dainty.



**Hi-Lo's**  
BY SAVAGE



AMBLE





**You ... beautiful in beige!**



**You ... radiant in red!**

*Angel Face makes all the difference! On the left, it's Pink Angel Face. On the right, it's Ivory Angel Face.*

## Now you can change your skin tone to look lovely in any fashion colour with Pond's new *Angel Face*

Now you can make fashion's most fabulous colours your most flattering colours! How? With the first fashion cosmetic—new Angel Face by Pond's—the *only* compact make-up with cosmetic-silicones.

Precious cosmetic-silicones let Angel Face change your skin tone—*without looking artificial*. Cosmetic-silicones make possible softer, subtler shades and prevent skin moisture from darkening or discolouring them. And cosmetic-silicones actually capture light, to give your complexion lovely radiance!

Now—look lovely in *any* colour! Take this chart when you go to buy your new Angel Face shades. →

POND'S COSTUME-COMPLEXION SELECTOR				
COSTUME COLOURS	FAIR SKIN	ROSY SKIN	OLIVE SKIN	DARK OLIVE
	POND'S ANGEL FACE SHADES			
REDS-PINKS	IVORY	NATURAL	NATURAL	TAWNY
ORANGES-YELLOWS	GOLDEN	GOLDEN	GOLDEN	BRONZE
GREENS-BLUES	NATURAL	IVORY	PINK	BLUSHING
BROWNS-BLACK	PINK	IVORY	BLUSHING	TAWNY
WHITE-NEUTRALS	NATURAL	TAWNY	BLUSHING	TAN



New complexion beauty! Angel Face, the finest powder-and-foundation in one, ready for you in the delicate pink Date Case—just \$1.00. Also in the blue-and-gold vanity box—just 89¢.



# What you should know about your **PERSONALITY**

Chatelaine's **TEEN TEMPO**

A phony act—playing a beat, a sophisticate, a party girl or demure shy thing—won't help your personality. But here's how you *can* improve

By DR. KARL S. BERNHARDT, *Professor of Psychology, University of Toronto*  
as told to JEAN YACK

● "How can I improve my personality?" Nearly every girl asks herself that question at some time. Can you change? My answer is: yes — no teen-ager need accept herself as she is.

But let me say at once that I have no ten magic rules which will guarantee to turn you overnight into the world's most popular person. I might add, no one else has either. To change your personality, you have to dig deep.

Personality is, essentially, the effect we have on other people. It is not a kind of magic — some popular movies, books and songs to the contrary — that some people have and others ought to acquire.

Personality is the sum total of our makeup. It is comprised of such things as *appearance, physique, vitality*. It is what *past experience* has done to us. It involves basic attitudes, acquired by the time we are twelve, to *security, reality, authority*. It includes basic psychological characteristics: *alertness; complexity* (are we always one person or do we change from mood to mood, from situation to situation?); *pliability; temperament* (are we extrovert, introvert

*Continued on page 90*



Photos by Jim Murray

# SANDRA DEE reveals the real me

Interviewer: BOB WILLETT



*Sandra lunches with her mother Mary Douvan  
(whom she calls Butch) at studio commissary.*







Sandra Dee and Anthony Quinn rehearse on set of her latest film.

PERT, BLOND and vivacious Sandra Dee has been a career girl since she was twelve, as a model, TV actress, then movie star. Five years ago, at thirteen, she was one of the busiest and highest-paid cover girls in the business, making as much as two thousand dollars a week. Now with nine pictures behind her, and a solid fixture among Hollywood's brightest lights, Sandra is branching out into the popular recording field. What kind of girl is Sandra? Here she talks frankly with your Teen Tempo reporter.

WHAT IS IT LIKE TO BE A TEEN-AGE ACTRESS? You live in a world apart. But I'm happier as an actress than I'd be if I weren't one. Admittedly, it's not much fun going to school at a studio, especially when you're the only student, as I have been. I went through high school doing three hours of schoolwork a day, with my teacher reading to me when I was being made up, doing my writing under a hair dryer. Mostly, I guess, I lost out a little by not having opportunities to make friends my own age. I'd have liked to have done some of the things other kids my age were doing, but the most fun I got out of school was playing gin rummy with my teacher during recess.

WHAT DON'T YOU LIKE ABOUT BEING AN ACTRESS? The way it affects others. When it happens to you, you don't seem any different and it's hard to understand why other people think you should be. They just don't treat you the same, even people you've known all your life.

HOW MANY FAN LETTERS DO YOU GET? Around seven thousand a month.

DO YOUR FANS WRITE ABOUT THEIR PROBLEMS? Yes, most of them want advice about dating, on which I'm no authority . . . I've made more than a few mistakes getting over my own awkwardness, but have developed some rules that work well, at least for me.

WHAT ARE THEY? 1. Dress for the occasion — the way you think *he'd* like you to dress; avoid a lot of make-up and try to be ready on time. I still have trouble with the time. *Continued on page 92*

*Sandra visits Rex Harrison on the set. She's of White Russian descent, was a model at 12.*





# TEEN TEMPO KEEPS A DATE WITH





# OUR ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

## and goes all out for DRESS-PARADE RED

*at Royal Military College of Canada, Kingston*

BY VIVIAN WILCOX  
Chatelaine Fashion Editor

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL ROCKETT

*Right: There's something about a uniform — whether it's his pillbox and tunic, or her Glenayr Kitten sweater and skirt. Sweater is knitted of lamb's wool with a collar of woven fabric. In sizes 34-40, about \$11.95. The matching skirt comes in sizes 8-20 and costs about \$17.95.*



CONTINUED

*Right below: Atten-shun! All eyes on Teen Tempo Mr. Mort Sportswear. Slim skirt, about \$14.95, worn with a short jacket, about \$22.95, and a hooded wool jersey blouse, about \$14.95. Full skirt, about \$22.95; cotton shirt, about \$9.95; Dacron stole, about \$10.95. All in sizes 8-18.*

*Left: Guard of honor surrounds our fashion envoy. She is wearing a turtle-neck sweater of Botany wool by Lansea, in sizes 34-42, about \$10.95. With it, Bermuda culottes — a brand-new fun idea. These are in Dhucraig tartan, by Sportcraft. Sizes 8-16, about \$16.95. All Teen Tempo shoes are from Simpson's in Toronto.*





*Password is khaki — the color of this suede-cloth jacket, worn over a sweater and skirt in the clay and khaki tones. Jacket is lined in a curly cotton pile (showing on collar and front closure) that looks for all the world like baby lamb. By Sport Togs in sizes 8-20, about \$29.95.*

## **TEEN TEMPO KEEPS A DATE WITH RMC and finds a winning team—KHAKI and CLAY**

*Right: everyone in top form — from the upside-down gymnasts to the up-to-date girls. The latter wear easy-fit sweaters of wool and mohair; redhead's has pockets, friend's a drawstring tie. Each about \$14.95. Slim skirt, about \$10.95; pleated skirt about \$16.95. Sizes 8-16, Val Hughes.*





CONTINUED







## TEEN TEMPO KEEPS A DATE WITH RMC

and salutes  
a new color:  
**TOP BRASS**

*Right: Old brass cannon and new brass-toned fashions. A Bermuda skirt, about \$16.95, buttons over wool jersey knickers, about \$10.95; top, about \$8.95. Jumper is about \$19.95; top is about \$10.95. All in sizes 8-18 — from Mr. Mort Sportswear.*



CONTINUED

*Right: A pretty girl rates a snappy salute. Top-brass turtle-neck sweater is Ban-Lon, sizes 14-20, about \$6.95. Plaid skirt, sizes 10-20, about \$14.95. Lady Anne.*



*Left: Cadets at ease plus civvies in at-ease sportswear. Redhead's plaid skirt, about \$19.95; jacket about \$16.95. Arnel-and-cotton shirt, about \$6.95. Friend's skirt and jacket are each about \$16.95. All in sizes 10-18. Casual Togs.*

See **WHERE-TO-BUY**  
Teen Tempo fashions  
on page 90





## TEEN TEMPO BEATS THE DRUM FOR BOOTS

### THIS PAGE:

*Top of the sword — a Brevitt boot in Deldi suede with cosy shearling lining. Red, green, taupe, black. About \$19.95.*

*Hanging from the handle, a ghillie in plush pig and textured kid. Green or golden brown. By Savage, about \$10.95.*

*Surrey—the shoe with fringe on top—comes in green, gold, black and brown plush pig. Country Lane, about \$9.95.*

*The high-cut shoe with buckled strap is by Savage. Yours in black, green or golden-brown leather for about \$9.95.*

### OPPOSITE PAGE:

*The high boot is fleece-lined, has a gum ribbed sole. By Brevitt, in red, black, brown or green, for about \$21.95.*

*The boot with the striped Orlon fleece lining is by Country Lane, has a crepe sole. Gold brick, red — about \$10.95.*

*Like a gay shoe—tangerine or violet? See the Sandler shoe hanging from the drum. Kid-suede combo. About \$10.95.*

*The high tie, bottom of the page, comes in black, brown or green plush pig, gum swirl sole. By Savage, about \$8.95.*

*Another Savage shoe, this one with a raised cuff, elastic tie. Olive-green or brown textured kid. At about \$10.95.*


*Finally, a plush pig boot buckled in brass. Lined or unlined, with ribbed gum sole. By Country Lane, about \$12.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER CROYDON









A NEW  
STORY BY  
THE CREATOR  
OF  
CAPTAIN  
HORNBLOWER

THE  
SOUPED-UP  
CONVERTIBLE



WITH THE  
GABRIEL HORN

By C. S. FORESTER



ILLUSTRATED BY DOUG JOHNSON  
First published work of a young Canadian artist

*It wasn't new, and it was kind of beat up inside, but to us  
it was the most exciting thing on wheels we'd ever seen.*



**I**t was standing outside our house the night when I got home from school after the track meet. I saw it the minute I turned the corner on my bicycle and my kid brother Alan was standing on the sidewalk looking at it. I nearly fell off instead of getting off when I reached the house, and Alan was just standing still looking at it. He didn't move, and he didn't say anything. He was just standing and looking.

It was the most wonderful car I'd ever seen. It was a black and fuchsia convertible, a fuchsia body with black fenders and a rumble seat. It had a cut-down top and Hollywood doors and twin spots. The seats were all ripped and beat up, but were real leather. Underneath were twin exhaust pipes and I could guess that car had a pretty cool rap. I stood beside Alan.

"Whose is it?" I asked.

"It's ours," said Alan, as if he were dreaming. "it's ours."

"My land!" I said, but I knew it couldn't be true. It just couldn't be true. "How come?"

"Mother took the Ford down for the new piston rings," said Alan, "and Mac lent her this one while the job's being done."

Then I knew about the car. Mac's son Bill had fixed it up a long time ago when I was a kid. Being the son of a man who owned a garage he'd had opportunities. Bill went into the army and he'd had to leave this super job behind. I lifted the hood and looked inside. There was a V-8 overhead valve Cadillac with high-compression heads remounted inside, and there were twin pots on each bank, and dual ignition systems. There were air horns, the kind that play four notes. I got into the driver's seat. Gee, it was keen. The driving mirror had lines marked on it like an airplane's gunsights so you could tell how far away a car behind was.

It just couldn't be true that we had this car, even though it was only lent to us. The top was up, and

Alan and I started taking it down when Joan came out —Joan's a year younger than me—to tell us dinner was ready.

She wanted to help us with the top, and we were climbing all over the car when Mother came out very cross because we hadn't come in to dinner. Before we had sat down we were asking Father about the car.

"Yes," said Father, "Mac lent it to me. I asked him what I'd done to deserve this, but either I have that car or I walk until those new piston rings are in. So for the rest of the week I shall be driving around in a black and fuchsia hybrid convertible

*Continued on page 87*

**WE  
MADE  
OVER** with ideas you can use for yours

**BETTSY  
SEVERS'  
ROOM**





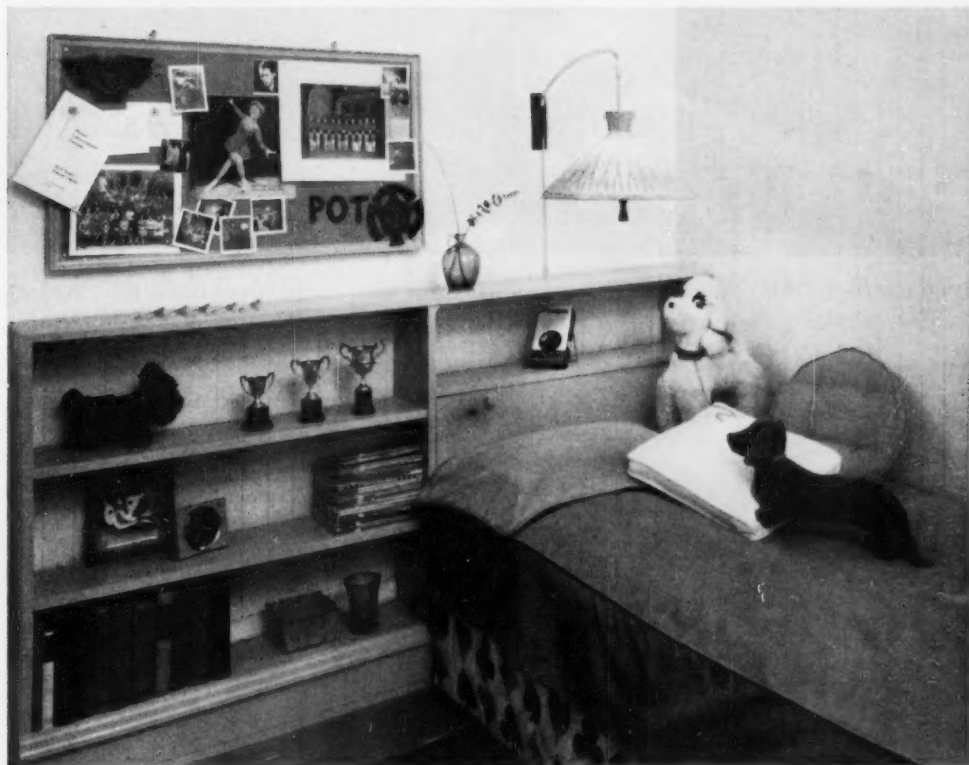
By JEAN DITTMAR Chatelaine's Decorator Service

BETTSY SEVERS, like many younger sisters, inherited a hodgepodge of a room. As you can see by the picture below, it was a room in search of true individuality. Bettsy asked Chatelaine's Decorator Service to help her transform it into one more expressive of her personality and interests. Bettsy, at eighteen, has finished her first year in physio- and occupational therapy at the University of Toronto and is a skater of championship rank at the Toronto Skating Club. Her interests include volunteer work at the Neighborhood Workers' Camp in the summer and, in winter, teaching Sunday school at the Hospital for Sick Children. Bettsy is a warm and glowing person so we planned a striking, vibrant color scheme. Remember, a daring and original use of color can give a room an expensive look that belies a slim budget. Here we used grey, pink, orange and red against a background of white wallpaper lightly lined in gold. Woodwork and furniture were painted a soft grey. Bettsy's father converted the long work table (originally a door) into a couch by replacing the legs with short ones and adding a mattress. We covered

it with Siamese pink felt and accented it with cushions of vibrant colors. Instead of draperies for the window, we made a blind of two widths of the dust-ruffle fabric. (All you do is hem it, put through a heavy starch, steam-iron on the wrong side then tack it on a window-blind roller.) The old-fashioned radiator under the window is now hidden behind a bamboo cover painted grey. Photograph below shows other end of Bettsy's new room — setting off her various skating trophies and a bulletin board to match the pink felt couch.



*A view of Bettsy's room before make-over*



BETTSY (LEFT) WEARS slims and blouse outfit to blend with the new color scheme. The dust ruffle on the bed and the window blind can be made of 61½ yards of 36-inch material; the tailored bed cover and pillow sham of the same amount of 40-inch corduroy. The 6x9-foot sisal rug in Connemara fuchsia is about \$25; the grey tiles surrounding it, about 15 cents each. Finishing touches to this lively room are the poster revealing one of Bettsy's dreams — to travel; gay Chinese prints (you can make similar ones from postcards); and the unusual glass, metal and bamboo lamp at the right.

END



# LET'S HAVE A HAIR-RAISING PARTY!



Party-starter: Lynda, Wendy, Debbie and Beth do some pre-shampoo brushing at bidding of stylist Gus Caruso, left.

By EVELEEN DOLLERY  
Chatelaine Beauty Editor

THIS MONTH we had what we hoped would be great fun—a HAIR party. And indeed it was. It all began when I invited our four beauty-conscious girls to a hair salon (above). The host was stylist Gus Caruso. Keynote of the occasion: come as you are — leave with a new look. Our party included Debbie Ferris, a real “long-hair.” “I worry about first impressions. I’m only fifteen but everyone thinks I’m much older. I often wonder if a shorter hair style would help me look younger.” In Debbie’s case, it’s not the length of her hair that tends to make her seem older—it’s her tired French roll hair style. Her long hair is glamorous indeed but she should learn to wear it attractively long.



few reassuring words from us, Beth bravely agreed to the scissoring and loved the result. Lynda Redmonds, 17, very much the sports girl. “I do marvelously little to my hair. It is so oily I have to wash it every two days. For this reason I never try intricate styles. And luckily, it dries quickly. I don’t set it—I just push it into waves and swirls with my hands”. Lynda has one annoying problem. Her hair parts

Beth Morris, 16 . . . “I’m scared — I don’t think I’ll have my hair cut after all.” But Beth’s overly long tumble of hair screamed to be shortened. Whatever the styling, thick long hair always looks bulky. Finally, after a few tense moments and a



naturally off centre and no matter what she does it divides stubbornly at this one spot. So the front hair must always be backcombed and kept long enough to be brushed over the part. Sprays too, help keep this beauty fault controlled.

Wendy Randall, 15, holding up her new party dress: “Would my hair look best up or down with this dress? I don’t have any hair problems but I do have a time matching my hairdo to my dress.” Solution:



a soft permanent to give Wendy’s hair the right amount of body to make it more manageable, so she can wear it in *many* flattering styles.

On the next page are the pretty results of our busy afternoon. Join in the fun, try a new hair style you think you would like.

FOR HAIR CARE TIPS, TURN TO PAGE 84





Debbie Ferris, left, achieves a look composed of fantasy and sophistication with her new long-hair hairdo. Beth Morris is delighted with her nicely disciplined new coiffure which is becomingly simple and demure.

Lynda Redmonds, left, has her long hair beautifully controlled — not flat or straight, just curving. Wendy Randall's hairdo is best described as classic . . . short and shapely but without a single real curl.





## Let's have a hair-raising party!

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Here for you to try — some professional tips on shampooing, styling and drying. For the grande finale of comb-outs, turn to page 86



**ON SHAMPOOING:** If your hair is mouse instead of sable, you need new washing and rinsing techniques. Deluge your hair with a hand spray, directing water to hair under-

neath (rinsing over the surface is not enough). Lather hair, rinse and repeat lathering. Massage shampoo in with finger tips; working from neck to forehead. If hair is oily, wrap sudsy head in hot towel for a few moments so shampoo penetrates pores, removes excess oil. If your hair is long, like Lynda's, shampoo the ends between your hands like fabric. Rinse, ending with cool water to close pores.

**GET THE HAIRBRUSH HABIT.** Highlights and lustre will be your sure reward. The rules: brush before every shampoo to "vacuum" your hair. Brush after every shampoo to partially dry your hair, before you begin your set. Brush again after your setting is dry, beginning at the brow and brushing back until hair is quite flat. End each brushstroke with a downward flip, flicking in toward your head.



**RUFFING:** Whenever your hair needs accentuated height or width — like the crown of Debbie's styling — deliberately ruff every strand of hair right down to the scalp with backcombing. Pull sections of hair taut in left hand and comb down with right hand, a few hairs at a time. To smooth the hair into the desired line, brush

it lightly over the surface with the tips of the brush bristles, being careful not to remove the under-ruffing. To remove "ruffing," brush strands over the back of your hand.



**PROBLEM HAIR:** Baby-fine hair like Lynda's tends to be flyaway and frizzy. So it should be set damp, with fat rollers or wide-open pin curls. Before hair is completely dry (dry to the touch on surface, slightly damp underneath), remove clips or rollers.

Cover loosely with a net. Do not brush or comb until hair dries thoroughly. Use only a natural-bristle brush. Set your hair with a solution of juice of one lemon and water for a long-lasting setting.

**SHAPING** is a salon skill. Hair snipped at home looks it — loses its line and curve quick as lightning. Coarse hair like Beth's should be cut to a medium length. The styling should



be smooth and sleek. Curls will only make this type of hair look bushy and untidy. Hair of such thickness should be tapered to a V at the back to give the silhouette of the hair styling an elongated look.

**FAST WAVE:** a 30-minute "perm" turned Wendy's lank locks into curvy prettiness. How-to: First a light shampoo, an application of waving lotion. Roll hair. Reapply lotion. Wait until it takes effect. Unwind, rinse, set, dry. For soft curls pad roller with strips of cotton batting.



**THE END:** It's the ends that count for good results in your roller setting. First of all, part the hair into sections; use only enough hair in each section to twirl evenly on the roller. Then tuck the very tips

of hair around the roller, holding hair straight up from scalp. Wind slowly and secure with a plastic roller clip. Unruly ends will come around nicely if you wrap them in a bit of tissue before rolling, or you can use brush rollers.





# that Formfit Feeling!

Look at me! I feel free . . . in my action-designed new Romance Bra!

**Q.** What's the bra you're mad about . . . so glamorously glad about?

**A.** New action-designed Romance by Formfit! It makes the most of elastic . . . and it's the only bra that really does!

Only Romance has equalift straps for balanced uplift.

Only Romance has breathing elastic front band.

Only Romance smoothes with ladder-stitched cup sections.

**Q.** And what else does Romance do?

**A.** It looks pretty, too! Romance's circle stitched cups permanently shape and control, and the back strap release is of non-binding elastic.

**Q.** Of course you're mad about, glad about Romance!  
It gives you . . . ?

**A.** That Formfit Feeling.

There's a Formfit  
fashion to give every  
figure That Formfit  
Feeling.

Romance Bra #562  
Cotton Broadcloth  
32-38A; 32-40B and C.  
**\$2<sup>50</sup>**

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CH 2 6



## YOUR WISEST INVESTMENT

Considered from any angle, a college education is a wise investment that will pay dividends as long as you live. One of the new leaflets in Sun Life of Canada's Values in Education series is entitled *The Value of a College Education* and might be helpful to you in planning your future. Along the same lines, *Why Study the Humanities?* should help in your search for a course of study. And *Why Stay In School?* offers sound advice for the young teen-ager. These leaflets are available without charge or obligation. Just mail the coupon below.

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

(Please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## LET'S HAVE A HAIR-RAISING PARTY!

Continued from page 84

Use these setting diagrams, cutting instructions and comb-out helps as your guide to TEEN TEMPO coifs

### WINSOME—Lynda Redmonds

Lynda's hair is blond and thin. Crown 10", sides 3", top 3", nape 6". After an egg shampoo, a restorer rinse adds body, an auburn rinse, highlights. Comb-out: Brush all hair back from face into smooth page-boy. Gather long back ends up from nape, tie in soft pony tail. With tail-comb, loosen shorter top and side ends. Brush bangs sideways over forehead, fluff out sides, smooth crown ends back.



### SOIGNÉE—Beth Morris

Beth has thick coarse hair. Crown 5", bang 4", sides 3½", nape 11½". No backcombing necessary. Brush briefly — overbrushing will make thick hair bulky and unruly. Brush smooth, then touch lightly with comb to give style bounce. Take two 1"-square sections at the temples and fasten them at the back of the head with clip to give a neat line, control top hair.



### INGÈNUE—Wendy Randall

Wendy's hair is limp, oily, so we recommend a 30-minute wave (page 85). Bang 3", crown 8", sides 3", nape 2". A detergent shampoo removes excess oil: wrap sudsed head in hot towel for 5 minutes to clear pores of oil. Rinse many times ending with cold, pore-closing rinse. Back-comb crown lightly if necessary. Brush bang flat sideways, rest of hair loosely smooth, ends turned under. Use comb to flick lightly to loosen ends. This versatile length can be a pony tail, page-boy or a back twist.



### HIGH STYLE—Debbie Ferris

Debbie's hair is soft and fine. Bangs 3", crown 13", sides 5", nape 5". Egg shampoo, lemon and water setting solution add body. Brush thoroughly when combing out. Separate crown area. Brush sides and back into flat underturned line, sides behind ears. Brush bang flat from soft centre part. With light flick of comb, upturn ends, drop sides forward and fluff bang. Then lightly "ruff" crown piece — brush over hand smoothing top, tuck ends in.



END



### THE SOUPED-UP CONVERTIBLE

Continued from page 79

with a Gabriel horn and Hollywood doors."

"Gee you're lucky, Father," said Alan. Father looked at him about as surprised as I was when I first saw the car. Then the surprise went out of his face and he grinned.

"I suppose I am," he said, then he looked down the table at Mother. "The younger generation's reaction has taken me by surprise as usual. It's a pity that by the time I'm experienced enough for them not to surprise me they'll be too old to surprise me any more."

"I think it's quite natural," said Mother.

"I could see beating around in that car," I said.

"One man's meat is another man's poison," said Father. "I'd only be seen dead reluctantly in it, and Mother and I have a round of visits to make tonight. I can't imagine what the Judge will say when he hears that exhaust coming up his driveway."

"Oh," I said.

It was too good to be true, then, that I should go out in it that evening.

"How long've we got it?" I asked.

"Mac will have it back with my compliments the minute that piston-ring job's done," said Father.

"Saturday?" I said.

"Before then if fate is kind," said Father. But I couldn't help hoping.

"But supposing it isn't ready Saturday?"

Father looked down the table at Mother again. I could see that even Father couldn't know how much I wanted that car, but he smiled at Mother, and Mother said, "Perhaps they could have a picnic."

Perhaps we could. It would mean the kids would be with me, but I could ask Mary-Lou or Cuddles Brown or Dora or anybody. There wasn't a gal in town who wouldn't like to go out driving in that convertible. I must tell you this because we found out later that adults just simply can't understand how much a convertible means to guys of my age. It's just everything.

"I'll ask Wally Thorton," said Joan.

She said it like she'd say Gregory Peck or Frank Sinatra — Wally's a senior like me and he's an Anatolian, and without the convertible Joan stood no more chance of getting him to go out with her than she had of being Miss America.

"I'll ask George French," said Alan.

I suppose that's one of the things Mother meant when she spoke about a picnic.

"And I suppose you'd ask somebody too, David," said Father to me. "Six of you? In a convertible?"

"We could have four of us in the rumble seat," said Alan. He said it the same as he might talk about going to heaven if he were another kind of boy, and I could see what he felt. There can't be anything quite like four in a rumble seat. I didn't want to have kids

with us on the picnic but I could see that it would be that or nothing.

"So we can have the car Saturday?" I said.

"All right, you strange little animals. You can have it if our car isn't ready," said Father.

So that evening while Father and Mother were out we talked about it and we phoned about it. Joan got the phone

first and she spent half an hour or so calling her girl friends and telling them about the convertible and saying how she was going to ask Wally Thorton, but when the time came for her to call Wally she suddenly felt she couldn't and she asked me to call him for her but I said call him yourself and she was trembling like a horse's lip when she finally got him but when he heard

about the convertible of course he said he'd come like I knew he would.

I called Mary-Lou and asked her and she said she'd come and Alan called George French and we had a big argument about where we should go, but of course that was for me to say because I am the only one who can drive. Joan saw this of course but she didn't think it was a good argument and the way



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girls do when they are losing she started something else.

"Supposing our car's ready after all?" she said. "I couldn't ever look at Wally Thornton again."

We'd all of us forgotten about that until then.

"Oh, it *couldn't*," said Alan.

But I thought it could, and the kids could see from my face what I thought about it. And because of what I felt I knew how disappointed they would be. After I had made them go to bed at their proper bedtime I thought about it again, and the more I thought about it the more worried I was.

So you can see how it was that next evening we went all three of us down to Mac's garage to find out how he was getting along with the Ford, and we went the evening after that too. I told him not to hurry, but to do a good job. The second time I said it to him he left off what he was doing and looked hard at us.

"I can't think what's got into you kids," he said. "I'm used to being pestered to get a job finished quickly but this is the first time in all my life I've been asked to do it slow."

The next time we were in he said to us, "You can tell your mom that I'll have it ready for her by noon tomorrow."

We couldn't say a word. Tomorrow was Friday, and that meant we wouldn't have the convertible on Saturday.

Joan has a bedroom up under the roof and we went up there to talk about it the way we do sometimes when it's important and we want to get together about something.

"I can't bear it," said Joan.

Alan wanted to cry but he was trying not to.

"Something's got to be done," I said.

It didn't take us very long to make up our minds what to do. Later on we didn't know who it was who thought of it, but I still think it was me, and of course I was the one who knew enough about cars to tell what to do.

"We could wreck the Ford," said Joan.

"We needn't do that," I said, "besides I wouldn't like to. If we just took the distributor it would be all right. I don't think Mac could find another one as quickly as that."

I didn't really want Alan to come with me but he was so keen about it and he might be a help holding the light, so in the end I said he could.

It's funny that I went to sleep that night. I got into bed determined not to go to sleep until the time came—one o'clock we'd said—and the next thing I knew was waking up in the dark with something icy touching my neck like a cold fish and it was Joan's hand.

"Wake up," she said, "oh, *won't* you wake up, David."

"Okay," I said, "I'm awake."

It was cold and Joan was shivering in her pyjamas.

"Alan's awake," she whispered, "he's waiting."

It wasn't just right that they should have been awake while I was asleep. It wasn't what a proper captain of a ship

would do. I got out of bed and put on my jeans and crept out of the room. Alan was waiting for me and we whispered good-by to Joan and crept down the stairs. Then I remembered that I'd forgotten the tools and had to creep back again, but it was all right. Earlier that evening I'd taken the roll of tools from the convertible and I put a small crescent wrench and a screwdriver in one pocket and my flashlight in the other. We shut the door very quietly, and went out into the back yard.

IN WHISTLERVILLE we have a curfew for under-eighteens and we didn't want to be stopped, but there's a good thing about having lived on the same street ever since I was a kid because we knew the way across the lots and through other people's yards, and we only had to cross two streets before we got into the vacant lot beside Mac's yard. Mac's yard has a high wall around it, and I gave Alan a shove-up and he lay on the top of the wall the way I told him to while I jumped up and grabbed the top of the wall too and dropped down the other side and helped him down.

I took one quick look with the flashlight and there was the Ford standing with its hood open under the leanto roof. I got Alan to hold the light while I went to work. It was cold and I was excited too so that at first I could hardly get the wrench on the nut—it rattled on it like teeth chattering—but in the end I got the distributor off and put it in my pocket and then I thought so as to be quite sure I'd take the solenoid off the self-starter, and I did that too. It didn't take very long.

Then it was time to go home. I shoved Alan onto the top of the wall and got up beside him. We looked around but we couldn't see anybody. It was a long drop to the ground and I had to help Alan down, and it was while I was doing that that the headlights came around the corner and a car stopped with the lights blazing at us. We started to run and a voice shouted, "Stop!"

Of course we didn't stop. We started running across a vacant lot and a spotlight came on in the car and swiveled around after us and I knew it was one of the police prowls.

We heard the car door slam and the engine roar as the car made a U turn. I looked around and one cop was running after us while the car headed along the road to cut us off. The cops shouted stop again and then there was a bang and a flash and a bullet went *ceek* past us. I'd heard that noise in the movies.

I suppose I ought to have stopped then for Alan's sake but we'd got to the top of the bank and when we slid down that we were safe for a minute and so we went on running across the road and into the path behind Kelloggs' back yard. The steps there are all shot, and I knew we could get up them quicker than a cop. So we did. It was funny that I'd played cops and robbers all around here when I was a kid and here we were although of course we weren't really robbers.

As we ran through the Schultz' yard I heard another noise. You hear about people's hair standing on end, and I never thought it was true until then. What we heard was a police siren just over the hill, and I knew that the prowls car we had seen had called up the other prowls car by radio, and it was just then that I saw the headlights of the first prowls car sweeping round the bend. Schultz' dog Tony was barking like all get-out, but he was inside the house and couldn't hurt us, and we ran across the petunia beds and over the fence and across Walnut Street into the vacant lot at the corner of our block.

There was another bang and another bullet as we showed up there but we ran along on our hands and knees for a few feet which kept us under the ridge until we were in the bushes. It seemed to me as if there were a million sirens all going at once and searchlights sweeping around, but we ducked



## For an all-aglow FLAIR

If a special party or a dance is just about to happen, why not tuck a flower in your hair? A yellow rose from the garden, or one of the new plastic flowers that look just-like-real will add a freshness all your own.

—By GAYLE QUINN



around Latimers' house and there we were at our own back door and we went in and shut it behind us. It was dark and I could hear Alan puffing and blowing and I leaned against the wall to get my breath and nearly jumped out of my skin when I felt a hand fumbling at my shoulder. But it was only Joan.

"What in the world happened?" she said.

"Cops saw us," I said, "but it's okay now. They couldn't see who we were. We ought to get into bed in case Mother and Father wake up."

IT'S REALLY something the way your mind works when you're excited. We crept up the stairs again trying to stop ourselves breathing too hard.

"I want to hear what *happened*," whispered Joan. She put her lips to my ear but I wouldn't take any chances.

"Sh!" I said. "Go to bed."

She managed to get up the attic stairs without a noise, and I got Alan into his room and shut the door after him and then went into my room. There was another howl from the siren and then everything was quiet outside and I got my clothes off as quick as I could and got into bed. I was shaking with all that running and I'd hardly gotten calmed down when the doorbell began ringing—ringing—ringing and I was sitting up in bed and my insides were turning over worse than they did

when I was running from the cops.

I got out of bed and we all met at the top of the stairs at once. Father in his pyjamas and Mother by their bedroom door and Alan by his, rubbing his eyes, and Joan in her pyjamas coming down the attic stairs. She was shivering too, and her face was white. So was Alan's.

"I'll see what it is," said Father. "You kids needn't worry."

We heard him open the front door. "I think there's somebody hiding in your house, sir," said a voice.

"I don't expect there is," said Father.

I looked over the banisters and watched the cops come in, two of them, each with a gun in one hand and a flashlight in the other. They went all around the ground floor opening doors and switching on lights. Then they started to come upstairs.

"There can't be anyone up there," said Father.

"Better see," said a cop.

They came clumping up the stairs. They hardly looked at us but they went through all the bedrooms and the closets. But Father looked at us I thought very sharply as he went past us behind the cops.

"No one here," said one cop.

"Funny," said the other cop. "Shea swore he saw them come in here."

"Must have been next door. You know what Shea's like," said the first cop, and then to Father, "All right. Would you mind locking your doors when we're gone, sir?"

After Father had locked the doors he came upstairs and took one look at us where we stood.

"Get into bed or I'll have the hides off you," he said.

Father has never had the hide off any of us since we were born, but that is the way he talks. We all went back into our bedrooms without another word, and I heard him and Mother talking for quite a while.

I DON'T LIKE to think about the next day very much. We all went to school, and of course everybody had heard about the thieves who tried to break into Mac's garage and about the cops searching the houses on our block and they asked me about it and I tried to tell them, but I didn't like talking about it. When I got home I found that Joan and Alan were already there and it wasn't very long after that that Father came home and came into the living room where we were trying to read the funnies.

"Will you please all sit down and make yourselves comfortable," he said.

So we sat down and looked at him while he lit a cigarette.

"I know a lot of facts," he said, "lots of facts. But I can't be a very good detective, because they won't add up for me. There's just something about it that beats me."

I just couldn't tell if he was angry or if he was trying to stop himself from laughing. He took a long pull at his cigarette before he started again.

"Last night," he said, "Mac's garage was burgled. There were only two



things taken. One was the distributor from our Ford and the other was the solenoid from the self-starter. The police saw the thieves and chased them up to this house. And the sheets of somebody's bed this morning" — he looked around at us but at nobody in particular but I knew he meant me — "were stained with lubricating oil. Those are the facts. Now I want the distributor and the solenoid back again."

I put my hands in my pockets and fished them out for him.

"Thank you," said Father, "and there's something else I want."

We all waited while he ground his cigarette out in the ashtray and took another one from his case and lit it. Then he looked at the lighted end to see if it was burning before he spoke.

"For Pete's sake," he said, "what did you do it for?"

The only reply he got was a big sniff from Joan who was beginning to cry.

"For the love of Mike," said Father, "don't do that. I only want to know what possessed you all. Let's have it. You tell me, David."

I can't remember properly what I said, although I can remember every word that Father said. But I tried to tell him about how much we wanted the convertible for Saturday and how we only wanted to delay the repairs on the Ford.

"Now we'll have to call Wally Thornton and say we can't go!" said Joan.

"Heaven forgive me," said Father. "I ought to have known. At least, I suppose I ought to have known. It's not just a question of another language; it's more like another world. I just couldn't believe that any sane person would want to spend Saturday, four in a rumble seat. Of course no sane person would—that's what I was forgetting."

We all three of us spoke at once then. We started to tell him that there was nothing like that convertible in all Whisterville and that there was nothing on earth we would rather do than go out in it.

"Would you rather do that than eat?" said Father to me.

"Yes," I said, "much rather."

"There couldn't be anything more convincing than that," said Father. "If you'd rather do that than eat I can understand now why you didn't let a little thing like burglary stop you."

He ground out his cigarette again.

"Mac was advising me this afternoon to use the buckle end of a strap. I don't know quite how we'll tackle Mac. It won't be easy to tell him that I've neglected his advice and at the same time ask him if we can have the convertible for Saturday. But I suppose we can do it."

So we went for the picnic. You know the picnic was Mother's idea. When I saw that convertible first I hadn't thought of driving it with a lot of kids in it. I'd just thought of Mary-Lou and me in it, or perhaps Dora or Cuddles Brown or some other girl, but Mother wished the picnic on us but it was the dilly of a day all the same. END



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## YOUR PERSONALITY

Continued from page 67

or — usually — a mixture of both?); *cadence* (which can be described as a sort of sense of timing in life — the rate at which we work or drift along toward a goal).

There is no sure-fire formula to acquire a so-called good personality, although people have grown prosperous writing books and offering courses that pretend there is. What they suggest are superficial techniques. Far from helping, these can sometimes be misleading, because the first step in improving personality is to realize there are some basic elements that we cannot change. If we are short and dark, we cannot be tall and blond; if we have average intelligence, we cannot be brilliant; if we are basically slow and retiring, we cannot be dynamic.

Learning to accept ourselves as we are and to live with our limitations is about the hardest lesson a teen-ager has to learn about life.

Although they may not realize it, teen-agers are more preoccupied with personality and popularity than other people, mainly because they are going through a time of what I call temporary insecurity. One U. S. researcher, Paul Henry Landis, concluded after studying the autobiographies of more than a thousand college freshmen that "almost universally, adolescents seem to suffer from inferiority feelings." Being liked, being popular is reassuring to them.

### Five teen challenges

Teen-agers may *feel* inferior, but of course they aren't. Their insecurity arises because they are facing five enormous new challenges:

**ESTABLISHING AN IDENTITY:** They have to find out who they are, where they are going, what they want in life.

**VOCATIONAL ADJUSTMENT:** They are choosing their lifework.

**EMANCIPATION FROM PARENTS:** They are no longer children, but how much independence, how soon?

**HETEROSEXUAL ADJUSTMENT:** They must learn to get along with the opposite sex.

**FINDING A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE:** They must learn where they stand in relation to God, man, the universe.

Understanding why you feel insecure can be a big help in getting started on the "good" personality you are undoubtedly capable of developing. Next come the three steps to effective personality change:

**Insight:** Sit down and really think about yourself. Who are you? What do you like about yourself? What do you dislike? What kind of human being do you want to be? This honest self-appraisal is difficult but essential.

**Motivation:** You must want to change.

**Practice:** This takes time. Often I have suggested to boys or girls that they take this or that step to change

some personality habit. "Oh, but I've tried that, and it didn't work," they'll reply. They made a few unskilled attempts and expected immediate results. But personality change, in the deep sense we are talking of, takes months, even years.

What sort of personality is appealing? There are many different kinds of personality, and what pleases one group may not please another. In one school, sports may be the only valued accomplishment; in another, academic achievement may be the key to being "in." Rather than change ourselves it may sometimes be wiser and more realistic to seek out the group that values what we have to offer.

However, I can give you a rough

think of me? If I say such and such, they may think I'm a fool. Do they really want me here? Brashness is simply a cover up for the same insecurity that causes shyness.

What can you do about shyness? Instead of worrying each time, "What do they think of me?" ask, "What do I think of them?" Concentrate on their good points, not their bad, of course.

Another clue to a good personality is that people like the person who has a genuine contribution to make — in human relationships, in the sport they are playing or the activity they are sharing. Because ours is a culture importantly geared to the idea of success, achievement is valued, too.

But contributions or achievements

were rules like "Always wear red to a party and you'll be popular."

I remember one girl — let's call her Barbara — who wanted easy rules. Barbara wasn't liked in her group, yet she was pretty, polite, and seemingly interested. She had obviously swallowed dozens of books and articles on getting along with people and she would greet an acquaintance with words as harmless as, "Hello, Mary. How are you, Mary? My, that is an attractive dress you are wearing." At the same time she pinioned poor Mary with an unwavering stare and a fixed smile. She had undoubtedly read that looking directly into people's faces when you talk to them is a "good" thing. So she used her surface technique of popularity, and was pathetic.

You see, everyone could sense it was an act. You knew Barbara wasn't interested in *you*. What she wanted was to make you think she was interested in you so that you would like *her*.

### Have something to say

So many how-to-be-popular techniques fail through this same falseness. For example, girls who rely on being leaders in the clothes race at school for their popularity, and do nothing to develop a warm sincere personality, are in for disappointment.

Some poor personality habits are fairly easily cured. The girl who attempts to show up others by ridicule or sarcasm is actually trying to overcome her own feeling of inferiority. Whether she cures the inferiority or not, she can resolve to bite her tongue every time one of those clever (?) comments rises.

If a girl never has anything to say in a group, she can study up on the subject — dramatics, current-events club, good food for parties, jazz or folk songs — so that she honestly will have something interesting to contribute, and therefore something to say.

I know of one young man who learned to make himself more interesting. Gerry belonged to a young businessmen's club where he was merely a silent, nothing-to-say outsider until he decided to change. He began by realizing he never talked because he had nothing to say, so he studied up on a subject of interest to club members. He next realized that he actually feared the sound of his own voice. In his room he practised talking aloud. Finally, when he felt ready, he went to a club meeting and at the first opportunity he had to add to the conversation, he spoke up. He spoke well enough and interestingly enough that his fellow members were both surprised and pleased. Within a year and a half he was elected club president.

In the first case Barbara tried superficial gimmicks, and failed. Gerry faced the painful fact that he *was* uninteresting, really changed and succeeded.

The truth is, we can all change — but the change must be real and deep. It takes insight and practice, but it can be done, and it is the only worthwhile way.

END

## TEEN TEMPO FASHIONS SHOWN IN THIS ISSUE

### "Where-to-buy"

Page 70

**Lansea turtleneck sweater** — Mills Bros., Halifax; Morgan's, Montreal; Murphy-Gamble's, Ottawa; Beube's, Hamilton; Leeds, London; Eaton's, Anjane, Toronto; The Sweater Shoppe, Winnipeg; Hudson's Bay, Saskatoon; Career Girl, Calgary; Woodward's stores in the west.

Page 71

**Kitten sweater and skirt** — Wood Brothers, Halifax; Margo Teen Shop, Montreal; Freeman's, Ottawa; Simpson's, Alton-Lewis, Toronto; Patricia Lynn, Hamilton; Carsen's, London; Fashion Shop, Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Aaron's, Saskatoon; Maefair, Regina; Del-Monte, Calgary; Woodward's, Edmonton; McKenzie's, Vancouver; Scurrah's, Victoria.

Pages 71 and 75

**Mr. Mort sportswear** — Arcade, Halifax; MRA, Saint John, N.B.; Holman's, Charlottetown; Eaton's, Moncton; Simon's, Quebec City; Simpson's, Montreal; Middleman's, Ottawa; Miss Style, Toronto; Career Girl, Hamilton; Leeds, London; C. H. Smith, Windsor; Maefair, Regina; Emile's, Calgary;

Woodward's, Edmonton; Jay David, Vancouver.

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**Sport Togs jacket** — Simpson's, Halifax; Calps, Saint John, N.B.; Dupuis Frères, Montreal; Simpson's, Eaton's, Morgan's, Toronto; Eaton's, Winnipeg; Kaylar, Saskatoon; Walkrite, Johnstone Walker, Edmonton; Eaton's, Vancouver.

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**Val Hughes separates** — Simpson's, Halifax; Morgan's, Montreal; Pollock's, Quebec City; Joy Frocks, Toronto; G. W. Robinson, Hamilton; Hazel's, London; C. H. Smith, Windsor; Hudson's Bay in the west.

Page 74

**Casual Togs separates** — Norman & Fils, Quebec City; Simpson's, Morgan's, Montreal; Lessard's, Chicoutimi; Gascon, Three Rivers; Specialty Shop, Middleman's, Ottawa; Lady Parker, Hamilton; Edna Ann, Oshawa; Fanfare, Toronto; Charmante, Regina; Debutante, Saskatoon.

Page 75

**Lady Anne co-ordinates** — Jacobson's, Halifax; Morgan's, Montreal; Pacquet's, Quebec City; Ritt's, Ottawa; Leeds, London; Morgan's, Toronto; Morgan's, Hamilton; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Eaton's, Moose Jaw; Mikado, Saskatoon; Eaton's, Regina; Barbie J., Edmonton; Lillie's, Calgary; Germaine's, Vancouver.

description of a generally healthy, pleasing personality. One clue is the ability to love and to work. Another key is that you possess a certain self-esteem. This means you basically like and respect yourself for what you really are. It is not conceit, which means you think you are better than you really are.

Liking yourself for what you are is necessary if you are to like others for what they are.

The desirable personality is un-self-conscious. Shyness — a real plague to many teens — is actually self-consciousness. They are too paralyzed to do or say anything because they are so worried about the effect they will have on others. Of course, the shy person isn't deliberately thinking of herself first and others last. But that is what she is doing just the same. When she walks into a group she is thinking, consciously or unconsciously, What do they

can't be offered solely for the purpose of building your own ego — here we're back to conceit, boasting and bossiness. Rather, they are something of value you offer freely to the group — no strings attached — to make the group's fun or score or record better. They're not offered simply to make the group like *you*. Isn't it true that people who do things solely for the purpose of getting themselves liked are so often actively disliked?

None of us want to be "bought." We can all spot a phony a mile off. Who wants to be bothered with a person who won't let you know the real her — who operates behind the smoke screen of an act?

People like to feel close to a real person. This is why the old advice to be natural, be sincere, be yourself is still the very best personality and popularity advice you can get. Of course, life would be much simpler if there



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## SANDRA DEE REVEALS THE REAL ME

Continued from page 69

2. Introduce him to your parents. 3. Give him a chance to talk. Be a good listener. Still, I have my own opinions and am not afraid to express them. 4. Let him run the show — deciding what you're going to do, what you're going to eat. If what he wants to do doesn't appeal to you, you don't have to accept the date. 5. Show your appreciation — the right way. Let him know you've had a good time, but I don't think it's necessary to throw in a kiss. Kisses should have some real meaning. I don't think you should *never* kiss a boy good night, it's just that kisses are worth a lot more if they're not handed out wholesale.

AT WHAT AGE DID YOU START DATING? Sixteen. I didn't mind waiting. "Don't have life come at you too quickly," my daddy told me. "Enjoy being a little girl while you can. Responsibilities come soon enough." I'd rather have a lot to look forward to than too much to look back on.

WHAT DID YOU DO ON YOUR FIRST DATE? Went to a movie, had a hamburger, came home and ate crackers and drank milk. He kissed me good night — on the cheek — but I didn't kiss him. I guess I'm not the overaffectionate type. Some of my relatives don't understand because I can't kiss someone I haven't seen in ten years. But I just can't be affectionate with people I don't know.

WHAT DO YOU USUALLY DO ON A DATE NOW? Go to a party, or to dinner and a show. Sometimes for a drive afterward, but I always get home fairly early. One thing I can't stand on a date is having to answer to "Sandy." I like amusement parks — I've never been able to get my fill of roller-coaster rides. I love excitement. When I drive my Thunderbird, I have to keep remembering to go easy on the gas.

DO YOU DATE BOYS YOUR OWN AGE? Not very often. I don't know many. Sal Mineo's an exception. I go out with him when he's in Hollywood, but usually with boys a little older. What I like about Sal is that he doesn't talk shop on a date.

HOW OFTEN DO YOU DATE? When you have to be at the studio at 7 a.m. for make-up and hairdo and don't get home until 7 p.m. or later, you restrict your dates to weekends and even then often feel too tired to go out. I usually have dinner on a tray while watching TV and/or reading (I sometimes do both at the same time and can keep track of each), then study lines for next day. I relax Friday nights by cooking dinner for my mother (I call her Butch) and myself. Our maid doesn't come in on weekends, so I have to clean up the kitchen before it's time to start getting ready for my Saturday date. I spend half the afternoon experimenting with hairdos and trying different combinations of clothes, but am always com-

pletely relaxed by the time the boy friend rings the bell.

WHAT IS YOUR REAL NAME? I was born Alexandra Zuck, of White Russian descent. Mother married for the second time when I was quite young and I took my stepfather's name, Douvan. When I got started as a model, I shortened it to Dee.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT MAKE-UP FOR TEEN-AGERS? Well, at work they have me wearing a lot, especially for my eyes and it makes me feel that I can't even blink. I'm used to it, because of my early work as a model, but I've been made up so much that I hate it. I don't even use lipstick half the time, and only powder my nose once in a while. I don't think I've ever made the mistake of wearing too much, which is what a lot of teen-agers do.

DO YOU RELY ON PARENTAL ADVICE? I have only one parent to advise me, but I feel that teen-agers with two are twice as fortunate. My mother loves me and shows it a mile. She's always been interested in me in every way, and I've always been able to confide in her. I'm happy to say we have a basic honesty with each other that's been a big help in our relationship with each other — and our relationships with others.

DOES YOUR MOTHER APPROVE OF ALL YOUR BOY FRIENDS? I think she has, so far. She's even accepted some dates for me just to be sure I'll go out. I don't date anyone unless I really want to — publicity dates don't count, of course. I believe my mother feels that from having her guidance and from being with grownups so much, I've learned how to take care of myself and to know what to expect as I've grown older.

DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE REBELLING AGAINST PARENTAL AUTHORITY? Naturally. I wouldn't be normal if I didn't, at least some times. Until I was eighteen, mother was always with me when I was working. I grew up getting the baby-doll treatment and was nine before I was allowed to cross the street by myself. I guess I'm rebelling now. I like to eat alone and usually spend the noon hour alone in my dressing room when I'm making a movie.

Mother and I have our arguments, almost always about the same thing — not clothes or make-up or boys, but eating. I don't often feel really hungry and hardly ever want what's supposed to be good for me. I love to make salads and super desserts, but get more kick out of creating them than eating them. I used to like to eat raw onion, like most people would eat an apple, but gave that up when I started doing love scenes. Didn't think it was fair to my co-star!

When I started modeling, I didn't like my round baby face. I wanted hollows in my face, like Marlene Dietrich's. I thought I'd get them by dieting, which made my mother furious. Once, when I was thirteen, I refused to eat my lunch. She administered a swat where swats are best administered and

that shocked me into eating. She made me realize that dieting, unless it's on the advice of a doctor, can be bad for teen-age kids. I'm now five-foot-four but still weigh only one hundred pounds. However, I try to be sensible about eating and don't diet any more.

WHAT HAS BEEN YOUR BIGGEST PROBLEM AS A TEEN-AGER? No one thing. I'd say it's the combination of problems that go with growing up — maturing, learning to get along with others, adjusting to life as adulthood gets nearer. On the screen, my parts have ranged from an eleven-year-old to a married woman in her twenties, but off screen my growing up has been pretty slow and sometimes painful.

WHAT'S YOUR FEELING ABOUT ROCK AND ROLL? It's not for me. Elvis isn't my type. I think that payola probably had a lot to do with the popularity of rock and roll, and many kids went along with it because there was so much of it on the air and on records that it seemed the thing to do. I can see that the Big Beat would appeal to those who want to dance, but I can't see how anyone could stand listening to some of those lyrics.

WHAT KIND OF MUSIC DO YOU LIKE? Ballads, torch songs, show tunes and semiclassical. At home on a weekend, I have the hi-fi on all the time.

HOW DOES ALL THE PUBLICITY AFFECT YOU? It takes up a lot of time but it's an important part of the business and I love the business. I usually skip stories about myself. Complimentary or otherwise, they're usually overdone and sometimes quite absurd.

WHAT DON'T YOU LIKE ABOUT YOURSELF? My temper. It didn't take me long to learn there's no room for temperament in my business, but I still blow my top sometimes at home. Still, about the worst thing I've done was to throw a mirror against the wall. Once I'm recognized as a grownup, I'll really have to work at controlling my temper. Up to now, I've been able to blame it on my growing pains. But Butch says she'd rather have me show a little spunk once in a while, rather than sulk.

DO YOU HOPE TO COMBINE MARRIAGE AND A CAREER? Yes, I'd be happier if

I kept on with my career to some degree. I want to be married by the time I'm twenty-two and have a lot of children. I don't think I'll marry anyone in showbusiness. At least, not an actor.

WHAT ARE YOUR BEST SCHOOL SUBJECTS? English, sciences, history and French. Math was okay, although fractions made me flip. I would like to pursue psychology, English and biology. I'd like to go to college.

FAVORITE SPORTS? I don't have any, really. I like being outdoors, I like swimming but am not an outdoor type when it comes to games.

HOW DO YOU FEEL DOING LOVE SCENES WITH OLDER MEN? Pretty silly. But, if I can be convincing in such scenes, I know I've accomplished something as an actress.

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO MAKE A LOT OF MONEY? First of all, I don't make a lot. Second, I'm fortunate that I never had to do without anything even before I started making money myself. It's not very different now. I've never had an allowance, but always had money for things I've really wanted. The two biggest things have been a car of my own and a nice home for mother and me. I used to go for jewelry but am rather indifferent to it now. I have a large wardrobe, because when so many photos are taken, your clothes get used up. It's a wonderful excuse for a girl who loves clothes. I never wear slacks. I'm a girl who wants everyone to know I'm a girl at first glance.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF TODAY'S TEEN-AGERS? I haven't had enough contact with them to form much of an opinion, but those I've met on tour and who've written to me have impressed me with their awareness of what's going on in the world. We may pass through a lot of odd phases (odd to older people, that is), but I believe that most of us are pretty well informed and serious about our responsibilities by the time we reach voting age.

WHAT'S YOUR PET PEEVE? Not being able to take my dogs—my Pomeranian, Pom Pom, and my toy poodle Melinda—on planes. I keep trying to smuggle them on board with me, but always get caught.

END



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## DEATH COMES TO THE ISLAND

Continued from page 25



junk. What sort of place was this to which she had come anyway? She knew that Roger's grandmother had inherited a large fortune from her second husband, and it was hard to understand how such a wealthy woman could have allowed her property to get into this condition.

She stopped and looked apprehensively toward the spot where the path entered a dark grove of pines. She remembered that her aunt and uncle, with whom she lived, had not wanted her to come to the island at all. And that Nick Endicott, the new man in her life, had protested even more violently. There had been quite an argument before she had been able to persuade him to wait in town on the mainland. She wondered now whether she had been wrong.

She walked on rapidly. All the lawyers in the world, Suzy thought grimly, could not reassure you when you were afraid of losing your child and could only guess at what was threatening you. Today she would know. It was even possible that she might be able to make the old woman realize that a young actress was not necessarily a neglectful mother or a disreputable character.

Finally the path came out of the woods and she saw the house. A huge frame pile, painted a sodden grey, it angled, curved and twisted into every flight of fancy which some overfanciful Victorian architect had been able to dream up. There were porches, there were balconies, there were gables, there was even a small and obviously uninhabitable tower.

AFTER A MOMENT, during which she tried to collect the necessary courage, Suzy banged the big brass knocker. Five minutes later she was still banging it. Finally she turned the knob and went in. The grey morning light barely penetrated this dim interior, which had the musty smell of an old house left too often to itself. On either side of the hall were big rooms, so cluttered with ancient furniture and strange objects that they seemed like rooms in a museum. She began to feel almost frightened. Where was everyone?

Then at last she heard footsteps in a room on her left and a young woman wearing a cap and apron appeared in a doorway. Seeing Suzy, she stared blankly.

"I'm Mrs. Fallon," Suzy told her.

It seemed to mean nothing at all. Suzy began to feel annoyed. "I," she said, "am Mrs. Roger Fallon and Mrs. Starke asked me to come here to see her."

The girl trotted away and Suzy had to wait in the hall for some time before she heard another step and another young woman appeared. And this one was no servant. Tall and slim, she wore her simple navy-blue dress with an air which seemed to triple its probable price tag, and she was quite startlingly beautiful. Her ink-black hair grew down in a little peak on her white forehead, her nose and mouth were lovely and her eyes remarkable. The big pale-blue eyes inspected Suzy from head to foot before she asked, "You wanted to see me?"

Certain now that this treatment was deliberate, Suzy did what she usually did at such moments. Quickly she thumbed through her six years' collection of characters she had met or played on the stage and found one equal to the situation. In this case it was Mrs.

Thoresby, an undentable society matron who had moved with chatty lack of perception through the crises of a play produced in a summer theatre two years before.

Suzy thrust out her chest in somewhat feeble imitation of Mrs. Thoresby's bosomy amplitude. Clutched a bit too tightly about her hips, her tweed coat became Mrs. Thoresby's third-act chinchilla wrap. "I," she announced in a tea-party voice, "am Mrs. Roger Fallon and I had such a nice letter from Mrs. Starke. I'm sure she must have told you she had invited me to come—"

"I'm afraid she won't be able to see you now."

Behind the smiling mask of Mrs. Thoresby's face, Suzy had to struggle with increasing annoyance. "Oh, what a shame!" she cooed. "You mean she's too sick to see me?"

"Sick?" the young woman said impatiently. "Of course not. Grandmother has been very well lately. But she is resting."

Suzy barely heard the last sentence. So that talk of illness had been just a trick!

Fortunately nothing short of an earthquake could make Mrs. Thoresby uncomfortable. Still smiling amiably, that lady reached out to stroke the back of a chair against the wall. "Such a beautiful old piece!" she gurgled. "You know it's really rather odd—" She paused. "If Mrs. Starke isn't sick, then why do you suppose she wrote a letter saying she wanted to see me before she died?"

The young woman's eyes had become twin ice cubes. "If I were you, I would stop talking about a letter. I realize you need some sort of excuse for coming. But I'd better warn you that Grandmother isn't senile and her memory is still excellent. So if you're counting on old age and forgetfulness to make her think she wrote to you and then forget about it—"

"Wait a minute!" Mrs. Thoresby was replaced by an indignant Suzy Fallon. "You mean you don't believe she wrote to me?"

"I know she didn't. I happen to be her secretary and I type all her letters." "This letter wasn't typed."

The beautiful young woman was suddenly very still. Suzy suspected she had thrown her off balance. "Where do I wait until Mrs. Starke is ready to see me?" she inquired with all the haughtiness she could summon.

The young woman walked a few steps into the room from which she had come. "Gertrude!" she called.

Watching her, Suzy remembered that this unfriendly creature had spoken of Mrs. Starke as "Grandmother." She allowed the haughtiness to relax a little. "Who are you?" she asked.

The young woman turned and once more deliberately looked her over. "Mildred Fallon," she said. "Mrs. Dennis Fallon."

So this, Suzy realized, was the widow of one of Roger's three brothers. Her sister-in-law and a member of the family which had refused to recognize her or come to her wedding.

Another maid appeared. "Gertrude," Mildred Fallon said, "please take her—" she waved a hand—"upstairs." Without another glance at Suzy, she walked away.

Suzy reddened angrily. Then she noticed that the maid, who looked rather like a rabbit, was staring at her with amused impudent eyes. She managed to remember Mrs. Thoresby.

Nothing more was necessary. One reproving glance from Mrs. Thoresby wiped the impudence off that face. Unsnobbable and undented, Mrs. Thoresby wrapped the chinchilla around her and started up the stairs.

The room to which the maid had

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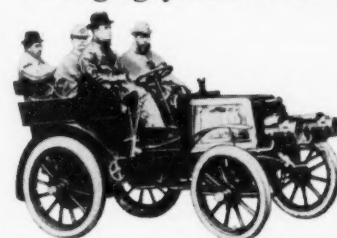
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conducted her was at the southwest corner of the house. There was a small fireplace and a good deal of heavy mahogany furniture, of which the most imposing item was a four-poster, covered by a patterned quilt.

In this rather stuffy room she was allowed to wait for three quarters of an hour before anyone paid any further attention to her. Finally there was a knock on the door and Mildred Fallon reappeared. "Do you need—" she paused, frowning. "Didn't anyone bring up your suitcase?"

Understanding now why she had been conducted to a bedroom, Suzy looked at her in amazement. "I don't need a suitcase," she said shortly. "I'm not staying here. As soon as I've talked to Mrs. Starke I'm leaving."

JANE ROWLEY Fallon Starke, who had outlived two husbands and her only child, sat on a straight-backed chair beside a table cluttered with books, newspapers, and framed photographs. Her thin right hand rested on a gold-topped cane and up to her chin she looked like anybody else's elderly grandmother. Above the chin she was startling as a circus poster. Bright dark eyes glinted under brows which resembled furry caterpillars. The hair which topped this remarkable head was a flaming and incredible shade of red.

"Good morning, Susan," the old woman said.

Suzy had to swallow twice before she could produce a voice. "My name is

were pattering across the floor. "You must not excite yourself this way, Grandmother," she said, her voice surprisingly pleasant now. "You know it isn't good for you."

"Oh, stop fussing, Mildred! Sit down, Suzy. You may remember that when I invited Roger to my seventy-seventh birthday party three years ago, you were asked to come, too."

Suzy kept her feet planted firmly on the floor. Why did this old woman persist in lying to her? If Roger had been asked to bring her with him on that trip which had ended so tragical-

ly, he would have told her. She would not have come, of course—with little Suzy on her way, she had been in no condition to face his unfriendly relatives. But he would certainly have told her.

"Sit down!" The harsh old voice became a thunderclap. The gold-headed cane pounded on the floor.

Somewhat to her surprise, Suzy found herself seated on the nearest chair.

"That," Mrs. Starke said more mildly, "is better. Now I can look at you." She looked steadily for at least a

minute. "You are an attractive girl, but less spectacular than I had expected." Briefly her eyes flicked toward Mildred. "And you look surprisingly young."

"I'm twenty-two," Suzy said with dignity.

"So you were married at eighteen—and a widow and a mother at nineteen! How long had you known Roger when you married him?"

"Two months," Suzy told her briefly.

"And your parents permitted it?"

"My parents were dead," Suzy said. And no need to mention the fuss Aunt Seraphine and Uncle John had made

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the whole*

*Of summertime on a bent-pin  
hook.*

BY ELAINE V. EMANS

Suzanne. My professional name—" she added defiantly "—is Suzy Laurence."

"Sit down, Suzy," Mrs. Starke said.

Suzy did not move. Having crossed the room to a window, Mildred, who had conducted her to this room, seemed also to have stepped out of the conversation, which was a relief.

"Why," she demanded, "did you write to me and say you were sick?"

"I did not say I was sick."

"You said you had taken to your bed."

"I was in bed when I wrote the letter."

"You said you wanted to see me before you died..." Suzy tried to keep her voice steady. "Why did you ask me to come?"

The black eyes considered her for a moment. "Is it so strange that an old woman should wish to meet the widow of her grandson? The mother of her only great-grandchild?"

"You never wanted to meet me before."

Mrs. Starke's bushy brows pulled together. "Your memory," she said tartly, "is poor. Twice since Roger's death I have written and invited you to visit me."

Mildred Fallon's high-heeled pumps

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before they finally consented to give her their blessing.

"So now you are alone?" Mrs. Starke asked.

The anger which had been making this easier faded suddenly and Suzy felt a slow chilling fear. Suppose that lawyer had been wrong? "Of course I'm not alone." Her voice began to sound too loud and she hastily softened it. "I live with my Aunt Seraphine and her husband."

"And your child?" The black eyes were very bright now. Like the eyes of the wolf when it was wearing grandmother's cap and waiting for Little Red Riding Hood, Suzy thought absurdly. "She is three years old now, I believe," the wolf added, seeming almost to lick its chops. "What is her name?"

"Suzanne Valery Fallon."

"Red."

"I knew it!" Mrs. Starke cackled triumphantly. "All our family have red hair." She touched her own impossible mop, the old eyes boring into Suzy's, as though daring her to suggest that the color of that hair was not completely natural. Then the harsh old voice once more changed its tone. "Why," it rapped out, "didn't you answer my first two letters?"

"Until three days ago," Suzy said coldly. "I had never received a letter from you in my life."

THERE WAS A pause.

Again Mildred's pumps pattered toward them. "It's time for your medicine, Grandmother—"

"Be quiet, Mildred."

Once more the pause lengthened. The black eyes probed Suzy's face.

"That," Mrs. Starke said at last, "is... interesting." She looked down at her wedding ring and slowly turned it with her thumb. "But what about you? Did you feel no desire to meet your husband's grandmother? No urge to brighten a lonely old woman's life by allowing her to see her only great-grandchild?"

For a second Suzy could only stare, then her cheeks grew hot again. "You didn't do much to brighten Roger's life, did you?" she asked angrily. "First you tried to keep him from marrying me, and then when we were married you refused to recognize the marriage. And all because I'd had to earn my living on the stage!"

"The situation," Mrs. Starke said, "was not quite so simple as that. At the time Roger decided to marry you, he happened to be engaged to the granddaughter of a friend of mine—"

"What?" Suzy cried, outraged. "I don't believe it!"

"In other words, he did not tell you?"

Suzy's teeth clicked together. This must be just another attempt to upset her.

"To you," Mrs. Starke went on, "that other engagement may seem unimportant, but I assure you it was not unimportant at the time. The entire family was seriously concerned. Therefore—"

Slowly the old woman moved her left hand across her knees, smoothing the black skirt which was already smooth. "Therefore we decided to wait and reserve judgment on you. But after Roger's death you must have known I would be eager to see his child—"

"What?" Suzy exploded then—she could not help it. "I suppose you were eager. A little too eager, weren't you? Am I supposed to be sorry because you were disappointed?"

The old woman's eyes stared at her unblinkingly. "I think," she said, "that you had better explain what you mean."

"My child," Suzy said, "is not for sale. You found that out when I returned those three cheques which were supposed to come from Roger's friends, didn't you?"

"I know nothing of any cheques which were sent to you."

"Is that so? They were big cheques and Uncle John had me show them and the letters to his lawyer. He said that since each cheque was bigger than the one before, you must be trying me out, to see whether I could be bribed if the amount was big enough."

Mrs. Starke looked down at her hands. "So merely because people had been sending you cheques, you and this lawyer concluded that I wished to take your child away from you?"

"We weren't really sure what you were trying to do till you hired those detectives."

Again there was silence. Suzy could hear a clock ticking somewhere. She could hear the faint click of Mildred's bracelets.

Briefly Mrs. Starke's eyes followed the second sound and she frowned. "Detectives?" she asked at last.

"Two months after I sent back the last cheque there were men going around in the building where we live, asking questions about me. Was I working? Did I have a car? Who took care of my baby while I was out? Things like that. People like my Aunt Seraphine, and it worried them so they told her about it. After that we watched, and there were men following me wherever I went. I knew all about it."

Again the ticking clock punctuated the silence. Slowly Mrs. Starke's thin hand smoothed her skirt.

"Just why," she asked finally, "did

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Mrs. William E. Gunn,  
Markham, Ont.

you assume that I had hired these detectives?"

"The lawyer said if they could collect evidence to prove I was unfit to raise a child, you might be able to get custody of her."

"My dear Suzy—" Mrs. Starke's tone had become almost pleasant—"now that I have met and talked to you, I am convinced that my great-granddaughter is in good hands. I have not the slightest desire to take her away from you."

Suzy caught her breath as the sudden hope surged up in her. Able to smile again and eager to keep things pleasant till she could get away, she turned her brightest smile on Roger's grandmother. "Well, it was kind of you to see me. Now I'm afraid I'll have to go. Will you ask your boatman to take me back to town?"

There was a brief pause. Then Mrs. Starke said, "No."

Suzy started. "What? Why not?"

"Now that you are here, I wish to become better acquainted with you. You will stay until tomorrow."

Suzy swallowed a moan. "I can't stay," she said, trying to control her voice. "A friend of mine is waiting over in town for me. If I'm not back by five, he will hire a boat and come after me."



"If he wishes to hire a boat and come after you," Mrs. Starke said, "that is his privilege."

She sounded so unconcerned that Suzy began to suspect Nick might have trouble hiring one. She began to feel trapped and helpless as she turned toward the door.

"Just a moment," Mrs. Starke said. "You have not heard my plans for the day."

"I'm afraid I'm not much interested," Suzy flung the words over her shoulder.

"This happens to be my eightieth birthday and all the members of my family are arriving to celebrate it with me. Lunch will be served at 1.30 and cocktails at seven—"

Suzy reached the door and closed it after her.

SHE TRAMPED along the hall to the room which had been assigned to her and closed that door too. For a moment she stood motionless on a faded hooked rug, muttering to herself.

Then she noticed something. In her absence a white envelope had been placed on the top of the dresser. The sealed envelope was of cheap paper and her name had been penciled on it in printed capitals.

She opened it and unfolded a sheet of the same cheap paper. Just four words had been printed on it: "YOUR HUSBAND WAS MURDERED."

Five minutes later Suzy was still staring at those penciled letters. But Roger had been drowned. That was what his brother Tom had told Uncle John when he had brought the body back to New York. Would he have dared to say Roger had been drowned if it wasn't true. Suzy walked up and down the floor, her face white. Quite probably this note was just a trick.

Voices in the hall outside her door indicated that the other Fallons must have arrived. It was now after one and if she had to meet Roger's relatives, then she supposed she would have to be a credit to him. Sighing, she combed her dark hair and shook out the full skirt of her green dress. From her purse she took a pair of amber earrings which had belonged to her dead mother. Some feeling of her mother's presence seemed to come to her when she wore them, giving her the courage to face what had to be faced.

Roger had had three older brothers, George, Tom and Dennis, but only two of them were still alive. Dennis had been killed in some sort of accident. George and Tom had wives, but their names refused to come to her. So did the name of Roger's widowed stepmother. The stepmother's son, his half brother, was called Larry.

Suzy left the room and headed for the stairs. This plunging into the midst of the Fallon family would not be easy. Perhaps, if she wished to make a good impression, this would be the time to play Paulina, the debutante younger sister in that short-lived production last winter. Paulina would feel perfectly at home in the midst of any family, however socially prominent, wealthy—or stuffy—they might happen to be.

Suzy went on down the stairs and turned toward a doorway on her right. There Paulina the debutante lifted her well-groomed head and made her graceful first-act entrance.

Proceeding across a large Chinese rug, Paulina considered it of no more importance than linoleum. But she did notice that this room was even more like a museum than it had seemed from the hall. Every piece of furniture was either very old or made of teakwood or lacquered.

Near the centre of the room a middle-aged woman was seated on a teakwood chair, drinking from a wine-

glass. She must be Roger's stepmother. A heavily built man who must be Tom or George was growling at a young woman beside whom he sat, rather inappropriately on a love seat. Paulina caught a few angry words concerned with charge accounts and bills and brought her heels down more emphatically.

Three heads swiveled around. Three pairs of eyes stared at her in astonishment.

After a moment the older woman spoke. "I don't believe I've had the pleasure of meeting you, I am Clover Fallon."

Paulina inspected Roger's stepmother, whom he had heartily disliked. Mrs. Fallon was curled, powdered, and girdled into a reasonable facsimile of plump prettiness, which might have been made more convincing by a less youthful frock.

"I'm Suzy Fallon, Roger's widow," Paulina said.

Conscious of her own perfect poise, Paulina was amused by the way their jaws sagged.

Mrs. Fallon produced a feeble smile. "So nice to see you," she murmured. "This is Roger's oldest brother, George, and this is his wife, Irene."

It took George another moment to recover his manners. Then he rose with clumsy haste. His pulpy hand grasped Paulina's and quickly dropped it. "I'll get you some sherry," he mumbled and hurried toward a silver tray on a teakwood table.

SUZY DECIDED she could cope with these three Fallons unaided and dismissed Paulina. She sat down on a chair which looked somewhat more comfortable than the others, and found herself all but nailed to it by the uncompromising stare of the young woman on the love seat. Having dismissed the flawless manners with Paulina, Suzy stared back.

Irene Fallon was a tiny blonde, expensive-looking, and beautiful. All she needed was a smile to brighten that expressionless face, but she had not smiled when she was introduced and was not smiling now.

George Fallon lumbered back with a glass of sherry. His scanty hair was still reddish but he did not resemble Roger at all, which was a relief. Suzy thought it might be rather disconcerting to meet a man who looked too much like your husband—particularly when that husband had been dead for three years and you were planning to marry someone else. As he gave her the glass and flicked his lighter for her cigarette, she noticed that his hand was unsteady.

The lovely little doll on the love seat spoke petulantly. "George, you're drinking too much again!"

"For heaven's sake, Irene, it's only sherry!" Scowling, he refilled his glass, lumbered back, and dropped heavily on a chair near Suzy. "Now tell us about yourself," he said pleasantly. "How do you happen to be here today?"

How did she happen to be here? Suzy thought, wanting to laugh hysterically. "Grandmother Starke invited me," she said.

"Of course—of course, what I mean is we are naturally surprised to see you. You've never come to one of these . . . uh . . . reunions before."

Before she could reply, a clear imperious voice called from the hall doorway. "George do you have a drink for me?"

"Only sherry, Lilas." He got to his feet again and started for the tray.

"Sherry?" the voice echoed with disgust. "What I need when I'm in this house is a double Scotch on the rocks."

Turning, Suzy saw a tall young woman in a handsome chocolate-colored

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dress, with a mink cape dangling from one shoulder. And she too was lovely, with dark-gold hair, a fine figure, and large grey eyes set in a tanned face. Looking from her to Irene and remembering Mildred, Suzy thought the feminine portion of this family was beginning to suggest a beauty contest. This must be the wife of Tom, the second son.

"Well, I won't pretend I'm not surprised to see you," she told Suzy coolly, when they were introduced. "To put it frankly, I'm amazed."

Quickly she emptied the glass George brought her and held it to him. "Get me a little more, will you, and let me have a cigarette too? In this house I really need my bad habits."

"Lilas!" Roger's stepmother's eyes flicked toward Suzy.

"Oh, don't yap at me, Clover. I don't suppose the girl feels any happier here than we do. Why do you suppose Grandmother decided to open the house after not setting foot in it for three years?"

"Who knows?" George said. "Maybe she's finally decided to sell the place and wanted to have one last party here."

"Don't be so optimistic."

Irene had lifted her blond head and was inspecting Lilas. "George," she announced suddenly, "I need a mink cape."

Her husband emptied his glass in one gulp and returned to the decanter on the silver tray.

"But I do need one, George! Why shouldn't I have a mink cape if Lilas has one?"

"Lilas," he barked, "has an income of her own!"

Roger's stepmother was looking at her watch and frowning. "Has anyone seen Larry?" she asked anxiously. "I told him three times to be down at one-thirty, but he never listens to me."

"Here he comes now," Lilas said.

Clover looked up eagerly, then frowned again. "No, it's only Tom."

"Only Tom?" Lilas laughed and turned to her husband. "Tom we have a little surprise for you. This is Roger's widow, Suzy."

On his way to the silver tray on the teakwood table, the new arrival stopped and spun around. Suzy saw another red-haired black-browed Fallon man. "So you're the girl who exploded a bomb under Grandmother!" He came over and sat down beside her. "What do you think of her little Victorian castle on an island. Fine spot for zombies, isn't it?"

Suzy heartily agreed. As he seemed reasonably friendly, she decided to satisfy her own curiosity.

"I don't understand about this house," she admitted. "I always thought it was her summer home. But it seems so—so permanent."

"It's permanent, all right," Tom caught his brother's eye and chuckled. "Grandmother's second husband was Amos Starke, and his father built it—why, is a debatable question. Legend tells us that the old gentleman was full of culture and liked to be alone with the ocean and his books. Before Grandmother managed to put a ring in that old bachelor's nose he had been all over the world and he must have brought home almost everything he saw that was portable."

Roger's stepmother was pulling nervously at a fold of her fussy taffeta dress. "See if you can find Larry, will you Tom?" she asked. "Your grandmother doesn't like it when he's late, and she may be down at any minute."

"Not a chance, Clover," he told her. "We haven't waited long enough yet."

"Here's Larry now," George said.

Larry Fallon, their half brother, walked in jauntily. He was about nineteen and strikingly handsome, a fact

of which he seemed quite well aware.

"Hello," Larry said when his mother introduced them. "You're a cute little job. Now I can understand why Roger ditched Mildred."

Suzy caught her breath.

Larry was grinning. "Didn't you know about that? Well I guess poor old Roger knew when to keep his mouth shut."

"Really, Larry," his mother's tone was fond, her eyes adoring. "Sometimes you say the most dreadful things!"

"Must be the Fallon in me, Ma." He grinned at her and headed for the silver tray.

Sitting motionless on her chair, Suzy had to struggle with the conviction that Larry had blurted the truth. The rest of the family seemed to have accepted it as a familiar fact. Was it possible that Roger really had been engaged to the beautiful black-haired Mildred—and then jilted her? But why didn't he tell me, Suzy wondered helplessly.

The miniature blond beauty on the love seat was once more addressing

Her assembled relatives rose quickly and clustered around, kissing her and wishing her a happy birthday. They enquired about her health, admired her gown and scarf, and generally managed to suggest ants milling about a bread crust.

Mildred Fallon tripped in on high navy-blue heels. Frowning, she removed two wineglasses from a table and rubbed it with a cocktail napkin.

George lumbered toward her with a freshly filled glass. "Here's some port, Mil. I sneaked into the pantry and found it for you."

"Thanks. I never did like sherry." She took the glass, gave him a dazzling smile, and tripped away.

Troubled and uncertain, Suzy watched the tall beautiful woman they said had once been engaged to Roger. What sort of person was Mildred Fallon anyway?

The birthday greetings were subsiding and Mrs. Starke was escorted to the dining room, and seated at the head of the big table.

Escorted by no one, Suzy finally

and began to touch up her small mouth. Mrs. Starke's black eyes pounced on her.

"Must you do that at the table, Irene?" she demanded.

Irene started and quickly got the lipstick out of sight. "Sorry," she said sulkily.

"There is no reason for any pretty young woman to be constantly smearing herself with make-up."

"In other words," Tom said quickly, "no reason for any woman at this table to do it. The Fallon men—" he smiled hopefully—"have always married beauty."

Mrs. Starke's bushy brows met over her remarkable nose. "That taste for beauty," her tone was a splash of vinegar, "has been the curse of this family. Marrying for beauty is like breeding dogs for show—the only points not considered are intelligence and disposition."

In the uncomfortable silence which followed this statement it seemed to Suzy that each of the younger Fallon women thought the old lady had been talking about the others.

Then something began to stir in her mind. Three years ago the Fallons must have sat around this table in the same way. And Roger had been among them. On whom would his grandmother's sharp-tongued attention have been focused then?

How would Roger have looked that day, the grandson who had defied her and laughed when she disinherited him? Suzy knew exactly how he must have looked—cheerful, pleased with life, grinning unconcernedly. How it must have maddened her when she realized he did not care, that he was beyond her reach!

With a feeling of shock she discovered that Roger's grandmother was speaking to her. "—such a pleasure to have you here today, my dear Suzy." The harsh old voice had become sweetly amiable. "I am hoping we will become good friends and that you will bring your little daughter with you on your next visit."

Suzy gasped. Good friends? Bring little Suzy here? How could even Grandmother Starke say such things?

Clover Fallon turned quickly to her son. "Larry, have you told your grandmother about being elected vice-president of your class?"

"He has told me three times," the old woman said.

WITH THE AIR of a schoolteacher calling a class to order, Mrs. Starke began tapping her spoon against her glass.

"I trust none of you have forgotten," she said, "that in addition to being my eightieth birthday, this is also the third anniversary of Roger's death. We will now devote a few minutes to his memory."

Suzy was shocked by this announcement. But what followed startled her even more.

Lilas Fallon's beautiful face became a tragic mask. She seemed about to shed tears. "Poor Roger!" she murmured. "Nothing is the same without him."

"I still can't believe he's gone," Clover said. "I was so fond of him."

Fond of him? Suzy stared at the stepmother who had been so unkind that Roger had thought of leaving home. At the two older brothers and their wives who had ignored his wedding. At the grandmother who had tried to keep him from marrying the girl he loved, then disinherited him.

She glanced at the old woman. And caught her breath. She thought she had never seen such an expression on any face. The thin lips were clamped together. The unblinking eyes were hard as bits of metal.

*Continued on page 100*

## You were asking CHATELAINE

### QUESTION

Are all measuring cups in Canada standard measure?

### ANSWER

Unfortunately not. Some time ago the Canadian Association of Consumers succeeded in getting passed regulations to have measuring cups and spoons standardized using the imperial pint as a basis. Manufacturers have not fallen in with the plan because they say there is not enough demand to warrant the expense of changing over to the new molds which would be required. One standard measuring cup should hold sixteen level tablespoons. Check yours with a tablespoon designed for measuring.

her husband. "George," she said, "I need a mink cape."

George made an explosive sound, jumped to his feet, and poured more sherry.

"Oh, come off it, Irene." Glass in hand, Roger's half brother Larry ambled toward her. "One of these days I'll buy you a mink cape myself. How's that?"

As he dropped on the love seat beside her, there was a sudden change in Irene. Her small red mouth curved up in a surprisingly winsome smile and she looked completely charming. "That will be wonderful, Larry." Her voice was soft chimes. "Will you buy me an orchid to wear with it, too?"

"Half a dozen little orchids," he promised easily, "for a little girl to wear one at a time."

For a moment he sounded rather like Roger, but Suzy was still too disturbed to pay much attention.

"What I can't understand," Roger's stepmother was telling George, "is why your grandmother wanted to come back this year and go to all the trouble of opening the house again?"

"She didn't go to all the trouble, Clover," George said. "Mildred did."

"Shh—" Larry warned them. "Here comes Grandmother."

JANE ROWLEY Fallon Starke limped into her fantastic drawing room like a red-headed sun dawning on a morning landscape.

"Good morning," she said, though it was now after two.

managed to find an empty chair between Tom Fallon and his stepmother.

As she began to hack at an unresponsive slice of ham, Clover Fallon leaned forward, thrusting her head of fluffy greying hair in front of Suzy's nose. "Your table looks so beautiful, Mother Starke!" she caroled. "How clever to have that basket of grapes in the centre."

"Appropriate for the Fallon family, too," Tom said. "Of course it might be more accurate to have a bottle of Scotch rampant on a sheaf of fresh rye."

"And your silver—" Clover raised her voice—"is so lovely! And I've always adored those white and gold plates—"

"They're very old," Mildred spoke from the other side of the table. "They were great-grandmother Starke's wedding china."

"Mildred, my pet," Lilas drawled, "we're not exactly strangers here, you know. We've seen these things before."

"Of course we have," Irene said crossly.

George frowned at his tiny wife. "Irene," he said. "It's only natural for Mildred to be interested in explaining. She had to plan this table—"

"Don't be absurd, George," his grandmother snapped. "I told her exactly how to do it."

Suzy shifted on her chair uneasily. A stale atmosphere of old spites and grudges hung about this family luncheon table almost suffocatingly.

George's wife put down her fork

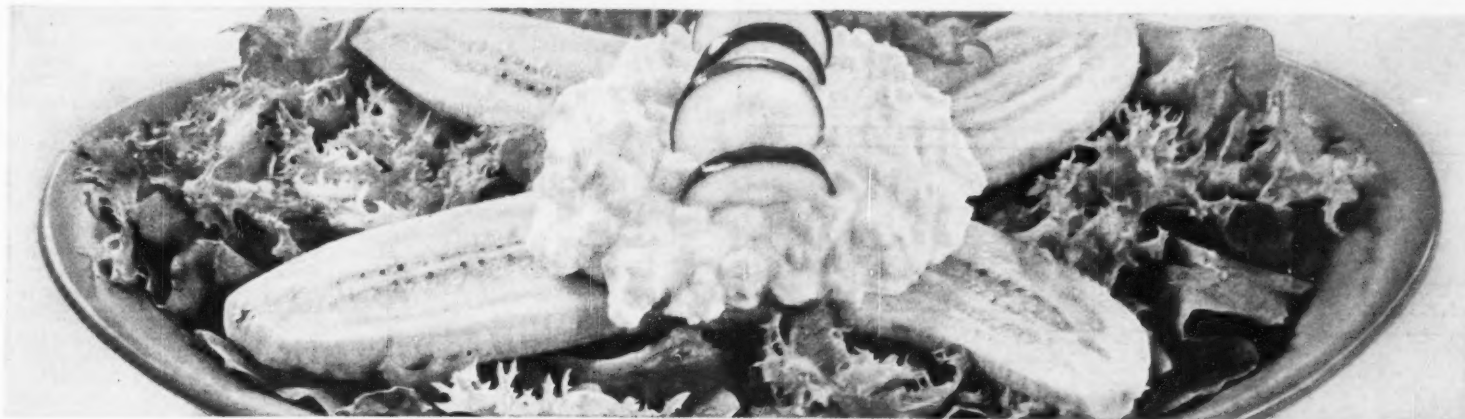
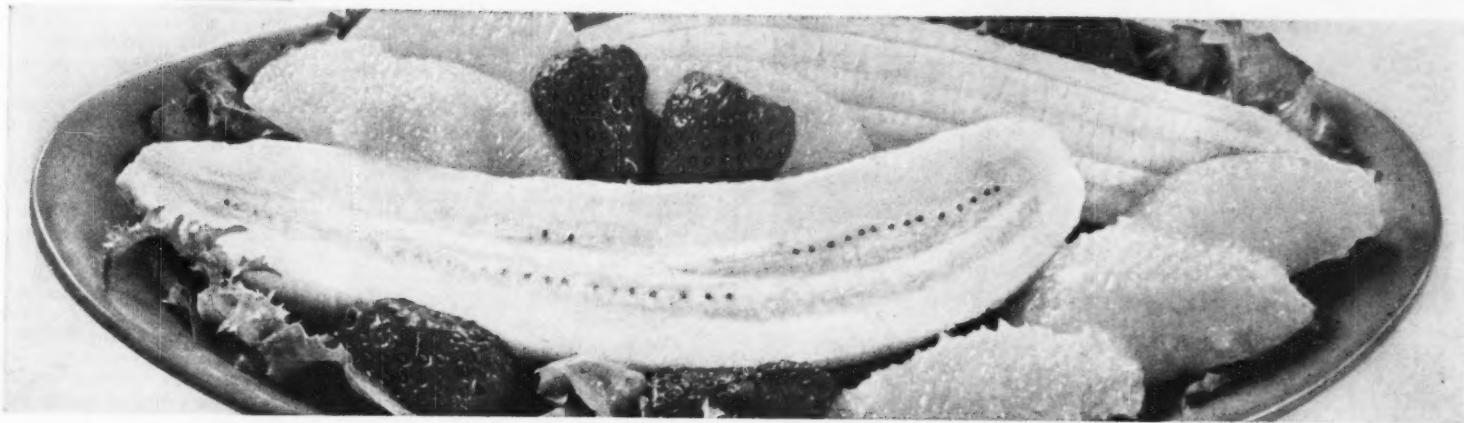




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Continued from page 98

"George and I thought a lot of Roger," Tom was saying. "Everybody did. But now I think it's time to talk about something else, don't you, Grandmother?"

"Why?"

"Because we're here to celebrate your birthday, not to —"

"Not to spare a moment to remember the dead?"

Suddenly all Suzy's emotions were fused into a tremendous anger. "I," she announced in a voice guaranteed to reach the last row balcony, "would like to talk about something else too. I don't care to have my husband discussed here."

There was a brief silence. She could feel the other Fallons staring at her.

"Perhaps," the old woman said curtly, "you will be more interested when I tell you I have never understood the circumstances of Roger's death."

Tom Fallon spoke quickly and loudly. "Grandmother, you understood them just as well as the rest of us. Do I have to remind you that Roger went out to the point to look at a comet? And slipped and fell off the cliff?"

"What?" Suzy cried. "But they — they told me he had drowned!"

"The tide was high and there was water in his lungs when we found him, so he must have lived for a few minutes. But the injuries to his head would have —" Tom stopped. "Didn't your uncle tell you all of it? I'm sorry."

She looked at him with cold eyes. "I guess my aunt and uncle were trying to make things easier for me. When they told me he had drowned, I thought he must have been in swimming and had a cramp. They let me go on thinking it."

"I notice," Mrs. Starke said, "that you have become more interested in this conversation. Which you should be. I —" she looked steadily at Suzy and spoke slowly. "I have never been able to understand why a healthy young man in his senses should have fallen off that cliff."

Why was the old woman staring at her this way, Suzy wondered. She began to have a queer feeling that those eyes were trying to tell her something.

"He had put on sneakers to climb it and in the darkness he must have slipped —" Tom was saying.

"I don't believe it," Mrs. Starke said flatly.

Suzy froze. That old woman suspected Roger had been murdered? Had she printed that note, was she staring at her now — because she wanted her to know?

"What you believe or don't believe," Tom persisted, "isn't going to change the facts. Now suppose we talk about something else."

"I," Mrs. Starke said, "am not accustomed to being told what to talk about."

"Grandmother," with his thumb Tom indicated something behind her.

Slowly she turned her brassy red head. The pantry door had opened and Gertrude, the rabbit-looking maid, came in, her eyes bright and interested.

Mrs. Starke crumpled her napkin into a wad and flung it down beside her plate. "Help me up, someone," she said. "We've stayed at the table long enough."

SUZY SHIVERED and buttoned up her coat. Down there among those rocks Roger had died. Had he really stepped into a puddle and slipped and fallen? How could she believe that? She knew now that this was not a dangerous place to be. The top of the rock was almost flat. A young active man, familiar with every crevice, would be quite safe here, even at night. All he would need was a flashlight to show

him where he was stepping. But suppose Roger had been reckless that night? And tried to climb up here without a flashlight?

Suzy had a disturbing thought. Why did she want so much to believe he had *not* been murdered?

All right, she told herself angrily, so you can't bear to face it! Roger died and you didn't make the slightest effort to find out what had really happened to him. In less than three years you learned to forget and love someone else.

She put her hands over her eyes. If only Nick were here now, she thought in a burst of frantic longing.

Her hands dropped to her sides. With something close to horror she looked down at the winking diamond on the left. How could she be thinking of Nick now — and here? What about the man she *had* loved?

Suddenly she was back in the tiny kitchen of a tiny apartment and a tall red-haired man had just opened the front door. She dropped the spoon with which she had been stirring something and galloped through the living room to fling herself into his arms...

She bit her lip. It had not lasted long, but while it lasted it had been wonderful. Not that they hadn't had their share of quarrels. Gay, witty, generous, able to charm dogs, children, and the crustiest of adults with equal ease, Roger had also been headstrong, impulsive, and shockingly stubborn. And she herself was no patient mouse. They had quarreled explosively, and it seemed she almost welcomed the anger because of the swift and equally violent reconciliations...

But she could see now that she and Roger had been too much alike. Once the first bright shine of it had worn off, things might have become difficult. Nick was better for her. Nick had the patience she lacked and was solid as this rock on which she stood.

Dear God, how could she be thinking about Nick again?

The feeling of guilt fell down upon her like a crushing weight. She hated herself. She could not live with that self a moment longer without making some sort of reparation...

Slowly Suzy walked back across the rock, the cold wind lashing at her. To the east she could see that ridge of rocks with the surf breaking over them. To the west was the hazy line of the mainland. Nick was there, waiting for her, and if she did not return at five he would certainly come after her.

AT THE FRONT of the house she found Roger's brother Tom seated on the porch steps, smoking a cigarette. "Hello," he said. "I wondered where you were. Sit down and talk to me."

This was opportunity and she sat down quickly, tucking her flapping skirt under her knees. Tom looked at her for a moment, and smiled.

"Your eyes," he said, "have gleams of gold in them like your earrings. It's quite a fascinating thing to watch, but I suppose you know all about it. That's why you wear them isn't it?"

"Not exactly," she said. "They belonged to my mother."

Tom flicked a bit of ash on the gravel path below the steps. "Your mother should have heard you at lunch today." To her surprise he chuckled. "It must have been the first time since Roger's death that anyone had talked back to Grandmother. And I suspect it was very good for her."

"Why do the rest of you sit up and beg like a bunch of trained poodles?" Suzy asked crossly.

Tom's face sobered. "There is another side—my father wasn't a wealthy man and he had four sons to educate, and Larry later. Grandmother never showed much interest in helping him.



She told him once that Amos Starke wasn't his father, and we weren't going to toss her money away until she was gone. After a while that money began to seem . . . well like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. It would solve all our problems."

"It didn't seem that way to Roger," Suzy said. "He didn't care whether he ever got any or not."

"Roger knew he would get a sizable chunk no matter what he did."

"He didn't know anything of the kind," she cried indignantly. "Two weeks after we were married he had a letter from his grandmother and he told me she had scuttled him."

"Well, the rest of us knew Grand-

delphia with her family and friends, and if he wanted to marry her, he would have to keep the job he had and stay there. Roger came home, packed his bags, and took the next plane to New York."

It was hard to believe that any girl who loved Roger could have understood him so little, Suzy thought.

"So naturally," Tom continued, "your unexpected presence in this house has been causing some alarm. Roger was the favorite grandson and he has a child—" He paused. "Will you believe me if I say that after Dad died Grandmother made a new will, leaving half her estate to Roger and dividing the other half between George, Dennis, Larry and me?"

Suzy sat quite still. If this was true, then there *had* been a money motive for killing Roger! "You're joking," she said weakly.

"It was no joke to some of us, I can assure you. After Roger married and Dennis died," he went on, "Grandmother made another will, and so far as I know, she hasn't changed it since. The estate is to be divided equally between George, Larry, and me, with an annuity for Mildred during her lifetime. The annuity has been promised to Mildred no matter what, which is fortunate for her because, as you know, she really needs money."

SUZY LOOKED down at her hands. So with the exception of Mildred, any member of his family might have had a motive for killing Roger! However Tom's explanation seemed to rule out the possibility that he might have pushed Roger off the cliff. She could not believe any murderer would so willingly reveal his motive to the victim's widow.

Playing for time, she asked, "Why, did your grandmother say she had never understood the circumstances of Roger's death?"

Tom leaned over to put out his cigarette before answering. "She's old," he said as he straightened up, "and she forgets. We have to keep reminding her of things."

"It does seem odd that Roger should have slipped and fallen off that point, doesn't it? Didn't he have a flashlight with him?"

"Sure he had a flashlight. We found it afterward."

Suzy swallowed a gasp. Only then did she realize how earnestly she had been hoping that Roger *had* been reckless and neglected to take a flashlight with him.

"How soon after the accident was Roger found?" she went on.

Tom had just put the cigarette to his lips. Around it he said, "The next afternoon."

"What?"

"Now take it easy till you understand. I explained all of it to your uncle the day I came to see you. Somebody had read about this comet we were supposed to be able to see that evening and all of us went out to look. Roger told someone he was going to change his shoes and go out to the point because he would have a view of the whole sky there. That was the last anyone saw of him. When the rest of us came back to the house, his door was closed. It was after midnight then and I assumed he had come in earlier and gone to bed. We didn't miss him till the next morning."

"Oh," Suzy said. "Where did you find him?"

Tom glanced at her and scowled. "This can't be very pleasant for you. We went out to look for him and found his flashlight where it had rolled into one of those depressions in the rock when he dropped it. We noticed there was water in that hole and in some of the others, and then knew what had

### THE INNOCENCE LEFT HIM (From the Irish)

*They tell of a lad of fifteen  
years,*

*Strong and straight, and the  
face of him*

*With no more guile than a  
baby deer's;*

*And the lilt in his laugh, the  
grace of him.*

*On his way to church, in the  
kindly weather,*

*Warm, and he walking the hills  
of heather,*

*He threw his coat in the prism-  
ed air—*

*And a sunbeam, caught it and  
held it there.*

*Then one black day he watched  
a fight—*

*Two great men, the brute fists  
pounding;*

*Drunk he was, with their fear-  
ful might,*

*The rills of blood, and the  
curses sounding.*

*The innocence left him, the  
fighting over.*

*Running, then, through shy,  
sweet clover,*

*He flung his coat in the moted  
air—*

*And it fell to the field and  
settled there.*

BY HELEN SMALL

mother would forgive him when she cooled off. He was her favorite grandson."

"He couldn't have been," Suzy said flatly.

"He was her favorite—that was why she made so much trouble for him. George, Dennis, and I could marry whom we pleased, but for Roger she wanted what she considered a suitable wife. And one she thought she could manage, of course, so she dangled Mildred under his nose till he gave in—for a while."

"What happened?" Suzy could no longer control her curiosity.

"When Roger was offered that job in New York, Mildred put her foot down. She said she preferred to live in Phila-



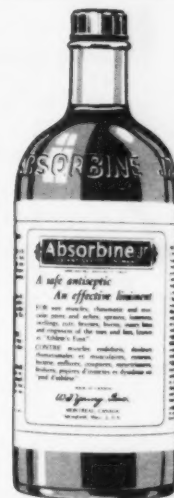
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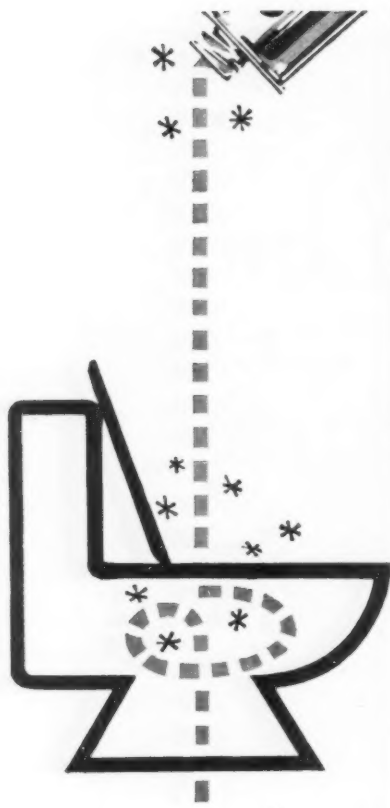
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happened. We found him late that afternoon."

Tom was staring straight ahead and the face beneath his red hair suddenly looked tired, grim, and years older than it was. For the first time it occurred to Suzy that Tom might actually have loved his brother. She braced herself. "I think some member of the family murdered him."

She heard Tom catch his breath. His face crimsoned. "You little fool!" he exploded. "What right have you to come here and say such things about us? You never saw any of us before—"

Behind them the front door opened and Tom turned his head. His expression changed. "Here comes George," he whispered urgently. "For God's sake don't talk to him about a murder. George isn't well. He wouldn't be able to take it."

The porch shook beneath the heavy step of Roger's oldest brother. "Where have you been since lunch?" he asked Tom. "Lilas and Irene wanted to play bridge."

Somehow Tom managed to grin as unconcerned as though they had just been discussing the weather. "I decided it would be a good time to walk around the island."

"Thanks, Tom," George eased his bulk down on the step beside him. "I don't feel up to bridge this afternoon."

Suzy remembered the quantities of sherry he had drunk and was surprised he felt able to walk.

"Don't you think," George was asking, "that house parties on this island are getting to be too much for Mildred?"

"For Mildred?" Tom snorted. "That girl has more energy than an active volcano. Don't waste your time worrying about her." He looked from his brother to Suzy, then stood up. "Guess it's time for me to disappear again," he added, and walked away.

She was getting up when George's pudgy hand caught at her coat. "Don't go," he said. "I'd like to talk to you."

She glanced at him again and was startled. The sagging face beneath his scanty red hair was still as unappealing as it had seemed before. But the eyes which were looking out of that face now did not seem to belong there at all. They were the mournful beseeching eyes of a lost dog.

"Tell me about your little girl," he said.

ALONE IN HER ROOM, where she had retreated to consider what she had learned, Suzy was distracted by astonishment. For nearly half an hour George had coaxed her into talking about her child. "Must be nice to have a kid around," he had said wistfully.

What he said next had really startled her. After some talk about the cost of a college education, he had asked her to let him start a bank account for little Suzy. "If I put in a few hundred a year," he had said, "there should be plenty by the time she's eighteen. It's something one of her uncles should do for her."

Suzy had refused, of course. She did not want to be indebted to any of these Fallons. But the offer had seemed sincere. She had not expected to find kindness or generosity in this house — certainly not behind George Fallon's unprepossessing exterior. The subject of Roger's death was not mentioned. But looking at the whole thing calmly and objectively, she could no longer believe it had been an accident. Someone had pushed Roger off the cliff and killed him.

The room began to spin around her. She leaned limply against the wall. All right, my girl. No more backing away, line up the facts you have and look at them carefully. Whatever the old woman may know of Roger's death, she

could not be responsible for it. No murderess would deliberately plant suspicions in the mind of her victim's widow. And no man who had killed his brother would be so willing to reveal his motive as Tom had been.

And what about George? Could he have killed his brother for money? No, you can't believe that. With all his faults, George is a kind man and surprisingly generous.

So now you have only four possible suspects. Tom's wife Lilas, George's wife Irene, their stepmother Clover, and her son Larry, who could have been no more than sixteen at the time. But you can't go any further without more information, can you. It's time to talk to Mrs. Starke.

GRANDMOTHER STARKE sat on a straight-backed chair beside the cluttered table, her hair an extraordinary blast of color in the dull late-afternoon light. She was alone.

"Sit down, Suzy," she said, almost pleasantly. "Those are very handsome earrings you are wearing."

"They belonged to my mother," Suzy said.

"I see. And you value them, of course."

"Yes."

There was a brief silence. Then the old woman said, "Downstairs in the library there is an album with photographs of Roger which were taken on this island before he married you. I don't know whether you would be interested in seeing them now—" she paused. "But they are there."

Suzy was sure they had been mentioned merely to remind her that she had forgotten Roger too quickly. Trying not to squirm, she said shortly, "I'll be very glad to see them."

There was another pause and she clutched at her courage.

"Why," she asked, "do you think Roger was murdered?"

The room was suddenly so quiet that the ticking clock seemed noisy. Abruptly Mrs. Starke leaned forward. "What" — her voice was loud and harsh — "gave you the idea that I thought he had been?"

Suzy gasped. "Wasn't that what you were trying to tell me at lunch?"

The silence lengthened. Finally Mrs. Starke leaned back and let her hands fall loosely in her lap. "Perhaps," she said.

Suzy let out her breath. "And it was you who printed that note and had it put in my room, wasn't it?" she asked. "Perhaps."

Suzy struggled for self control. "If you knew Roger had been murdered, why didn't you do something about it three years ago? Why didn't you tell the police?"

Mrs. Starke sighed. "I am an old woman and I cannot always trust my own impressions of what is happening. Or my memory."

This bland statement exasperated Suzy to the point of forgetting her fears. "Mildred said your memory was still excellent."

"Mildred," Mrs. Starke said curtly, "is ridden by a small persistent demon which forces her and everyone around her to be neat, punctual, and forget nothing. It is impossible to be forgetful while Mildred is in the house."

Convinced now that it would be useless to ask more questions, Suzy was about to get up and leave the room, when someone knocked on the door.

Mrs. Starke looked up impatiently. "Come in," she called.

The door opened and Tom Fallon's beautiful wife walked in. "I'm sorry to burst in this way when you're resting, Grandmother," Lilas said, with a pointed glance at Suzy who had obviously burst in earlier. "But there's been a little—accident." She held out the bad-

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ly burned remains of a handkerchief. "I've always thought you smoked too much," the old woman told her tartly. "Did you finally set yourself afire?"

"Of course not. A few minutes ago I was walking through the hall and I smelled smoke. The door of her room—Lilas tossed another glance at Suzy—"was open, so I looked in. I found she had set fire to her bed—"

"What?" Suzy cried indignantly. "I did not!"

"Smoking in bed," Mrs. Starke announced, "is a very dangerous habit. You might have been badly burned."

"It just happens," Suzy said, "that I didn't smoke at all while I was in that room."

They ignored her. "I'm afraid it was one of your favorite quilts, Grandmother," Lilas said. "Do you want to look at the damage?"

"Not now. Do you think it can be repaired?"

"I doubt if you'll be able to find any materials which would look right with those old-fashioned prints. I'm glad I happened to be in the hall just then," she added. "We might have had a real fire."

Suzy looked angrily at the heroine of this near disaster. "Do you," she asked, "expect anyone to believe I set fire to that quilt, and left the room without noticing?"

Lilas shrugged. "Well, of course, we did have sherry before lunch."

Suzy wondered whether even an old woman would be able to believe that one small glass of sherry before lunch could still be lulling anyone at 5 p.m. Nevertheless that wrinkled face had once more become such a tight-lipped mask that she supposed it must be trying to register virtuous disapproval.

"Nuts!" Suzy said scornfully, and left the room.

In the hall she could smell only the musty odor of the old house. In her room in a china tray on the bedside table she found ashes and a cigarette butt smeared with lipstick. As her purse contained both a lipstick and a pack of cigarettes and she had left the purse on a chair, she was willing to believe they matched perfectly.

Had Lilas done this, she wondered. She must have been trying to prove that little Suzy's mother was a careless fool, a constant menace to Mrs. Starke's valuable possessions.

But had Lilas done it alone? Would she have taken the chance of being caught setting fire to her husband's grandmother's quilt? She must have had a lookout. Who had waited in the hall? Irene, perhaps? Or Clover?

Well, this was no time to think about how unpleasant it all was. What could she do next. Putting the ash tray back on the table, she remembered what Grandmother Starke had said about an album with photographs of Roger, and sure now that she was being kept on the island for some definite reason, Suzy suspected that whatever she found would merely be disturbing. But since she could only guess at what was going on in Grandmother Starke's mind, she decided she had better have a look anyway.

She found the library on the first floor, at the southwest corner of the house, just under the bedroom which had been assigned to her. It was a large gloomy room, made gloomier by heavy draperies, its high shelves lined with volumes looking dusty and unread. Having managed to find the album, she carried it to the table and sat down.

On the second page she found Roger in a group on the tennis court. She guessed he could have been no more than eighteen at the time and he looked strangely young and thin. Then, further back in the book, she found a younger Lilas and a younger Tom seated on the beach and smiling. She would not have believed the two of them could look so happy and so pleased with each other. She turned another page and found Mildred.

As a young girl, Mildred had been

She studied the young man's face more carefully and felt a stab of quick pity. The camera had played a cruel trick on him. As he gazed at Mildred it had managed to catch a look of so much tenderness, so much longing, that it was almost shocking to find it still preserved on paper years later. Whoever had taken that photograph, Suzy thought, should have had the kindness to destroy it.

Then she began to wonder who the young man could have been. The nose and the heavy brows suggested a Fallon, but nothing else about the bony, rather handsome face seemed familiar. Perhaps it had been Dennis, the only one of the four Fallon brothers she had never seen. If this was a picture of the man who had actually married Mildred, then its presence in an album seemed less shocking.

She was ready to turn another page when Tom Fallon came into the library. Seeing her, he grinned as cheerfully as though murder had never even been mentioned between them. "Where did you find this relic?" he asked, looking over her shoulder. "Didn't even know the thing existed."

He stared at the page for a moment, skimmed through the last few pages, and glanced at his watch. "My dear girl, I'd better warn you that in this house getting dressed for dinner at the last minute is an impossibility. No matter which bathroom you try, somebody else is always in it. You'd better get started now. I'll put this away for you." He closed the album and picked it up.

SOON AFTER seven Suzy left her room, dressed for dinner as for lunch in the green dress which was all she had with her. The sky outside the win-

## Did you know...?

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even lovelier than she was now, and the force which had become so evident in her had been better concealed. Those big soft eyes, that gently smiling mouth seemed to promise only warmth, sweetness and affection. The young man who had been photographed with her, Suzy noticed, looked as though he really believed that promise.

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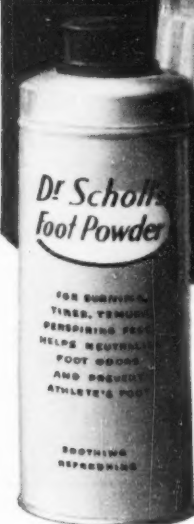
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dows was darkening and Nick had not yet appeared.

Descending the creaking staircase, she heard the wind whining mournfully around the house, and shivered. From this house Roger had gone forth into the night, alone.

In the dimly lighted first-floor hall Roger's half brother Larry had paused to adjust his tie before a wall mirror. Suzy's eyes brightened as she realized that this was her chance to question him.

As she came toward him, Larry turned, his smile flashing big white teeth. "Hello," he said, "where were you all afternoon? I missed you."

She barely heard the words. "I took a walk," she told him briefly. "Tell me, Larry, were you—"

"Took a walk? Why didn't you look around for me first? I would have gone with you." He smiled again and touched her arm.

She realized that Larry had his own ideas about what should be done with this chance encounter. He was just practising on her, of course, but he knew how to do it—or at least he would know in a couple of years.

"Were you here on this island the night Roger died?" she asked.

"Sure," Larry said. "That was too bad, wasn't it? Poor old Roger." Dismissing Roger, he went on, "You know you look darned nice tonight, Suzy. I like that green dress."

A warm caressing note had come into his voice. It seemed so familiar that she stared. She looked at him again and the smile on his handsome young face seemed familiar, too. Of the surviving Fallons it was Roger's half brother who resembled him most. But a younger, undeveloped version of Roger, not yet completely convincing.

She caught her breath. What could have put such a thought into her mind? This boy did not mean a word of what he said to her. And Roger had loved her...

Disconcerted and confused, she felt a sudden overpowering urge to get away from Larry, but smiling, he seized her arm and escorted her into the living room to a chair. His mother, Tom, George, and Irene were already there, so it was too late to ask more questions.

She managed to take the glass George brought her and thank him for it. The glass contained a martini and George also seemed to contain martinis—quite a few of them, she guessed. For a second she found herself wishing that a man who happened to be little Suzy's uncle would display his admirable qualities a bit more noticeably, then she dragged her mind back to her problem.

She looked at Roger's stepmother, and found it hard to believe that this plump, overdressed, rather silly matron could ever consider killing anyone. But Clover had just one son, whom she obviously adored. For that one precious son, she would want the moon if she could get it. She must have hated the

stepsons who were going to divide his grandmother's fortune with him, and most particularly she must have hated Roger.

Seated in a carved teakwood chair, George's wife sat inspecting her small blue suede sandals, which dangled some two inches above the floor. The charm which she had poured out briefly for Larry's benefit before lunch did not seem to be a commodity which she cared to waste on the rest of the family.

Tom's wife had entered the room and seated herself, throwing back her mink cape to reveal a well-cut black dress. Tonight she looked even lovelier than she had at noon, but it was a cold sort of beauty, Suzy thought. It was not too difficult to picture Lilas killing for money.

Irene was staring at the string of small pearls which now circled her sister-in-law's tanned throat. "When did you get those?" she asked. "They're just culture pearls, aren't they?"

"No, they're natural pearls," Lilas said.

Irene's eyes narrowed and her small mouth screwed up. For an instant she looked far from pretty.

"Oh, cheer up, Irene," Larry grinned at her. "It won't be long now. Remember this is the eightieth birthday."

"Larry!" His mother flung a horrified glance toward the hall doorway. "He was just joking, of course," she told the others, and shook a playful finger at him. "But that joke, dear, was in very poor taste."

"And before you dig your own grave and fall into it, pup," Tom Fallon warned his half brother in a low voice, "I think I hear Grandmother coming now."

A cane clicked on the hall floor and a moment later Mrs. Starke limped into the room. Tonight she glittered like a Christmas tree. She wore diamond earrings, diamond bracelets, diamond rings, and a sapphire-and-diamond brooch pinned to her black dress. The color of her high-piled hair seemed even more incredible than it had by day.

"Good evening," she said.

Again the assembled Fallons rose quickly and clustered around her, talking eagerly. Suzy stood motionless, watching them. It was all here in this room, she thought, feeling chilled, just as it must have been here three years before—the selfishness, the greed, the determination to get more than someone else did. The ingredients of murder.

MRS. STARKE was downing her third martini when there were sounds of argument in the hall. Mildred's voice rose in protest.

An instant later a large worried-looking young man strode into the room. "Nick!" Suzy cried.

He plunged toward her and gripped her by the arms. "You all right, honey?"

"I'm fine!" She almost sang the words. The face beneath his sandy hair had seemed plain the first time she saw it—the jaw too long, the nose too big,



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ARTWORK — Maxine Graham (3, 86), Robert Turnbull (16, 48), Will Davies (20, 21), Fred Oakley (24, 25), Charles Dolesch (52), John Thorne (64, 112), Doug Johnson (78, 79). COVER — dress and hat from Simpson's.



Now it looked beautiful beyond words.

"Suzy," Mrs. Starke demanded, "who is this young man?"

Still gripping one of Suzy's arms, Nick turned to look at the red-haired bejeweled old woman with the cocktail glass in her hand. His face froze.

"Grandmother Starke," Suzy said, "this is my fiancé, Nick Endicott."

"How do you do?" Nick said. Under his breath, he muttered, "Let's get out of here!"

Skipping further introductions and with a minimum of apology, they hurried from the room. In the hall she was lifted off her feet and violently kissed. "I've been half crazy," Nick told her. "Didn't know what was happening to you!" He kissed her again.

"So you got yourself into another mess, did you, honey?" he asked a moment later. "If that old lady is sick, then I'm a ring-tailed monkey. Get your coat and let's get out of here."

Nick took a flashlight from his pocket, turned it on, and hurried Suzy along the path to the boathouse. "Did the old lady want to keep you here tonight?" he asked.

"Yes," Suzy said. "When I wanted to leave, she said I would have to stay."

"I thought so. When you weren't back by five, I tried to call you. There's no telephone on the island. Why did she want to keep you here?"

"I don't know," Suzy decided that this was the moment for her good news. "But I think she'd given up the idea of trying to take little Suzy away from me."

"What?" Nick shouted. "You mean I can be sure of having that kid for my daughter now? Why, that's the best thing that's happened since you promised to marry me!"

He sounded so pleased that Suzy found it absolutely necessary to kiss him again. This interlude became so absorbing that they were not conscious of the light moving toward them till it shone almost in their faces.

As they hastily separated, a dark figure passed them, clutching another flashlight and breathing hard.

"Must be one of the maids," Suzy whispered.

Nick seized her arm again, turned on his flashlight, and propelled her along the path. Abruptly she grew conscious of the sound of surf on the rocks. She thought of the night three years ago when that surf had battered Roger's helpless body, and was shocked at herself. What had happened to her that she could be thinking of leaving the island now—with the job she had to do still unfinished.

Weighted down by guilt, it took her a moment to realize that what she was hearing now was more than surf.

Then Nick exploded. "What the hell! That's a motorboat! And there wasn't any other boat at the dock—" Dragging her with him, he began to run.

By the time they had reached the bridge which led to the boathouse, the sound of the motorboat was fading. When they panted down the stairs and rushed out on the dock, even its lights were no longer visible.

Nick tramped up and down the dock. "She bribed him!" he sputtered. "That old witch bribed him to go away!"

"Grandmother Starke wasn't taking any chances of having me leave the island tonight, was she? She even sent away the boat that belongs here! Why do you suppose she's so anxious to keep me here!"

"That's what I'd like to know," Nick said. "What's your guess?"

Suzy's feeling of relief was suddenly gone, replaced by chill apprehension. She clutched at the arm of the man beside her. "Nick," she said in a small voice, "I—I have a lot to tell you."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

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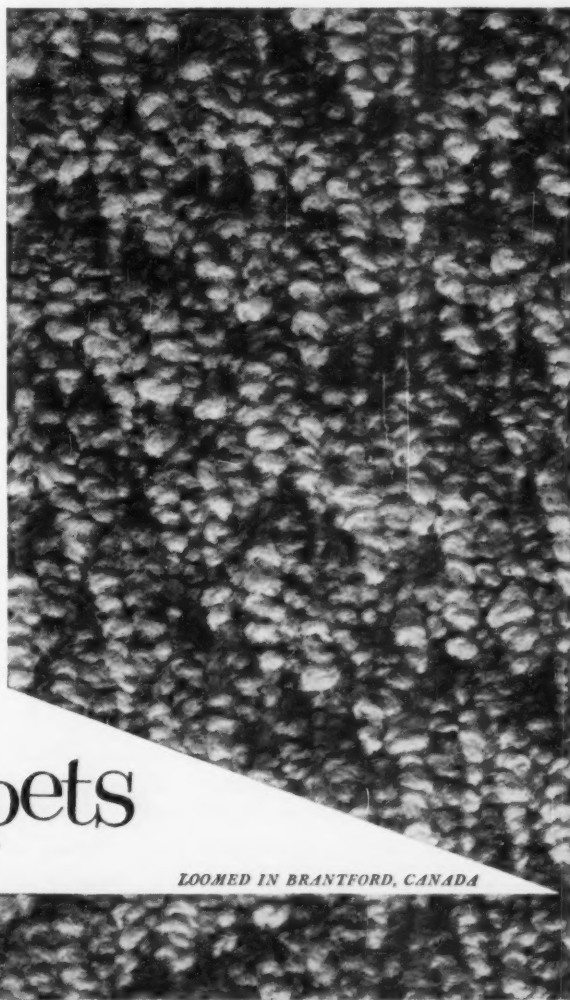
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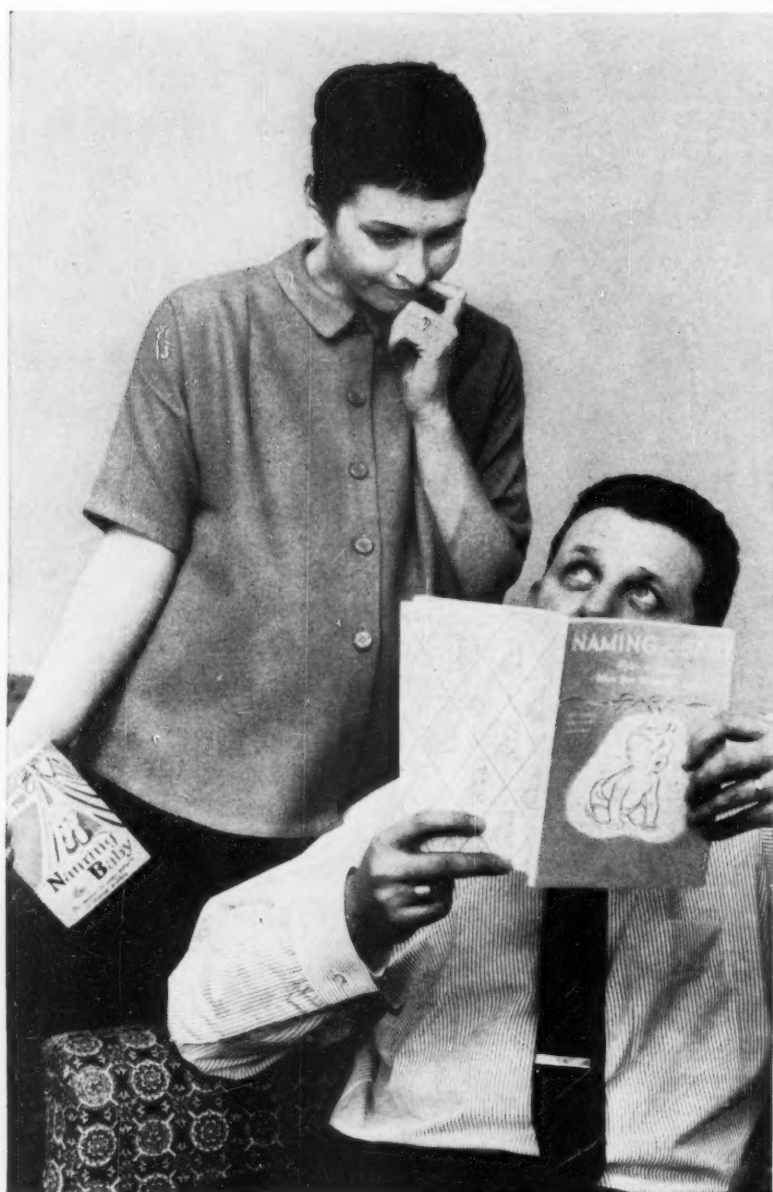


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0009

## YOUR CHILD



## "MY CHILD IS SICK — but he won't stay in bed"

By ALTON GOLDBLOOM, MD

• When it is measles or sneezles or wheezles the cry is: "To bed." Mother phones the doctor and says, "I've clapped him into bed until you come." Why, or even how, you clap a child into bed is something I have never quite learned; but clap seems to be the phrase. Why in bed? Just what does staying in bed do to the mildly ill child or even to the moderately ill child with a fever? May we ask ourselves two questions: exactly what good do we do a child by keeping him in bed, and what harm do we do a child by giving him the freedom of the house?

These are not new questions. In one form or another they have been concerning physicians for at least ten years; and the last few years have seen a real revolution in the attitude toward the whole problem of bed rest in illness, after operations and after childbirth.

### Why keep him in bed?

It would take us too far afield to go into the reasons for this about-face thinking, but I like to think that it was the children who showed us the way. The doctor was strict enough in his orders, but the poor child, much to the mother's utter distraction, paid not the slightest attention to them. The temperature was 102 or 103 and the child, instead of obediently lying flat and immobile, as ordered, would merrily promenade the

four sides of the crib or assiduously test the resilience of his bedsprings by seeing if he could gather sufficient momentum to hit the ceiling.

It is the poor mother, of course, who "hits the ceiling" because she feels that she has failed as a mother. "I can't keep him in bed," she cries to her doctor over the telephone. "You must," he used to say not so many years ago. "Well, what of it?" he is apt to say today. These children with little visible signs of illness other than the fever, I call "thermometer sick" — that is to say, if the temperature were not measured, the child would not be considered ill. Such children are no worse off about the house than they are in bed, and mother's life is much less complicated and harassed.

Recent studies made in the United States on about a thousand young patients have shown that children with "grippe," sore throat, even mild pneumonias, and certainly those with measles, chicken pox or mumps, are no worse off if allowed the pleasure of eating at table, going to the toilet, watching television and all the other harmless activities which help to relieve the tedium of confinement. The child's instinctive judgment in these matters is a pretty good guide. If you can't force him to be still and be quiet, if he insists on playing despite what to you is an alarming fever, just thank the good Lord, for you may be sure he will soon recover. That sick



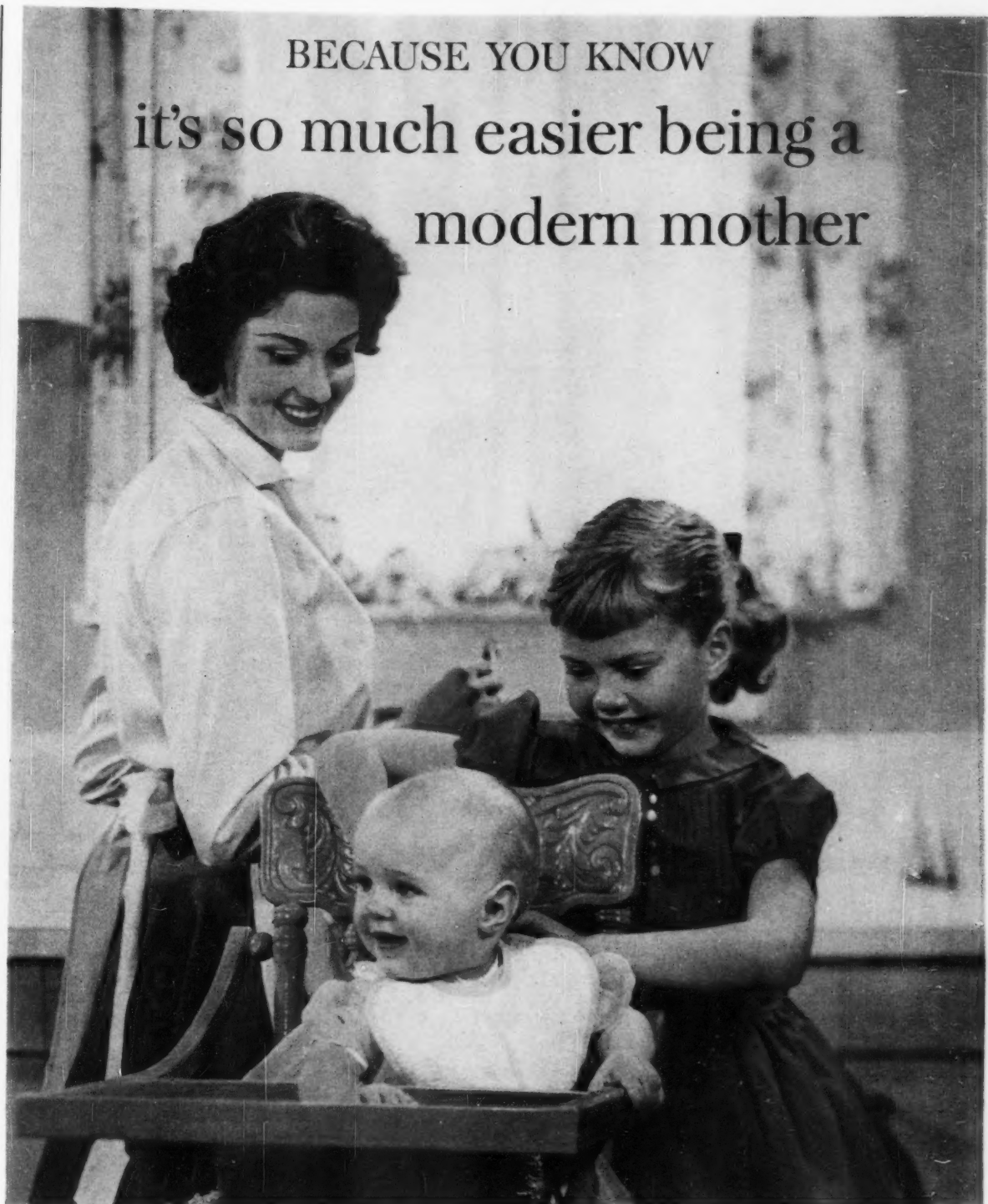
people have been harmed by absolute rest is now undisputed; that change and movement eliminate boredom even in infants, no one now denies.

Among the odd prohibitions during illness in other days, was bathing and fresh air: for a fever, no baths, for a cold, closed windows. As for bathing, let me put it as simply as I can: if washing the hands and face and feet is not harmful, how can it be for the rest of the body? There may be some inconvenience in getting a sick person into a bathtub, but how can the bath itself do harm? Ordinary convenience then, and not scientific prohibition, is the rule. A mother will say, "I haven't washed her hair for a month because she has a running nose." Well! if ever there was a *non sequitur*...

The prohibition against fresh air or the fear of going outdoors too soon after or during an illness has a more direct historical background. Remember the word malaria—we know now that it is a parasitic disease conveyed to the body by the bite of certain mosquitos. This knowledge, however, is comparatively recent; the malarial parasite was discovered in 1880. Before this time the disease was supposed to be due to "bad air" hence the name, from *mala* and *aria* — malaria — and hence our present-day persistent fear of damp air, drafts, of going out and of opening windows. There is danger in sudden chilling of the body, whether indoors or out, but not of breathing fresh, cool, pleasant air — indoors or out. Have you ever stopped to think that what you call drafts indoors is a refreshing, invigorating breeze outdoors?

What should he eat?

Now a word about food and drink during illness. Remember when the doctor used to prescribe "slops" when you were ill? The word was "soft diet" (whatever that may mean). "Liquids," said the doctor, and mother gave milk — yet milk is the most solid of solid foods. Unboiled raw milk becomes as solid as a rubber ball the moment it hits the stomach. And why should milk be more digestible during illness than, say, meat or eggs? In my youth grocers sold "invalid eggs," which I took to mean that they were intended to be consumed by sick people, not that the eggs themselves were ill. There was also "invalid port" and all sorts of special foods for invalids. I mention this only to show that there is a folklorish background to some of our



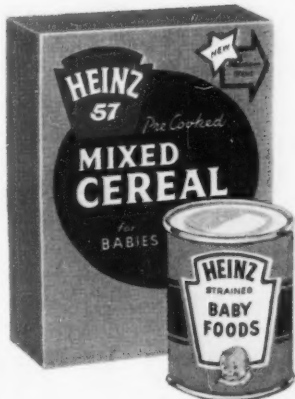
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# HEINZ BABY FOODS 57

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present-day fears and our prohibitions.

What, therefore, may the sick child eat? By now I am sure you will have guessed the answer: *he may eat whatever he can digest*, and the child's acceptance is usually a good guide.

Vomiting, of course, means no food until tolerance is re-established, but the sick child with no vomiting but with a fever and a healthy appetite should be permitted to follow his desires. Fever of course will make him thirsty and he should not be denied drink, even when there is diarrhea. Fevers in children have a tendency in many instances to be nearly normal in the morning and raging in the evening. Let no mother blame herself or her doctor for the evening rise of temperature because she fed the child his lunch. A child should not be forced to eat during illness nor denied food if he seems to relish it.

If your child is ill, let it be with the least possible amount of discomfort or ennui — let him get as much fun out of it as he can. END

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## WE'RE THROWING AWAY OUR PAST

Continued from page 29

homes of famous men. Four provinces — Newfoundland, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia — have laws that give them varying degrees of control over land or objects of historic and archeological, but not solely artistic, interest. At least seven provinces — Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia — have on occasion contributed to preserve buildings of historic interest, and the federal government, under the Historic Sites and Monuments Act, does restore and preserve a few buildings associated with particular historic events, most of them military.

Because of the limitations of laws that pay lip service to history but not to beauty alone, efforts to keep our history intact are often hamstrung. For example, Ontario could spend nine hundred dollars to put a plaque on the rambling Regency home at Sturgeon Lake of pioneer and writer John Langton, but it had no power to spend seven hundred dollars to keep the roof from falling in.

Until recent years Canadians were so little concerned about their vanishing architectural past that no one, in fact, knew what beautiful old buildings we possessed. Even today we do not have a complete inventory, though the need has now been recognized and something is being done about it. The Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, an association of the nation's architects, is starting to compile a list, and the National Capital Commission in Ottawa has been working on a survey for two years.

What it might cost to maintain top-priority buildings on such a list would be only a guess, but it's estimated that a budget of five hundred thousand dollars could buy and restore ten houses a year, assuming they could be rented or otherwise support themselves after restoration. That is about three cents a year from each of us.

Some fine buildings, although fast diminishing in numbers, still stand in all our older cities and many towns. The greatest number, and the oldest, are in Quebec, where master craftsmen molded French Renaissance models into a style that is native to Canada and unique. Most of the rest are in Loyalist settlements in the Mari-

times and along the Great Lakes in Ontario, where English settlers adapted the graceful Georgian and Queen Anne styles. Manitoba had its settlements along the Red River, Saskatchewan its pioneer farm houses of the 1870s, Alberta its gaily painted mud huts with thatched roofs, and British Columbia its Doukhobor colonies and Indian villages (the finest Indian architecture on the continent, according to Canadian author and art professor Alan Gowans).

Ontario ignored its architectural treasures until a New Zealander, Eric Arthur, Toronto architect and university professor, began thirty-five years ago to photograph and write about them. When in 1953 Kingston tore down a house in which Governor Simcoe met with his council, it was an Englishman, E. Phipps-Walker, who paid for the removal of the pieces and stored them "until they come to their senses." (They did. The Ontario government bought the house and it is being rebuilt in Upper Canada Village, Ontario's reconstruction of a Loyalist town along the St. Lawrence River near Morrisburg.) Some fine homes in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes are lovingly preserved by descendants of their builders.

But total up all the buildings thus far saved by all agencies, both public and private, and you have at most a paltry few hundred. Compare this figure with the fifty-five hundred preserved along the United States east coast alone.

### It isn't always easy

Obviously, we should be saving more of our architectural past, while we still can. But admittedly, it isn't always easy to do. You can begin to understand some of the problems faced when you see what's happened in the efforts to save a colonial mansion in Grafton, Ontario.

The house, built in 1817 by a Loyalist settler named Colonel Eliakim Barnum, is described by Professor Eric Arthur as the best in Canada and the equal of any in the United States of its size and material. Ontario's Architectural Conservancy bought it in 1937 to save it from destruction. The money was raised by public subscription; no government body had power to help. The house was restored and furnished as a museum, and failed immediately. After the war the Canadian Handicrafts Guild tried using it as a shop, and also failed. Two antique dealers



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tried their luck and couldn't make expenses.

Arthur searched for a year for a family willing to live in the house, farm its ninety-eight acres and pay only the two-hundred-dollar yearly fire insurance and tax bills. He found no takers. The Conservancy finally turned it over to the Northumberland County Historical Society to operate. But the society doesn't have the money to maintain the house indefinitely, and its fate is uncertain.

What have we got?

If we are going to save houses like this, we have to solve three problems. The first is learning what we still have and where we should start. The two surveys now under way — by the federal government and the Royal Architectural Institute — should tell us that.

The second problem is getting laws which will save from destruction or alteration at least the foremost treasures on these lists. The dominion Historic Sites and Monuments Act is a good beginning, but lawyers say we need to give our provincial governments power to spend money on these prized buildings, and our municipalities power to delay permits to mutilate or destroy them.

In Britain, parliament has authorized a committee of experts appointed under the Town and Country Planning Act to compile a list of historic and architectural treasures. Owners of properties on the list must give notice to their municipalities if they intend to alter or destroy their buildings. The municipalities can refuse permission; they can also buy the properties to prevent them from falling into ruin.

The third thing we must do in our efforts to save our architectural heritage is to find uses for the properties we save. An old house cannot be left empty, a target for vandals and decay. The National Trust, which preserves many of the stately homes of Britain, usually demands that its properties be occupied and self-supporting, through rents, farm income, admission fees or an endowment. The very thing that is charming about the old streets of Britain is that their buildings are still in daily use.

If you want to join the fight to save Canada's architectural past, here are some things you can do:

1. Write to the Prime Minister and to your member of parliament. Tell them that you think it is important

Here is what can be done to save entire communities of handsome and historic buildings



England: Historic 17th-century Broadway, Worcs., is a "preserved" village.



United States: Entire city of Williamsburg, Va., was restored to early beauty.



Canada: Upper Canada Village is being created by Seaway to save old homes.



to save our architectural heritage and that you want the Historic Sites Division to make use of the powers it already has under the Historic Sites and Monuments Act to buy and maintain Canada's fine old buildings.

2. Write to your provincial premier and to your member in the legislature. Ask for an amendment to the municipal act to permit a municipality to delay for a certain period the issuance of permits to remodel or destroy buildings, until a committee of architects has had a chance to persuade the owners to a less destructive course. If your province is one of the four (Newfoundland, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia) that already have laws that provide control over land or objects of historic and archeological interest—but those kind only—ask that your laws be amended to include buildings of solely artistic interest as well.

3. Support the architectural-preservation societies. They include the Architectural Conservancy of Ontario; the Canadian Heritage Trust, which is being organized in Montreal but will operate across Canada; La Société de Conservation du Vieux Québec, formed in Quebec City four years ago; and the Heritage Trust of Nova Scotia, incorporated last year by a group of citizens who lost a battle to save Gorsebrook House, the handsome Halifax home of Enos Collins.

4. Search out and fight for the treasures in your own neighborhood. Ask the local historical society, an architect or the newspaper editor where these buildings are, and go to see them.

5. Read all you can on the subject. These books will help you: Looking at Architecture in Canada, by Alan Gowans; Early Buildings of Ontario, by Eric Arthur, and The Old Architecture of Quebec, by Ramsay Traquair.

6. If you find a fine old house that appears to be neglected or in danger of falling to the wreckers' hammers, encourage the owner to preserve it himself. Tell him you admire it — a word of praise and interest can sometimes be surprisingly effective. After city people made a pilgrimage to Bath, Ontario, to see an 1816 Georgian house in which he was keeping his pigs, one farmer evicted the pigs and moved in himself.

7. Getting a marker placed on a house may help an owner feel a responsibility for a treasure he probably never realized he had. If the house

has historic significance, you could start a letter-writing campaign for a marker among local clubs to petition your provincial department of travel or historic sites board. Or you could try to persuade a group such as a Women's Institute or IODE branch to make a project of putting up its own markers.

What if the building you wish to save is too big, or in the wrong place, to be any longer reasonably used as a home? In that case your best bet is to cast about for some other way in which it can be kept "alive" and in use. Perhaps it could be turned into a school, a nursing home, an office building, a home for the aged or a restaurant — but not a museum, for experience has shown that it is difficult for a small museum to pay its own way.

Once you have determined the best possible new role for this building, then begin your campaign to persuade someone with money to buy and use it in that way. Admittedly, by converting an old home into a school or restaurant, say, much of the original beauty of the interior may be lost — but at least the building itself will have been preserved.

### It's not too late

Pressure campaigns *do* get results. For example, the University Women's Club of Oakville, Ont., shocked to learn how many fine Loyalist houses were doomed to be drowned by the St. Lawrence Seaway, went to bat for five "worth saving at any cost." The Canadian Federation of University Women, backed by five thousand western-Ontario members, began a year of letter-writing to government officials on their behalf.

The result: four of the five homes — all of which would have been demolished — were saved.

If we let our governments know this is important to us, we can still save some evidence of our past to pass on to our children. It's not too late to start. Only sixty-five years ago the National Trust was organized to save Britain's show places. Only a century ago in the United States, women's magazines urged readers to mail in quarters because its number one shrine, George Washington's home at Mount Vernon, Virginia, was falling into ruin.

Now, the United States preserves its past with love and pride. There still is hope that we will do the same. **END**

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Protects against burning irritation of continuous wetting. Helps heal diaper rash.



## The last word is yours —

Never have we received more moving letters than those in response to Ruth McConnell's June article on retarded children . . . Meanwhile, in Winnipeg, housewives have come up with an answer to another challenge . . . And once again our cover [June's] draws fire and ire

### We must help the forgotten children

Ruth McConnell's article, *The Shame of Our Hospitals for Retarded Children* [June], has left me desolate.

For the past nine years I've cared for our severely handicapped cerebral-palsy child. Nine years of diapers and drooling, nine years of endless hours for her sitting in her special chair, unable to speak, or feed herself or even amuse herself to any extent. Nine years of feeling my original love and compassion erode down to a plodding resentful duty.

We've kept her home for numerous reasons. Now that time has arrived when they tell us she can no longer be helped. The doctors suggested that we should be wise to put her in a hospital school. After reading Ruth McConnell's article that solution just seems out of the question.

If it weren't for my concern over the future of our other four lovely healthy little fellows I'm sure the word euthanasia would not sound so monstrous.

*Name withheld*

What are we to do? Do we write to our MP? Do we write to the health minister?

*Joan Moeg, Scarborough, Ont.*

I am left absolutely appalled (with tears in my eyes). I have written to Premier Frost, asking that something be done about these shocking conditions in Ontario institutions, and I have sent him the article.

*Mrs. Edno R. Hall, Ottawa.*

Your greatest contribution, through this article, is in the field of public education, for there is no doubt in my mind that the government wants to improve the present situation but is reluctant to do so because of a lack of public support. This article should shake up a lot of complacent people into action.

*L. H. Hall, President,  
Canadian Association for  
Retarded Children.*

While I am in full sympathy with Ruth McConnell's article, she has made me see red, in singling out epileptics for such pointed mention. It is not necessary for the majority of these cases to be institutionalized provided they are established on medication and assisted by those around them when the attacks strike.

In our community my epileptic son was branded as crazy, yet in a neighboring one, due to an understanding school principal, it was possible for him to continue at school and almost complete his high school.

*Mrs. L. N., Alberta.*

*The article referred to retarded children who also happened to be epileptic, but in no way did we intend to imply that epileptics generally need institutional care. —The Editors.*

Ruth McConnell stated that "No training schools exist in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland." Although no provincial hospital exists in Newfoundland there is an Association for Retarded Children and a day school founded by Mrs. A. B. Perlin of St. John's. I am disappointed that Miss McConnell failed to mention Mrs. Perlin's outstanding work as it would clearly demonstrate what can be achieved by people who act when confronted with a problem, rather than merely contemplating it.

*Mrs. Donald C. Stone,  
Whitehorse, Yukon Territory.*

It has, I think, always been a feeling to regard the rest of Canada as a semicivilized hinterland west of Ontario, and your author has based what is happening in the rest of Canada on what may be happening in Ontario.

It is rather a pity to judge the whole from one circumscribed situation, and . . . to implant the suggestion that throughout the whole of Canada there exists no modern adequately equipped area where mentally retarded chil-

dren may be educated, provided with vocational training, so that they are able to leave the Training School area and become happy and economically self-sufficient members of the normal community.

*Dr. L. J. le Vann,  
Medical Superintendent,  
Department of Public Health,  
Provincial Training School,  
Red Deer, Alta.*

Fight fat  
with pills?



I was very disappointed in Canadian *Women Are Too Fat* [by Dr. E. W. McHenry, June]. Medical science should get off this overeating kick and realize that weight could be controlled by pills, the same way a diabetic uses Insulin to use his body sugar to its best advantage.

Doctors admit that everything from low arches to bald heads are inherited, but for something that is as obvious as inherited overweight, they come up with fairy tales. I speak from painful experience.

*Mrs. Florence James, Regina.*

A wedding in China

Just a note to say how much I enjoyed *We Were Married in Wartime China*, by Dorothy Pape [June].

*Mrs. D. Miller,  
New Westminster, B.C.*

Winnipeg wives

answer the  
challenge



In recent issues you have printed articles dealing with problems and challenges of the modern housewife. Here's how we solve them: The YWCA sponsors Y Neighbors'

Groups. Ten to twelve women meet once a week in their homes for twenty minutes of exercises and an hour and a half of coffee and discussion, led by group members or outside experts.

Best of all, while we attempt to solve the problems of the world, our preschoolers are playing in the home of a group member under the care of a qualified nursery supervisor.

*Mrs. B. Kooyman,  
Mrs. Barbara Sparling, Winnipeg.*

Why not an Indian beauty?

In June's *Last Word* one of your Montreal readers said, "If looking like a squaw is your idea of looking Canadian, you have succeeded." She has apparently forgotten that the true Canadian beauty would be an Indian.

*Miss Ann Arthur Hitchcock,  
Cowansville, Que.*

All she needs to do is come up to our Six Nations Reserve to see some of the best-looking girls in Canada.

*Mrs. Henry Swing, Hagersville, Ont.*

The new

cover look:

toothy?



I just cannot stand it any longer. Every month we are treated to a cover picture of a moronic female with her mouth hanging open. June strikes an all-time low — the display of uncombed hair, painted eyebrows, eye shadow, painted mouth, and teeth . . . Why insult decent people with these disgusting covers?

A constant diet of toothy females is past all bearing.

*Miss Susie E. Oille, Welland, Ont.*

The mauve lipstick and eye shadow, plus that hairdo, certainly didn't do anything for that model. Sharper photos, too, please. Why have a background at all if its going to be all blurry and out of focus?

*Mrs. Earl Dunhill,  
Willow Grove, N.B.*

Send letters to The Editor, *Chatelaine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

NEXT MONTH IN CHATELAINE

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